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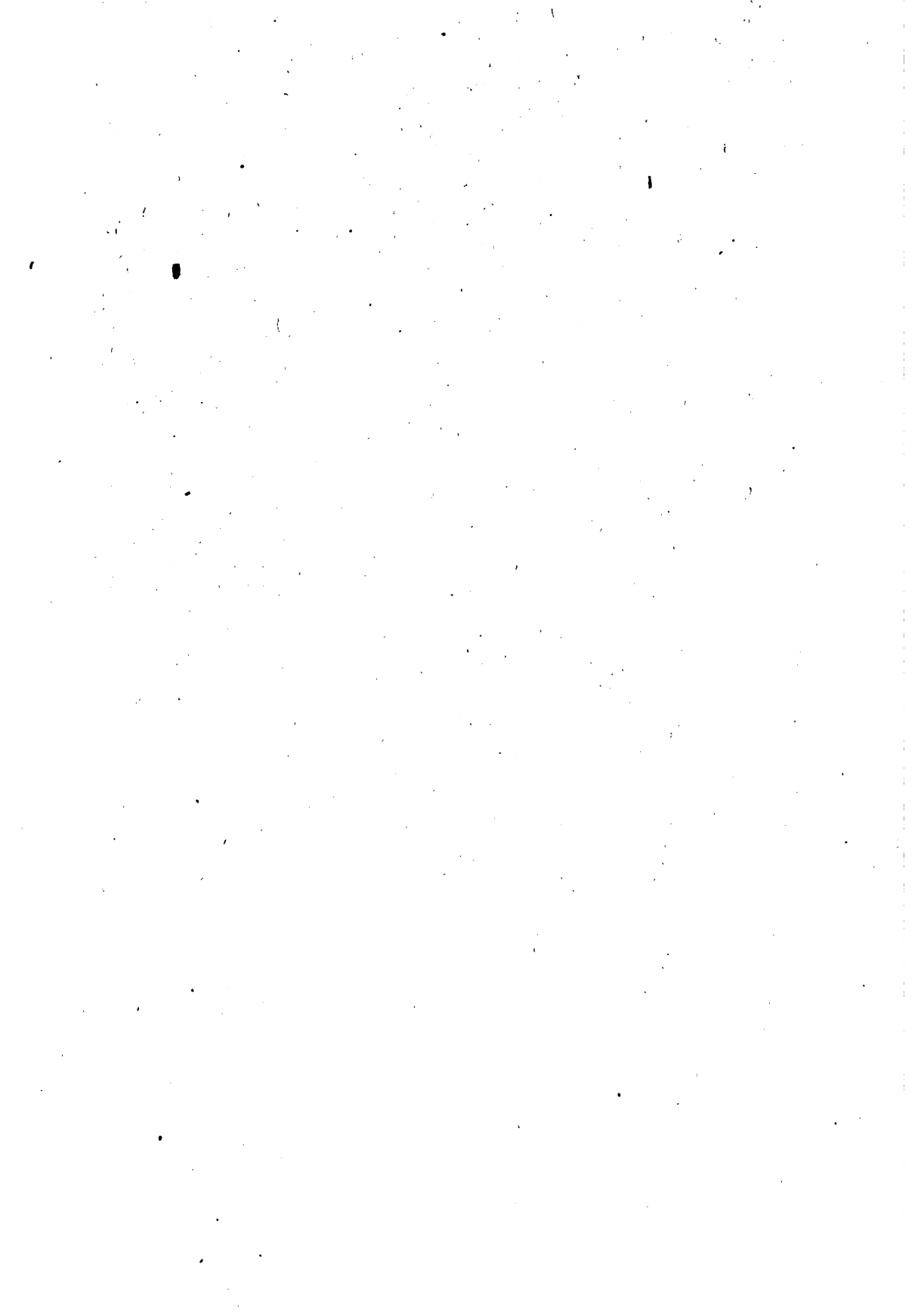
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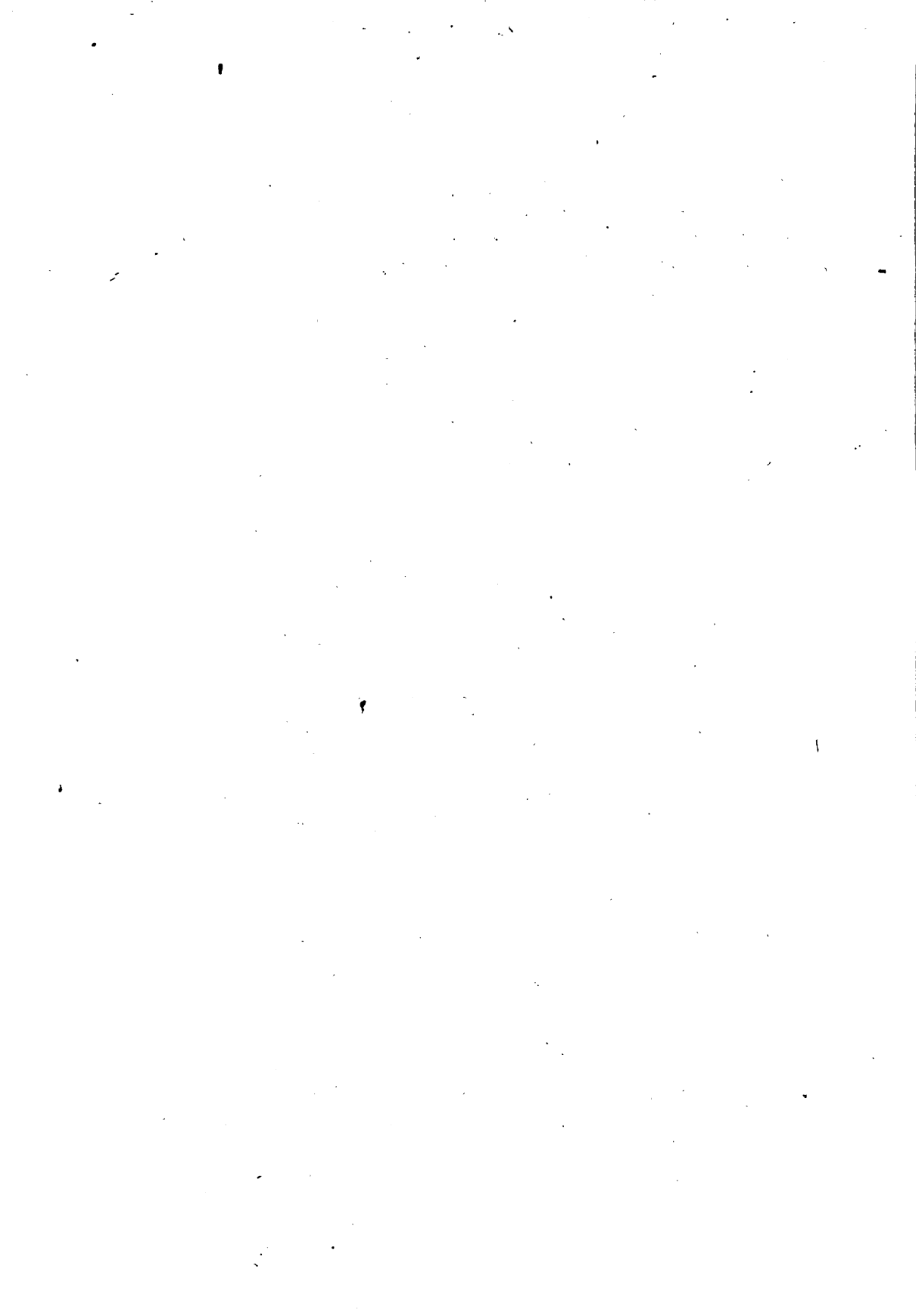
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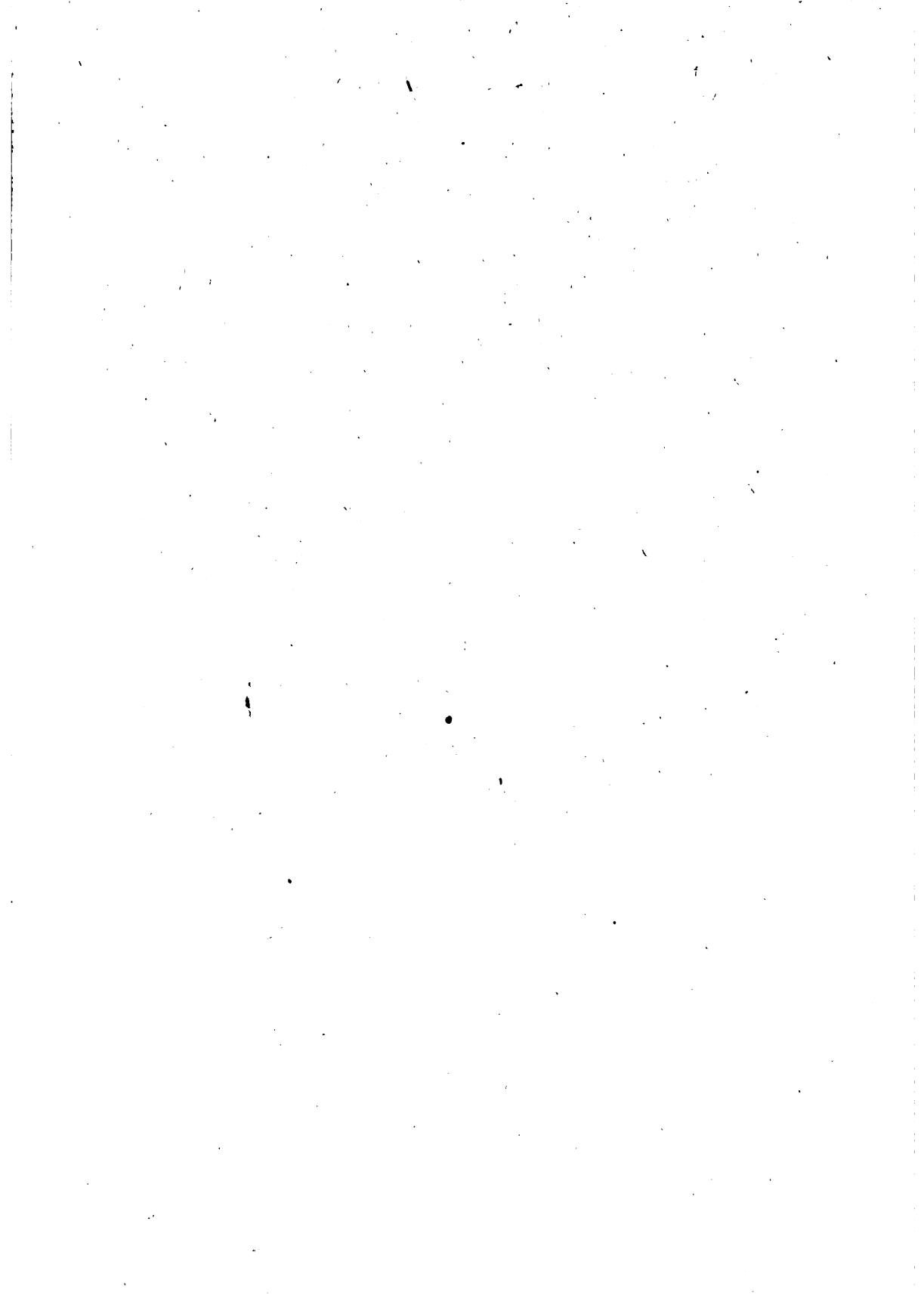




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The Nation Back of Us, The World in Front.

Out West

A MAGAZINE OF
The Old Pacific and the New

(FORMERLY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

EDITED BY
Chas. F. Lummis

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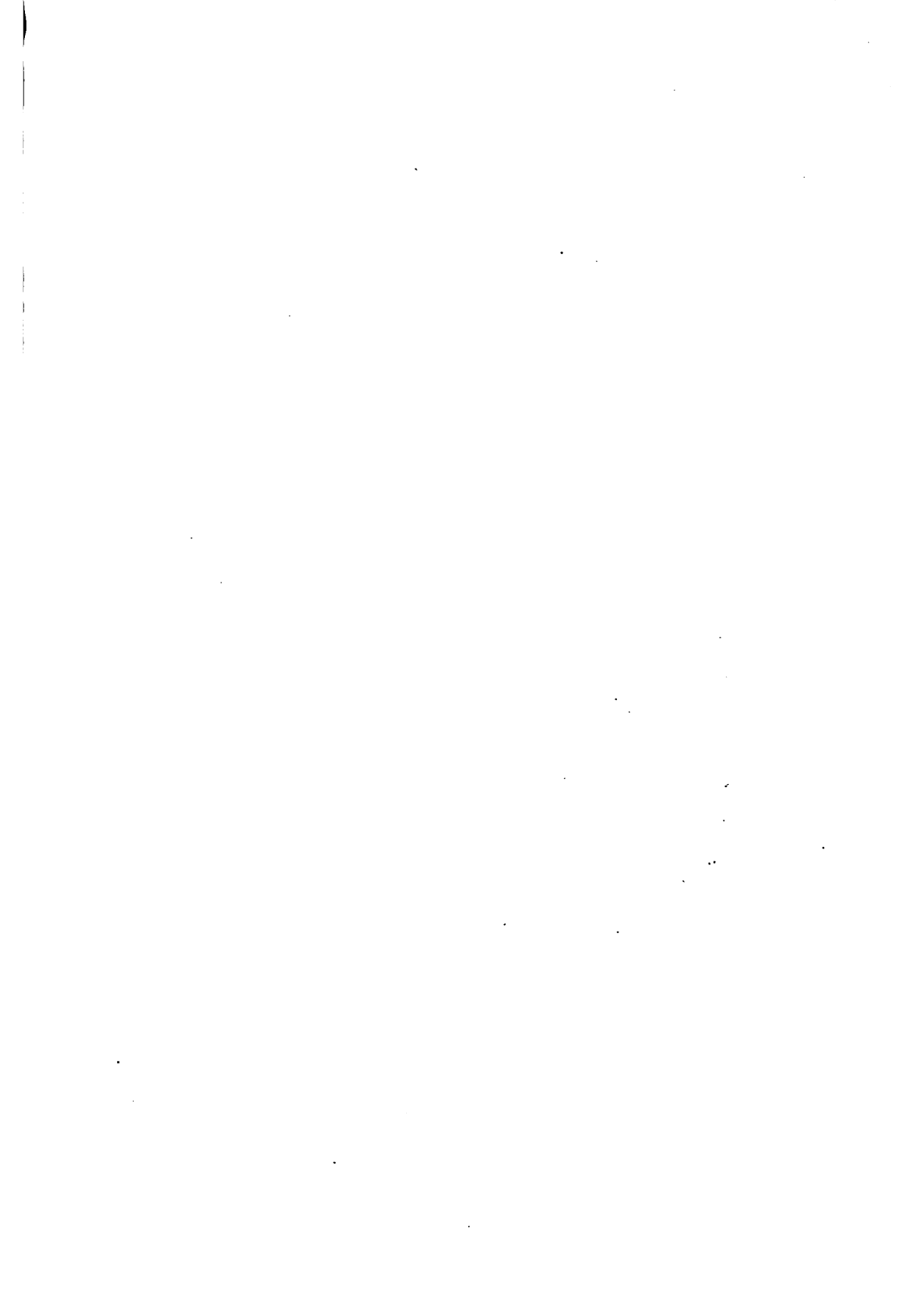
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The greatest of creative landscape painters.

Formerly

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THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.


Vol. XVIII, No. 1.

JANUARY, 1903.

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

VIII.

 NE will surmise at once that San Francisco cut its building patterns before its people had had much time for fun. There can have been no prescience of cables to acquit the unhappy men who slammed their streets straight up hills we cannot to this day drive horses up, and knifed the landscape until from the bay the city looks very like a huge slashed baked codfish. Yet today, up these same streets (some of them grass-grown between the cobbles, because too steep for hoofs), whiz street cars with a hundred passengers, and at a rate which makes the tourist gasp. The cable-car system of San Francisco was the first successful solution of modern street transit, and to this day is probably the most complete and remarkable cable service extant. The inventor was A. S. Hallidie, a San Francisco manufacturer of wire ropes, a scholar, a man of insight, foresight and pluck, and for many years one of the regents of the State University. He has died within a few months. His first cars ran in August, 1873.* Nearly twenty years later I used to ride down Broadway, New York, on floundering horse-cars. There are a few electric lines; but so perfectly adapted are the cables to these hind-leg hills that there is neither need nor thought of a general substitution. There are few routine adventures in any city comparable for comfort, cheapness, and real thrill to mounting one of these cable-cars, forward, and ramping up and down the imminent acclivities. To other urban locomotions (and to the cables of Chicago) it is as a galloping

* See pp. 146, 147, August number.

horse to a rocking-chair. It is really an exercise, as city exercises go. The salt fog whips your cheeks; strange pitch-roof areas of habitation spring up and fall away; Tamalpais lifts its leonine head above the sky-line, and lies down again; and your proletariat chariot rears, pitches, and swings a corner with rather more vitality than marks what passes for a bronco in a Wild West show.

The people who walk so much, and so much ride such beehemoth mustangs of street cars, ought to be a sturdy sort — and so indeed they are. I know no city where the streets are equally beset with robust health. The only point I will concede is the special latter-day New York girl of the new type — there was no Gibson-girl generic when I was a Freshman, even had there been any one to draw her. But she is a lonely flower of "training," not of her general environment. She looks as if she might reach serenely out from the shoulder and fell every second man of her "set" she meets upon the Avenue — and so, I dare say, she could. But she has none the better of the California girl of a vastly wider range of social zones. She is no more divinely tall, no nobler chested, no freer limbed, no nearer the *vera incessu patuit dea*. Nor so rosy. Incidentally, also, no better dressed.

There is a striking difference of physique between the street crowds of San Francisco and Los Angeles — a difference disheartening to those too innocent to know its why. The reason is simply that in San Francisco you see streets thronged with people who were born in California. In Los Angeles, on the other hand, I sometimes walk blocks without meeting, in all the crowd, one person who had ever seen California fifteen years ago — and I used to know every face in the town. That the real reason of the startling difference is only this, the children conclusively prove. The southern youngsters are just as stalwart-legged, just as thick-chested, just as surprisingly big for the eloquent calendar of their ruddy faces.

Of the architecture, as of the engineering, of San Francisco, short accounts are likeliest to make long friends. It is a rather discouraging procession of wooden, bay-windowed, snub-roofed, shoulder-to-shoulder structures, little leavened with new thought, and still browbeaten by the old fear of the *temblor*. San Francisco has never had but two earthquakes that amounted to anything (nor they to much). The Coast has never had one of the first magnitude; nor one comparable in severity to that which visited Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886. So many persons have not been killed by earthquakes in California since its discovery as are killed by sunstrokes every year in Chicago

"KINDLING PILED UP-HILL, AND TOUCHING."

Photo by C. F. L.

A WASHINGTON STREET PALACE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Photo by C. F. L.

and New York alone. This is history. But the Argonauts somehow acquired the superstition that it was unsafe to build except of wood; and this astounding notion has lamed the architecture of San Francisco for fifty years to come. Woodenness so wilful and so expensive probably marks no other city — nor so strange a specialization of it as the cold convention of homeless palaces on Nob Hill. A million and three-quarters for the stone retaining-wall around a castle of lumber — costly boards, of course, hand-finished, filled with Medici rooms, and art treasures beyond reckoning — but boards! And in stone-throw, another board palace, famed mostly for the thirty-foot fence edifice behind it and around three sides of a humble neighbor's cottage. The millionaire "wanted" from street to street; the humble neighbor liked it pretty well where he was, and wouldn't sell. Revenge was near and human; very likely we would have gone and done likewise. But after all, the great, lonely mansion, with these many years to judge it, is chiefly a warning of the disproportion of getting mad. It is the tragedy of Nob

(1. W. H. Crocker. 2. Chas. Crocker. 3. C. P. Huntington — the Colton residence. 4. J. C. Flood.)
NOB HILL FROM THE ROOF OF THE HOPKINS ART INSTITUTE. Photo by C. F. L.

A MODERN HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Photo by C. F. L.

Hill that its chief palaces were never homes. Today they are splendid gifts to education, or vast nautilus shells in whose pearly loneliness a limpet care-taker crawls about.

The first tall building in San Francisco was that of the *Chronicle*, 1886* — and even at that modern date people shook their heads. But it stands, unblinking at the strongest "shake" since 1868, and now in imitative company. A few of the big blocks would be distinguished figures anywhere, for dignity as well as size — the Crocker Building, the Spring Valley Water Company and Wells-Fargo buildings, the Emporium, and so on. The fine Mills building is said to hold the United States record still, among office buildings, both as to equipment and as an investment. The Spreckels Building is perhaps the most graceful and grateful sky-scraper on the continent,

* See page 591, June number.

individually and in relation to its environment.* It is only 70 x 75 feet base, and 315 high (twenty-two stories), but so proportioned that it is a monument, dominant and aspiring, in whatsoever view of the city. The cyclops of a city hall, covering six and three-quarter acres, and costing \$6,000,000, is more impressive the farther you get — with its squat mass, its contracted St. Peter's dome, and a swarm of corrals and shanties despoiling its presence from any ordinary view-point. It has not one-half the dignity of the unelbowed, hill-set Court-house of Los Angeles,† which cost one-twelfth as much — but had no "pickings." The Ferry building (\$850,000) is one of the largest and best depot structures in the country, and fairly presentable, too, with its 659-foot front of gray sandstone and its 245-foot tower. The Synagogue Emanu-El is one of the finest examples of unmuddled and far-compelling church architecture in the United States, and of remarkable potency in the looks of the city.

Many very costly, and some very handsome, modern palace residences are now set upon the commanding hills; but the overwhelming house-architecture is wooden, wanton, and with elbows pinned to its sides by as wooden neighbors. The idea of sacrificing a little lumber for flowers and trees, and the healing touch of earth, has barely dawned. Or yet of any architectural adaptation to the new surroundings. Practically, all is imitation — and overwhelmingly of styles which have as much relation to these skies, topographies, temperatures, and customs as a Tehuantepec *jacal* might have. Far more vital than the artistic sin is the chronic disregard of the sun. This State has more clear days than any other in the Union; yet curiously enough we need all the sun we can get, quite as surely as the clammiest northern land does. San Francisco has advanced little beyond its copy-books in the science of sunning. It is the only serious limp in the fine erectness of these comfortable lives. The relative tenderfeet of the southern city, behind them in so many points of adjustment, are far ahead of them in this. Angeleños have learned, almost universally (or practice, whether they have learned or not) to let the sun get at them from the four sides of the house, and to prefer flowers and trees to a party wall.

That a city of kindling, piled touching and up-hill, and with the unfailing strong winds of San Francisco (it has, I believe, the greatest annual air-movement of any American or European city), has not in modern days been licked up bodily by fire, is to the stranger a standing miracle; but it is only a California "difference." All our frame buildings are of California Red-

* See p. 549, Nov. number. † See p. 539, June number.

THE MILLS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

wood — the lightest, easiest-worked, most durable, and least inflammable lumber anywhere used for building. With much less strength than the hard pines (which we always use for the frame), it is the best and safest of sheathings. Its reluctance to kindle is the salvation and the explanation of the City of the Bay.

No other argument is so clear to so many minds of so many kinds as is the personal instance. Nothing, of course, can be more charlatan or more misleading, if we merely take samples each on its unrelated street corner ; but it can be given scientific weight by coördinating enough cases. If, for instance, we find that one end of a State has produced certain character-types in a ratio of one hundred to one, as against the other end of the same State, we may securely conclude that it is not an evergreen accident, and that there are reasons for it. Southern California has hardly produced or moulded a single national figure, save Stephen M. White. Northern California has turned out scores. And this is not the geography; but because Northern California was Western and Southern California is Eastern. I cannot find that any other State has, within the same time and in proportion to population, graduated more pupils who have made their respectable mark on the country's history, finance, literature. "Mark Twain," the backbone of whatever continent there is of American humor; Bret Harte, first master of the American short story (and nothing is more pertinent to my contention than the quality of his work in the ratio of its distance from his California days); Joaquin Miller, sometimes one of the most unadvised, but structurally the most Homeric of American poets, and next to Poe in the "inevitable Flame;" Markham, the luckiest (and better than his luck); Edward Sill and Charles Warren Stoddard; Starr King, second only to Beecher in American pulpits; Henry George, whom, even as we disagree, we must put next Poor Richard as the most contagious of our homely philosophers; Bierce, smallest and greatest of American satirists — or perhaps I should say flayers — these and many more are all purely California products, though all born elsewhere. The room, the impulse, the glow of the man-stithy when it was red-hot, made them.

Of soldiers, Grant, Sherman, Crook, Sheridan, Halleck, Hooker, McPherson, Albert Sidney Johnston — all these and many more went to school to California, and when it was strenuous. Chief Justice Field is our contribution to the Supreme Bench. Art? Bierstadt and Tom Hill might have been worse. It may be as well to remember, also, that the direct reason why Mr. Remington makes horses Go is that a California photo-

ELEVATION OF THE HEARST MEMORIAL MINING BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. (Cornerstone laid in November, 1902.)

grapher named Muybridge, snap-shuttering on a California ranch (Senator Stanford's, and at Stanford's expense) shamed out of any longer public countenance the rocking-horse attitudes that had done duty ever since "Our father Adam sat under a tree and scratched with a stick in the mould." There were brave men before Agamemnon; but none brave enough to draw a horse in the way he should — or could possibly — go, until after that artistic Patmos on Palo Alto.

Yet if I must choose the chiefest — and at the same time the truest — types of what California is doing and shall do to make good Bayard Taylor's prophecy, it will be none of these, exemplary to the text as they are all. Not one of them, we may have full confidence to say, could have been all the man he was, but for his schooling in California — for that is merely saying that none of them was such a dunce as to be unable to learn when he had a chance. That that frontier experience *was* a chance, no one will think of denying who knows anything about it. But I prefer to take the omens from a later, a more enduring, and therefore a more typical evolution; from men equally products of the frontier, but not of the mere empiric which in its time "went hell-bent" for a good many other things, though not for the worthy Governor Kent, nor yet for Old Tippecanoe; from men made giants not by riot but by room; from men of refinement as exquisite as the oldest civilization ever nurtured, and of a power that grows only in freer spaces, and singler-hearted, than any old civilization can keep.

Let us take John Muir and William Keith — Scotchmen both, and after the strictest sect; matured, and apparently fixed, amid the Eastern conventions. We may the more fairly divide them by California, because we know what they were before they took it for their common denominator. Muir was good for a second Thoreau. In California he has become — well, about as his own Muir glacier to a Walden snow-drift. I mean this very seriously, and with the keenest appreciation of one who did so much to put a soul under my boy ribs. Thoreau really used to seem an out-door person! But yon frail, dry body, clambering to the 200-foot top of a Sierra pine, to be whipt of a Sierra storm; taking a pinch of tea and a crust of bread for commissary, and cimmaroning for weeks over the terrific ranges as no mere athlete dares to, or physically can begin to conquer; and then writing so nobly of large Nature as man never wrote before! These be large words, my masters; but I am perfectly content to leave them to any tolerable jury that will (as I have) re-read every word of Thoreau, visit his out-doors, tramp every rood he ever stepped, and then read *The*

JOHN MUIR. Copyright 1900 by Chas. F. Lummis.

Mountains of California, and follow ten per cent. of its author's footsteps through them. When one sees the high Sierra, then one begins to understand what is what. As for speech, I have heard the men that passed for eloquent in the East, from Wendell Phillips hither; but the nearest I know of Jeremiah is by listening to the fragile seer of the Sierra Nevada when the spirit moves.

As for Keith, who was in early manhood a wood engraver with Harper's Magazine, and up nearly to his half-century an excellent landscape painter, as little is my humility. With serious objections to being wrong, I have none whatever to saying now what will not need be said twenty years from now. It took a long time for California to penetrate this Tennyson-headed, child-hearted Scot; but at sixty-two he is growing faster, doing more work, nobler, more creative, more prophetic work than any other landscape painter I know of. To see this

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. (Mosaic front of the Stanford Memorial Chapel.)

Photo by Austin.

Numidian lion (with the soul of a girl) at his work, fairly wreaking canvas after canvas; not as one who puts figure beside calculated figure, but feeling, rocking, dabbling at the canvas, to find his way—and then suddenly flying at it in a very agony of inspiration, daubing, swiping, touching, rending, with force enough for a Berserker, and the wrist of a Saladin, and in maybe half an hour having a Picture—it is to go back to the time when there were Masters. In a rather catholic experience among strong men—men who could write, paint, build, ride, climb, rule, kill, save, I have seen and loved all sorts of Mastery; but never quite so impressive a manifestation of Power. Hung in the merciless comparison of Rembrandts, Murillos, Velasquez, Ruysdaels, Romneys, Constables, and their peers, side by side, his paintings are wholly unabashed. For with a wizardry of color no other modern artist has, there is to him a sort of Old Testament majesty and awe; no imitation of the Old Masters, but their very spirit, come back amid our modern cleverness. It is also typical of the character, both of these men and of the State which has flowered them, that they do not—and need not—move to the Market-Place. They can afford to stay where they and their strength are.

Such lives, of course, are not acutely contagious; but there were plenty that were. It is astonishing how exclusively they belong to the San Francisco end of the State—to the older, the really Western California. Curiously enough, the new, Easternized half of California is literally by longitude (75 per cent. of it) east of the frontier half. Southern California has never had anything comparable to that intoxicating example, the biting case of the Man we Knew. It has made many fortunes, but never a vast or a sensational one, though it has imported many.

The Big Four of the Pacific Railroad were all born poor, and not one of them had got rich when he came to California—Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins in '49, Charles Crocker in '50, Leland Stanford in '52. They were all storekeepers—Stanford a grocer, Huntington and Hopkins in hardware, Crocker in dry-goods—when they shaped and carried out the vast plan which with reference to all other schemes of transportation stands as the pyramids stand; which not only made colossal fortunes, but was able to adopt the national government *in loco parentis*, and to get (and stay, until two or three years ago) into Uncle Sam's debt to the tune of something like a hundred millions. No serious Californian aims to flatter Mr. Huntington, but beyond question he was more vitally the head of more miles of railroad than ever walked under any other one hat. He was a Connecticut

THE MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO. *Photo by C. F. L.*

peddler ; made the brigand Isthmus (which took hard tribute from all others) pay him for the privilege of letting him cross, and is said to have prevailed upon men to pay him to let them work as deck-hands to take his schooner to Sacramento. Stanford was probably the greatest of railroad builders, counting all that goes to greatness — certainly he was the only one widely beloved. At any rate, these two, and Meiggs, rank, up to this year of grace, as the railroad Napoleons — the men who wrought the longest and most difficult transportation lines in history, and most handily handled (or defied) deserts, mountains, governments, and public opinion.

The "Big Four" of the Bonanzas were equally risen. Flood and O'Brien were bartenders in their own San Francisco saloon. Mackay was a blaster in the mines at \$4 a day. Fair was a common miner. So was Senator John P. Jones. But their Con. Va. had the distinction, unique in history, of paying a million dollars a month in dividends, for nearly two years, to say nothing of the other many years when its dividends would have been miracles elsewhere.

IRVING M. SCOTT.

Photo by Taber.

Lucky Baldwin kept a livery-stable. Lux and Miller, barons of ranches half the size of Rhode Island, were butcher boys. Sharon, Hearst, D. O. Mills, Lloyd Tevis, J. B. Haggin,* and many more, climbed here from obscurity to enormous wealth. James R. Keene was a milk-boy in Shasta. Irving M. Scott, the builder not only of the *Oregon*, the *Olympia*, the *Charleston*, the *Wisconsin*, the *Monterey*, the *Ohio*, and other war-ships for other powers, but of the first and only great ship-yard on the shores of the greatest ocean; who has one of the most excellently chosen and most valuable collections of great paintings in America — he was an unschooled dollar-and-a-quarter boy in a Baltimore foundry, and began his California career as a pounder of iron. Peter Donahue, his good angel, the pioneer foundry-

*Owner of the largest thoroughbred horse farm in the world; the Rancho del Pasco, near Sacramento, 44,800 acres; and of the highest-priced sire in history — Ormonde, \$150,000.

man, ship-builder, and railroad-builder on the coast, who founded the works which Scott has raised to be a rival of Cramps's and Newport News — was engineer on one of the early steamers to California. Adolph Sutro, most genuine giant, least a freak of fortune, of all the Comstock story, and perhaps the only one whose millions were made by sheer genius and hard work, without a shade of gambling, was a poor Russian, twenty years old, when he landed in San Francisco in 1850, and went to selling cigars. In all the annals of human enterprise there is no more stirring example of supreme and enlightened pluck. For more than fifteen years "that little German Jew" fought for his dream of a "coyote-hole" to drain the Comstock from four miles away and nearly 2000 feet underground. Alone against the hundred-millionaires of the Big Bonanza, against State and national governments, against such physical, numerical, and financial odds as men may have faced before but certainly never before whipped, he carried his war to the people, to Congress, to Europe — and won. There are now longer and costlier tunnels than the Sutro; but it is the greatest underground monument to any one man. With its laterals it is 33,315 feet in length (six and one-third miles), 10x12 feet bore, and cost \$5,000,000. Sutro also did more for the public with his gains than did any of the other Comstock kings — probably more than all the rest of them put together — and has been a more intimate personal influence in the "city." He owned, a few years ago, "at least one-tenth by area of all the lands within the city and county of San Francisco." (T. H. Hittell, *History of California*, iv., 564.) His death, in 1899, probably thwarted what should have crowned his liberalities — the dedication to the public of the astounding library of over 500,000 titles which he was fifteen years collecting for this purpose, and for which he had donated an imposing site. Ex-President Andrew J. White, of Cornell, pronounced this library "already (1892) one of the first four in the United States in value."

And so on for quantity. These things happen elsewhere, but never elsewhere had they — nor have they — rained so thick and fast in proportion of time or population. Only a society a good deal more — or a good deal less — than human could have failed to be deeply stirred and moulded by such examples.

Everything was ardent, intoxicating, staggering. The soberest commonplaces, as we reckon nowadays, were like a novel — and not by Mr. Howells. Business was a game without a limit; the mails, an event; transportation, a drama. Then was the Pony Express, which covered 1950 miles of thirsty and savage-haunted desert (from Independence, Missouri, to Sacramento)

ADOLPH SUTRO.

in ten days — the most marvelous letter-carrying in human story ; the overland stages — and never elsewhere did man pay a swingeing fare for so much danger and discomfort — and the Wells-Fargo Express. Next to the Hudson Bay Company, this is the most romantic corporation in history. It is more intimately connected with the winning of the West than any other corporation ; has earned and kept more loyalty from its men, and respect from the public, than any other common carrier we know ; and is perhaps the only monopoly which is never called one.* Outside of war, I believe no other trust has ever

*It has had a monopoly of the express business of the Far West ever since the failure of Adams & Co., 1854.

seen so many of its men give up their lives at the post of duty — nor cause as admirable execution among the outcasts who attacked them. It would be a whole book in the *Odyssey* of the Pacific, if we might have had our Homer — as now we shall not and cannot. Joaquin might have been, if instead of a confidious Albion he had timely discovered his Chance. Perhaps even Markham might have, if let alone. But they cannot now, nor will the Blind Old Man (blind to littler things) arise who can. The stress is past forever that should have kindled him. We shall never hear in all its stately measure that epic to which Helen, and the Sack of Troy, and the Faith of Penelope, and the Song of the Sirens were child's play. And it is a pity.

All this — and far more of it than there is room or need to hint at — was bound to count. It did count. It was the food on which young San Francisco turned from cartilage to bone. The tree will not in another half-century forget its inclination as the twig was bent. That was the Old California. The new half of the State has never had that forcing. It has gambled in its way — the boom of 1886 was almost as crazy, and quite as mean, as the Comstock — but never on the John Oakhurst plan. It was newer from a newer East, and personally older. It is of no petty import in their relative evolutions that the rush to northern California half a century ago, was structurally of young men with fortunes to make; the rush (numerically much greater) to Southern California in the last fifteen years, of much older persons, and with a competence already more or less made.

Now, why may it be that yonder old city of men who were young and prodigal together; who knew the days of giants, and were of them; who are so much more at home in the new soil — why can it not "get together" so well as the metropolis of the new California does? There are two chief evolutionary reasons. One is the result of the silver gambling era, which broke out in San Francisco just before the war and lasted eighteen years; when boot-blacks and scullery-maids bought "feet" in Crown Point and Gould & Curry; when the princes were none too proud to swindle their washer-women. That epoch, with its cut-throat lessons, bred a spirit of mutual distrust, for which the city still pays through its nose. The other large reason is — the railroad. There is a certain vague notion in the East that California is "against railroads." This is, of course, absurd. California has been (and still is) "against" railroad phenomena of which the East has never even dreamed. "Ye ask what is a pheenomenon," said the historic Scotch minister. "Wull, ye hac seen a cow. But a cow is na a pheenome-

THE PETER DONOHUE FOUNTAIN, BY DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Photo by C. F. L.

CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.

non. An'ye hae seen an apple-tree — and that is na a pheenomenon. But, my brithers, when ye sall see a cow climb an apple-tree tail-first — that wull be a pheenomenon!" And we have seen it. Other American communities, grown mature and organic, have begotten their railroads and brought them up, with more or less parental authority as to the way they should go. California, while not exactly begotten by its railroads, was adopted by them at a tender and inarticulate age, and has grown up in their leading-strings. Some of the results, political, social, commercial, have been as unlike anything in the experience or guess of the East as the more tangible features of a 6,000-mile system are. Californians are not anarchists — and Dennis Kearney, who is our chief blame, was better handled, both by audiences and by authorities, in the East than in California. We have simply objected to an intermeddling with State, city, and even individual affairs such as no other State ever encountered, unless in its dreams. The dominant reason why one-half of the State has in the last twenty years been growing so many times as fast as the other,* is simply railroad competition. To a town anywhere, that is important; to a California town it is almost vital. San Francisco is, perhaps to an unprecedented degree, in one pocket. To get to the city at all, to move about in it, has meant paying tribute to the same Cæsar. The railroad, the ferries, almost the entire street-transit system, were owned by the Southern Pacific.† There was no complaint of the service; but the concentration had some effects not so good. It rather led the once self-reliant Argonauts to rely on the railroad. An exposition, a celebration, a new elephant for the park? Well, "the Company" is the only one that will make anything out of it. Its subscription will be made whole by a Sunday's travel on its street cars. "Let the company pungle up, then." Southern California, on the other hand, has never got in the way of leaning. It had the same transcontinental railroad for a dozen years, without getting big enough to have habits. Then in came competition (the "Santa Fé") and immediately whooped up population at the rate of over 30 per cent. per year for more than a decade.

Yet all these striking differences are strictly within the line of the dogma before stated. They are all fruits of time — or the times — in partnership with California; and with time they shall disappear again. Some now living may endure to witness

*Per cent. increase of population, 1880-1900:

	1880-1890	1890-1900.
San Francisco.....	27.80	14.6
Los Angeles.....	350.84	103.3
U. S. Census, 1890 and 1900.		

† The street railroad interests have recently been sold to a Baltimore syndicate; and the Huntingtons have bought up a similar control in Los Angeles.

IN "LITTLE JAPAN," MILL VALLEY.

Photo by C. F. L.

the balance-sheet — the tingeing of all the State with the last rays of the sunset of that old romance, with the dawn of the new; the dividend of the old strength and generosity by the new sobriety and culture. For more comprehension of what this may mean, we may turn to some consideration of the half-State which is older in years but younger in fact; which is most of California to the average Easterner, nowadays, and to the Argonaut hardly California at all; in landscape and in standards almost as unlike as Egypt from Maine; and with only one absolute agreement — that north or south, California "beats the world." Their one mutuality has never been better voiced, perhaps, than by the stalwart Yankee — pinched by the strict competition here; returned to New England and prospered there, but unable to forget freedom, and in three years back in California again at a sacrifice — who said to me, with at least David's sincerity if not his diction [Psalms lxxxiv, 10], "I'd rather be a post-hole in God's Country than a flag-staff in the East!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOME OF THE WATER-OUZEL.

Photo by Hugh S. Gibson.

HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSÉ.

THOSE TERRIBLE MYSTERIES.*

THE public interest in the whole case so general and so deep, there needs no apology for giving several pages of this Western magazine to sober photographs* touching the school of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, Cal., and the eleven Cuban children consigned to that school by their parents and guardians; miserably detained for months at Ellis Island, and attempted to be deported as paupers or criminals, by certain Immedicable Easterners; released by the Government from this outrageous confinement, after full investigation, and just arrived at Point Loma where they are now happy with the brothers, sisters and cousins who had preceded them there by from one to three years. The photographs of the institution have been in the possession of this magazine for something like a year; those of the little captives immediately upon their safe arrival there, and of the visit, a little earlier, of two representative — and rather illustrious — Cuban publicists to this school, which has had for several years a colony of Cuban children, are of course of immediate date.

While other bigotries, and the congenital "Tenderfoot" con-

AT POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD.

*Following certain editorial comment last month.

THE HOMESTEAD AND TEMPLE, POINT LOMA.

SAFE IN CALIFORNIA.

The eleven Cuban children rescued by the U. S. Government from Eastern Dogberries, upon their arrival at the School of the Universal Brotherhood, Point Loma, Cal., with Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, who shared their imprisonment at Ellis Island.

From left to right, beginning at the top, are Isabel Cos, José Jardines, Francisco Llorca, Rafael Franco, Joaquin Navarro, Angelita Cos. Antonio Sastre, Maximiliano Ferro, Alberto Jardines, Sebastian Cos, Miguel Cos.

A POINT LOMA CLASS IN VOCAL INSTRUCTION.

A GROUP OF CUBAN CHILDREN AT POINT LOMA.

With the Cuban visitors, Hon. Emilio Bacardí, Mayor of Santiago (the older man), Sr. D. F. Ortiz, editor of *El Cubano Libre* (the younger man), and Dr. Chas. Lopez of New Orleans (standing), December, 1902.

viction that California is barbarous anyhow, that it has to fight off the Indians every morning, and in general Needs Looking After — a notion to which some Californians have unfortunately contributed — were back of it all, the actual outrage upon the Cuban children, upon Cuba, upon California, was directly perpetrated by the notorious "Commodore" Gerry, to whom *Life* has so often paid its disrespects; and to a review of whose outrageous methods the N. Y. *Mail and Express* of Dec. 1 devotes two or three full pages.

But the matter went higher — to the Secretary of the Interior, and to a President who is not a Tenderfoot. Commissioner-General of Immigration F. P. Sargent made a personal and thorough examination of the school; and upon his report,

READY FOR A FAIRY-PLAY POINT LOMA.

A POINT LOMA ART CLASS.

backed by full evidence, the government immediately ordered the release of the children and of the refined woman (Dr. Van Pelt) who had them in charge. In the middle of December they reached Point Loma ; and these photographs show not only their presence there, but a fair hint of what they found.

This magazine has nothing to do with people's religious or mental creeds ; they may believe in warmed-over 'Ologies, or in cold ones, or in none at all, for all it cares. But it has an occasional brief for common-sense, and a standing retainer for Western intelligence as against Eastern provincialism, and against bigotries in general. It has made very careful investigation of the Point Loma institution — chiefly because it was prejudiced against it. It thinks it knows what it has seen there — though of course those who haven't seen must know more.

A few weeks ago a club-woman, after listening to a paper on the alleged literary work of the editor of this magazine, interrupted the speaker with the protest : "I have understood that he came to a ladies' reception barefoot." The lady doubtless believed it. So also there are some who believe that the people at Point Loma worship purple dogs, starve the babies, run around in their nighties, and consecutively use their time in irremediable orgies. That the babies are not starved, this magazine feels to give bond. If they *are*, the East had better send along its Firstborn to take a starving of the same sort. As for the other things, those who like to believe them, after looking at

POINT LOMA CHILDREN AND TEACHER LUNCHING UNDER THE EUCALYPTUS TREES.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, AN INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD.

the subjoined photographs, are welcome to. They probably would believe anything.

Every now and again there comes an "escaped nun" or a "reformed priest," lecturing (for pay) on the "horrors" of nunneries and the confessional. Not long ago we had with us the A. P. A., one of whose articles of faith was that the "underground passages" of every Catholic church are chock-full of loaded rifles, ready cocked for the imminent "Papist Uprising." Not infrequently someone writes a book "exposing the secret crimes of Free-Masonry." As every scholar knows, there are scores of volumes to prove that the figure we know as the Cross is merely a pagan symbol of lust. Other brilliant intellects produce books with such titles as "From the Ballroom to Hell" — the natural itinerary, of course, of all who Dance. And so on, through a list that outmeasures the Homeric Catalogue of the Ships. And these credulities thrive; not because there are a few fools to preach them, but because there are so many Open-Mouthed Minds to Swallow Everything that is Fed them. All men are finite. All faiths being made by men, fall short of infallibility. But as between the people who follow *any* faith, and them that believe the votaries of that faith to be cannibals and horse thieves, there is no question which are the more superstitious.

If the people of Point Loma are cranks, and "take stock" in

Mrs. KATHARINE TINGLEY, Head of the Universal Brotherhood.

Universal Brotherhood, and try to accelerate it ; if they toil to educate poor children and rich children of all nationalities ; if they wear sometimes khaki, and sometimes "store clothes," and sometimes the toga that was good enough for Sophocles—why, they have more leisure than this writer. But if they are cranks, that is no particular reason why the rest of us should be idiots. Lumholtz, the ethnologist, was greatly handicapped during his work in "Unknown Mexico" by the conviction of a few of the most primitive tribes there that he was a raging cannibal. Dr. Lumholtz wore trousers, wrote on paper, carried a camera, and was otherwise so impudent as to differ from the Huichols. What, then, could be more certain than that he was in the habit of eating children ? The good doctor had almost as bad a time of it as if he had come among American newspapers and churchgoers with a new theory.

As a mere matter of fact, nobody eats children. Not even at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., United States of America—though the Point Loma children look good enough to eat. A good many Cuban children are there. A few weeks ago, the school

POINT LOMA CHILDREN.

was thoroughly inspected by Hon. Emilio Bacardi, mayor of Santiago de Cuba, and Hon. Daniel F. Ortiz, editor of "El Cubano Libre." Both have distinguished records in Cuba's struggle for independence. Both came officially for Cuba and

A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S DINING ROOM, POINT LOMA.

the parents, to see what the Point Loma school was like — the Cubans not being as yet alive to the full potentialities of American "journalism." Both were delighted with what they found at Point Loma. If the treatment of the Cuban children is good

A CLASS IN WOOD-CARVING, POINT LOMA.

POINT LOMA SCHOOLBOYS.

enough to suit the Cubans, it ought to be good enough for the \$10 per week newspaper correspondent who never saw Cuba or Point Loma, who wouldn't recognize Education if he met it on the street, and who thinks with his nose.

As for the rest, the photographs may tell their own story.

C. F. L.

A POINT LOMA CLASS IN THE VIOLIN.

A SIGNIFICANT LITERARY LIFE.

By BAILEY MILLARD.

LOOKING down into a rift of the green Californian hills near Gilroy, by a winding woodland trail that leads away from towns and temptation, is a little log cabin that to the stranger expresses no more of meaning than any other crude structure he might chance upon in the near-by skyland country of Santa Cruz. But to me this log cabin is a mute memorial of a significant literary life, just beginning to shape itself clearly and largely, and, in the very hour of that bright beginning, borne away on a sudden wind out of the land we know into the land we know not save by faith.

The cabin on the heights was the chosen retreat of Frank Norris, a young man whom the world of letters could ill afford to lose; for he was a conspicuously alert and apt student in the modern school of fiction. He had struck a note that vibrated far. He had typified the West after the most vital, the most searching, the most earth-gripping of European literary models — models in which every one must recognize the saliency, the

movement, the color, the virility of human life. The single room of the log cabin was piled full of literary promises. Now it is empty. Norris never wrote there. He would be writing there now, but Death said, "No."

The young writer, from whom we had all come to hope so much, had done little that could satisfy the artistic conscience of a man to whom intellectual and spiritual growth was the essential fact of life and work. But the color of the soil was in his pages and the blood and bones and viscera of humanity as he found it — the wholesome and the unwholesome, the pleasant and the repellant — painted with a painstaking-

ing brush. His creations, even though imperfectly individualized, were far better than the work of many others who made use of their own insufficient literary forms and set forth their own trivial estimates of life with their own weaknesses of presentation. I know several rather prominent men of a certain literary Weissnichtwo who would give years of their lives for such power as Frank Norris had and such fame as he won.

What Norris had written up to within a short time of his death, at the still unripe age of thirty-two, had been from the point of view of the earnest literary student, the Bohemian and the young man of the world. It was often morbid and nearly always essentially material, with none of the spirituality one finds in such great artists as Hardy and Eliot. It came from the young man enthusiastically devoted to his Zola and his Kipling, the young man who loved the stirring sight of the flying wedge, the breathless bucking of the center, the burly mid-waist tackle and the heavy fall; the young man who loved the gleam of the guns, the infantry tramp, the crash of the conflict, the sweat of the fight.

And undeniably the infantry tramp was heard in his work, as well as the surging bugle note of the strenuous realist. It is the *swing* of that infantry tramp and the insistent blast of that bugle that carry the Norris fiction over the great marshes of prolixity, through the mires of indecency and the sloughs of sodden brutality encountered in his pages. Many another writer with his obvious faults never could have won; but his sweeping scheme, his grip of character and his genuine humanity won for him where a less vigorous and less sympathetic fictionist would have failed.

The Norris painted by some of the critics and biographers is not a man to inspire deep sentiment, but the portrait was often loosely drawn and from fancy, not from life. Let me tell you of the Norris that I knew. Tall, straight, clean-limbed, with a fine, smooth, likeable face, big, brown, frank eyes, with an easily kindled smile lurking in them, and the freely frosted hair of a man of fifty. The grey of the hair gave a strangely romantic interest to the boyish face, and in a roomful of average men the eye of the visitor — and particularly the feminine eye — invariably would be drawn to Norris. A gentle habit of speech, an easy manner and an elusive and at times barely palpable foreign air, were coupled with a charm of presence such as I have seen in few men. Yet he could be outspoken enough, and he was not without some of the small vices you are always likely to find in a catholic man and never in a prig. In other words, he did not pose, nor preach and was never afraid to say or

FRANK NORRIS.

do the thing that would not look well in his biography. He was a man's man and a woman's man, and what better word shall I say of him?

Norris was of Middle-West birth, but, let me hasten to add, *not* of Middle-West ideas. He was born in Chicago in 1870, and his well-to-do parents had taken him to Europe at the age of eight, on which great occasion he had written an unusually precocious bit of literature descriptive of his travels, beginning with: "The time of departure has now arrived. 'Is this a dream?' said I." Which highly original phrases were often quoted by his elders to get a rise out of Frank, which they did unflinchingly.

The Norrises came to California in 1884, and Frank was sent to school at Belmont, San Mateo county. There he played football so furiously that his left arm was broken in two places. He gave up the game, but he loved it ever afterward. He wanted to be an artist, so he went to Virgil Williams, in San Francisco, to learn to draw. Then his mother sent him to a Paris art school. In Paris he studied mediæval history so feverishly that art was sent into the background, and jousts and tournaments filled up his young life. An article descriptive of the Museum of Artillery in Paris, published in a San Francisco paper, was his first real essay in literature. He loved to prowl about the armor-stands of the Museum, and one day, when the watchman was out of the hall, he delighted his romantic soul by pulling on a set of rusty armor and brandishing an old sword, becoming a very fierce and terrible knight of the middle ages for five minutes, and a very terrified young modern when the angry keeper returned of a sudden and, with a light wooden cane, put to rout the warrior with the sword.

The French studies led to a long and labored effort in rhymed couplets, depicting in the style of Scott a story of feudal France called "Yvernelle." It was published in a little book which I have read and do not care to read again. In later years Norris, who recognized his lyrical limitations and had decided to shun the muse, said of "Yvernelle" that he was trying hard to live it down.

Back again to California and this time to Berkeley. Much hard "digging" to gain a freshman's footing and much hard climbing to mount the sophomore heights. Like all men who have the making of master artists in them he hated mathematics, and algebra was his especial abomination. Latin he likewise loathed, acquiring little, and of Greek nothing. His somewhat reserved nature and foreign flavor made him few college friends at the first, but the sunniness of student life thawed

him, and his fair, open face, honest eyes and charming ways, eventually brought him many friends.

In his university days he wrote many short stories, nearly all in the Kipling manner. His first published tale, "The Son of the Sheik," appeared in print in his freshman year, and was a creditable piece of work for a man of twenty-two.

After his four rather unsatisfactory years at Berkeley, where he did not graduate, he decided upon a literary career, and took a one-year course at Harvard with that end in view. He was sent to South Africa by a newspaper syndicate at the time of the Jamieson raid and was ill there of a fever from the effects of which he never really recovered.

On his return to San Francisco in 1896 he worked at a small salary on a society and literary paper called the *Wave*, now extinct. For that journal he wrote many short stories, including some of real power and purpose. They were nearly all in the Kipling manner, with sometimes a flavor of Du Maurier. One of them, the tale of a duel with baseballs, showed much strength of the kind called "brutal." It was during the *Wave* days that he wrote "Moran of the Lady Letty," his first published long story, a rattling sea yarn of that mysterious and delightful "Treasure Island" quality, which lays violent hold upon the reader's interest. "Moran" has been unsparingly criticised because of its technical defects from a marine standpoint, but I cannot help loving the book and have defended it jealously in and out of print. To my mind it is the best thing Norris ever did in fiction, as it is simple, direct and wrought with a wonderful clarity that contrasts strongly with the prolixity that weakens the interest in some of his other books.

Then came "McTeague," the story of a San Francisco dentist, in which the Zola-esque medium, upon which Norris had come to count so confidently, was employed throughout. The story was crudely informed, and while it flowed along with a wonderfully realistic sweep, it was infused in many places with obviously inferior matter.

The young writer went east, and was for several years reader for a New York publishing house. From New York came "Blix" and "A Man's Woman," both of which novels his literary friends opened with large expectations, which, unhappily, were in each case deferred. He married the beautiful young woman on whom he had modelled the character of "Blix," and after that there was a long book-publishing pause. Then appeared "The Octopus," that tremendously formidable volume on Californian ranch life, which is regarded by some of our best literary judges as a great novel. It contains passages that are

full of vivid color and fine feeling. "The Octopus" was the first in a "trilogy of the wheat," and was to be followed by "The Pit," which was to tell the tale of the marketing of the grain, and by "The Wolf," which was to take the breadstuff to European mouths. After "The Pit" was finished, in August of this year, Norris, who was not in good health, came to California and bought the hill ranch and log cabin which is near Mrs. Robert Stevenson's country place, with the idea of settling down there and writing "The Wolf" and other stories. But of a sudden came Death, who said "No; not in this life, but in another shall your work go." The bright spirit passed on October 25th, after a painful illness, followed by a desperate operation for appendicitis.

Norris was gradually creeping away from the Zola influence, though he still believed that life was more than literature. He had written some essays for the *Critic*, in which he maintained the idea of life as opposed to books. As an essayist he wielded a stout pen, and in each paper could be relied upon to force his point of view throughout.

All his life he had been a city man, of city habits and of city thought, but as he attained intellectual stature there came the inevitable yearning for Nature. With his power of observation, his keen appreciation of life, what would Nature not have done for him? What artistic growth might he not have reached? What soul-growth awaited him there in the hills by that log cabin, where, listening close, he might have heard "the beatings of the hearts of trees" and been led to "think the thoughts that lilies speak in white." Yes, great is the log cabin idea in the literary life, and I am glad that it came to Norris, even though too late. It was that idea that made the strength of Thoreau, of nearly every great writer from the country Chaucer to the poor Warwickshire peasant who gave us the priceless "Lear," on down to Tolstoy, Hardy, our own Maurice Thompson and sweet old John Muir. The idea had come to Norris, and it is the idea that makes the man and the literary artist. Years of life may be passed by the artist in that artificial state which we call civilization, and for a long time he may contemplate with approval the march of that malady which manifests itself to us as "progress," but dissidence, followed by open revolt, *will* come in time. He will see, as Norris saw, that a protracted period of literary effort in a great urban center, full of urban ideas — which find their most conspicuous expression in rampant, blood-consuming commercialism — must work an atrophy of the intellectual sympathies and appreciations, and thus enfeeble the creative faculty. As a vital and

necessary part of his spiritual and artistic growth, he must at the last come to see, as Norris saw, that the sham social life found in such Babels of self-assured greatness as London and New York, and the club-life — the pride of their vain gregariousness — *must* be abandoned for long periods of time; that one *must* step from the deoxygenated atmosphere out into the open; that to renew the creative current and keep it at high voltage, one *must* remain for long seasons in close connection with Nature's great storage batteries.

Our young artist was denied the life that gives — the life he had come to long for — and all that it would have meant to him; but at the end he might have said with Browning,

“ What I aspired to be
And could not comforts me.”

Then, too, there remains the good work he really did, which will not soon be forgotten. But above all there remains the characterful influence, the strong example of rigorous and unstinted endeavor which must be tonic to the minds of writers young and old. That influence was wide, and to those of us who knew the man familiarly, it was helpful and should inspire us all. For one, I thank whatever gods there be that I knew Frank Norris, the man and the artist. What we of today may think or say of his books signifies little. For that full senate of serene intellects, the scholars of the future, will debate upon and weigh his work — and they will decide.

San Francisco.

DAWN.

By JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH.

A FLUSH of rose in a dove-gray East;
A golden bee arrayed for a feast;
A startled cry, a lark's wing spread;
Dew-drops a-tremble on briar-rose bed;
A ling'ring kiss of night's good-bye
As stars fade out of a changing sky.

San Francisco, Cal.



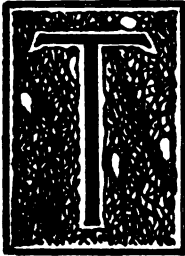
Childe Harold:
his page.



I'm quite disturbed within my mind.
I fear I'm growing color-blind!
For all the blue-grass I have seen
Of late has looked so very green.

THE WATER-TANK.

By U. FRANCIS DUFF.



THE Arizona sun blazed down until the wastes of sand and alkali seemed to dance before the eyes. The sky was an arch of polished steel across which the great disk of white fire swept glowing in its tedious track from east to west. The waves of heat blazed up from the furnace-like surface, and beat against the faces of the trudging column. Alkali dust flew in clouds, choking the brick-red marchers, and aggravating the agony of parched and burning throats in which the mucus thickened, till it was as cotton.

For thirst had fallen upon them. Three hundred soldiers were caught in a desert, in which all the water-holes had dried up, forty miles from the nearest station. One small tank of water, drawn by six mules, must last them over that hell of waste. The colonel, upon realizing the situation, made a rapid calculation, discovering thereby that one pint every ten miles for each man would exhaust the supply. He knew also that even experienced soldiers, when half crazed with thirst, might, in their extremity, forget not only the army rules and regulations, but, for that matter, any other rules and regulations under heaven.

A guard was detailed for the water-tank, with "Lieutenant Dick" in command — otherwise, Lieut. Richard Roberts; rough and loud, ever ready with a blow for brawlers and laggards, but a man of "sand." A pint was issued to each man at starting. Ten miles on a pint of water — and Tophet itself a paradise by comparison! Ever hotter glowed the sun — ever fiercer the blazing flats of sand and alkali. The miles fell slowly behind — heart-breaking links in a chain of suffering. Five, six, seven, eight, and the column was growing uneasy. Nothing definite that one might put his finger on — just simply uneasy. Some of the men had developed a curious, dry, rattling little cough; and when they spat, the throat contracted spasmodically with an awful aching. Only two more miles — surely they could stand that! And they did. But the ground seemed unstable beneath their feet, and the hands that fumbled at their throats shook as with a palsy.

Another pint; and again the long, crawling line shambled on. What sort of country was this, anyway, in which the sky spun so, and the distant mountains seemed wheeling to meet them? Then there was a curious swelling and throbbing in

the temples. And that excruciating ache in the throat — would nothing stop it? Six miles of the lap were passed, and the lieutenant was struck with the hollow-eyed, deathlike look of many of the men. The lips of all were swollen enormously. Seven miles — was the column moving, or was it simply the earth moving under them? And were they moving with it, or against it? But the dull jarring of the wagons and the muffled, mouthing curses of the mounted drivers — not too thirsty for that — chained them to reality. Eight — was the water never coming? Occasionally a plodder slipped softly to the earth; his face showing an ugly, pasty white through the red and grime. Nine — and endurance, long tried, flamed up in mad protest. An ominous rattling of unshouldered arms, a grating crunch of the sand, not noticeable when they stepped before — the grind of decision — and the whole body moved as one man upon the water-tank. No man spoke; nor was it necessary. Their staring faces spoke for them. The stocky little lieutenant, with the Durham-bull head and small blue eyes, set his teeth. He knew the grip was coming. The horses were stopped and men swarmed up on the tank — only to find the lids closed and padlocked. The guard fixed bayonets, and, gently as might be, thrust them down, the iron jaw of Lieutenant Dick working as he expostulated with them, crying that the guards had not had, nor should they have, any more than the regular ration, and that himself would march the whole distance without touching a drop — that their only hope of saving their lives lay in husbanding their little supply.

A glistening hedge of bayonets surrounded the tank — more precious than all the riches of earth. The click of breechlocks, as some of the maddened men forced home the cartridges, punctuated the lieutenant's speech. He, with bared head and foam-flecked lips, faced the main body of mutineers — no longer the reckless, care-free, kindly jesters of the day before, ready to toss up with death in another form and let the result go as it might, but rather creatures who had gone back to primitive instincts; those instincts which had animated their far forefathers in the gloomy forests of Europe ages before, when they fought the wolf and the cave-bear breast to breast.

And still, so ingrained was discipline — so much was it a part of themselves — that even now there was a sort of system in their actions, albeit they were of a nature that tended toward the doing away with all systems whatsoever.

Twenty rifles leaped to as many shoulders, the officer staring fixedly into the black muzzles, with one hand raised in protest which was not wholly lost even upon that mob.

In the instant of hesitation he spoke again ; and in the great stillness which had fallen upon them it seemed that his voice might be heard for miles. In hoarse tones which had yet that certain ring which no man ever hears unstirred, he asked if there was one man among them who would march beside him to the journey's end without water. Lieutenant Dick did not speak hurriedly, but he lost no time. There was death in those fumbling fingers. It might be simply accident ; but some accidents might as well have been design.

A lizard rustled across the sand at his feet ; the sun beat ; the far hills glimmered, and the whole landscape appeared to bend toward them expectantly. Then a little, sandy, "sawed-off" fellow who had been picked with many misgivings, simply to fill the ranks, separated himself from the mass, walked to one side and stood at attention ; a big Norwegian followed ; and in the general rattling of rifles being "recovered," the drummer, with an eye for situations, beat a long, quick call to the road ; the column swung into line and moved off — Lieutenant Dick tucking under each arm a rifle which he had gently taken from a couple of boy-soldiers, leading the way. The civilization of a thousand years, acquired through racking stress and travail, had proved itself adequate.

Deming, New Mexico.

ABOVE A DESERT GRAVE.

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL.


"**A** LONELY grave," you say, with pitying smile,
And turn your eyes ahead, where mile on mile
The stretch of white sand yucca-studded lies.
You think of cool, dim spots on Nature's breast,
Whose very marbles have a look of rest —
And then you pity me — I who have such
A store of beauty, with the virgin touch
Of young creation lingering undefiled !

This fervent heat, these sands, the burning sky
Have known my cradling and my short, fierce day,
And now that I am worsted, here I lay
The struggle down, content enough to die
As I have lived, the mighty Desert's child.

Hamilton, O.

THE BURNING OF A MOJAVE CHIEF.

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

ERY few people who read of the burning-ghats of India and the customs of cremation among ancient peoples know that within the borders of the United States live a people who have preserved the old tradition of fire-burial up to the present time, and who today burn their dead exactly as they did when the world of white men stopped short at the English coast.

Hemmed in the heart of the desert to which their tribe gives name, one of the loneliest, dreariest, most desolate, and yet most weirdly beautiful spots on earth, the Mojave Indians have for centuries had their home along the banks of the Colorado river. They were there when Coronado's soldiers strove across the deserts on their quest of Cibola-Zuñi; and the Argonauts found them digging holes in the sand-bars with the same pointed sticks, and sliding in handfuls of the same pale yellow round-grained corn.

A lean harvest it has been for them always; eked out with mesquite beans and fruits of the surly thick-thorned cactus. Their brethren to the south had richer fields, those to the east preyed joyously on the provident pueblo-dwellers; but the Mojaves wrung from their sullen sand-banks what food they might and starved between times.

Cursed by perpetual drouth, swept by sand-storms, and shut off by miles of burning desert from all kindlier lands, their grim valley has been at once a prison and a stronghold. It barred invading tribes and offered no temptation to the white man, who crossed it only to spike the rails of a trans-continental railroad and pass on.

Scarcity of water indeed compelled him to set a great machine shop on the banks of the muddy river, and feed his engines for a thousand miles with its waters; but the land received him grudgingly and his "Devil's House" has played small part in the lives of the brown desert-men who come and go from their homes up and down the river.

Two government schools have gone a little deeper, but stop far short of bed-rock. Old faiths and customs still prevail in spite of teachers and missionaries, and babies are welcomed and the dead burned with rites that were old when the first white man saw the valley.

Vague hints suggest this cremation of the dead, which is common only to the tribes of the Colorado desert, as a reminiscence of some great plague or contagion whose date is lost even to misty tradition. Ill-judged protests and attempts on

the part of white people to break up the custom have caused the Indians to grow very suspicious, and cremations now take place only in some remote spot, at night if possible, and with every precaution that no strangers shall witness the ceremony.

With the poorest squaw are burned her beads, her extra dresses and blankets, and whatever goods of value she may possess; and the burning of a chief leaves half the tribe beggared in the morning. Blankets, beads, bolts of calico, belts, silk handkerchiefs, and bright ribbons are thrown into the fire by mourning friends and relatives; the favorite ponies of the deceased were formerly shot and added to the pyre, and even the valued rifle and knife thrown in.

The Mojaves are a fine people, as Indian peoples go, strong and active and not afraid of work. Many of them are employed as section hands on the railroad crossing the desert, where the terrible heat burns out the life of a white man in a few months; and in the round-house at Needles, where the thermometer often stands at 120°, a score or more of their picked men have steady employment.

Chief Juan had nominal charge of these, and the strong, steady fellow exerted a quiet but powerful influence over his people. His little home of cactus poles, thatched with mud and bear grass, hung like a bird's nest on the very bank of the river in sight of the shops, and all day his wife sat on the shady side of the house weaving beautiful belts of bead-work for sale to the tourists who thronged the passing trains. We were building a boat a few feet from their door, and soon were good friends with all the family. It consisted of Juan and his wife Marta, three brown babies who fairly lived in the river, and Joli, Marta's brother, a pitiful cripple, who dragged himself out in the sun and watched us for hours.

Marta feared the "Devil's House," as she called the railroad shops, profoundly; she bade Juan good-bye every morning with a pathetic, dumb anxiety, no way lessened by her silence, and welcomed him home at night with a dog-like gladness in her dark eyes. Between times, as the gay beads slipped through her fingers, she tried in broken Spanish, with her few English words mingled in, to tell us of Joli. The doctor from the railroad hospital had told us before.

Joli had worked for the Company loading and unloading freight cars; one day he was caught in a lurching car loaded with heavy machinery and fought his way out with a hand gone and a hip crushed and dislocated. The doctor was on hand and Joli was hurried to the hospital almost at the point of the six-shooter, for these Indians will not allow a white doctor to touch one of their people if they can help it.

The hand was dressed, the hip set, and the boy well on the way to recovery; but in about two weeks the clamor of his tribe became so great that he was removed to Juan's hut on the river. There, after a pow-wow of all the head men, the doctor found him with his hand open and dressed in a ball of mud and the hip again dislocated. He was Indian enough to live; but only to drag his crippled body out in the sunshine and sit on the river bank thumbing a deck of greasy cards and playing Mexican monte with the loafers of the tribe.

One sultry afternoon, when the white heat-vapor swam in silvery mirage to the very water's edge and a chisel dropped from the hand burned one five minutes later as it was picked up from the sand, a great cry went up from the round-house, and the Mojave workmen streamed out carrying something prone among them. It was Juan; the most capable man of his crew, he had been sent up on a disabled engine with two helpers to unrivet and take off the hood of the battered smoke-stack. Just as they cut the last rivet it lurched over, breaking him backward over the headlight and throwing him twenty feet into the pit below where he struck square across the end of a projecting rail.

Before the white employees could reach him the unconscious man was surrounded by his own people and carried down to his hut on the river bank. Long wailing cries broke at intervals from his bearers, answered up and down the street and along the river, till as if they had risen out of the earth half the tribe were gathered around the little hut.

Poor Marta! her brown face went grey at the first cry, and with set lips she silently folded her bead-work and laid it away and cleared the shady space for the limp burden the men were bringing. No need to tell her the news; it had run on before to her heart with swift feet. But she did not wail or cry or groan; in all that pandemonium of hideous sound hers were the only lips that kept silence.

Bending almost to the ground or flinging their arms in the air; pushing, crowding, almost fighting for a place near the injured man, the entire assembly wailed and howled like a thousand coyotes, till the echoes borne far up and down the river apprised everyone within miles of the accident.

The hospital doctor hurried down and tried to reach the wounded man, but a score of broad shoulders closed in and barred his way. "No use," he said, falling back, "it would take a company of soldiers to scatter them; we had enough of it with that one," pointing to Joli. "It's a shorter shift with this one though; his back is broken as near as I can tell,

but the poor fellow may live a week in spite of their howling."

Juan lay on the bare earth on the shady side of the hut; Marta, with a world of agony in her set face, crouched at his head bathing his chest with water, and after the first dash he recovered consciousness and pitifully motioned back the howling mob that shut off every breath of air from the stifling place.

A tall old man arriving in haste from up the river pushed his way through the crowd and took his place by the side of the sufferer, shaking a rattle made of a large dipper gourd filled with pebbles, and singing in a high-pitched monotone, turning slowly to all points of the compass, apparently with prayers and incantations, lifting his hands solemnly and seeming to invoke supernatural aid.

Before his authoritative voice and gestures the wailing crowd fell back a little, and a dozen or more very old women, seemingly told off for that purpose, gathered in a knot behind the singer and bent and contorted themselves in time with the music in a pantomime of grief.

Now for the first time poor Marta moved from her watch by Juan's side. Yielding her place to a young woman whom we knew to be her sister, she stepped into the crowd and began to move from one to another, taking the greatest care to touch each person and say a few words full of agonized entreaty. If by chance she missed anyone, she turned back and repeated the ceremony. Coming to the outskirts of the crowd she caught sight of us, her old friends, and for the first time tears ran down her cheeks as she saw the two women of our party with eyes wet in sympathy for her.

As the afternoon drew to dusk and Juan grew weaker, the men of his family group went out a few feet from where he lay and began carrying and cutting the wood for his funeral pyre; in plain sight of the conscious but partly paralyzed man, who must have known indeed that the first unconscious moment would consign him to the flames, for these people burn their dead almost before the breath leaves the body. That now and again some tragedy ensues we knew; for all summer long a woman with fingers and toes burned off and great scars on her shoulders had come daily to lounge in the shade of the boat and get the scraps of food we saved for her. Marta had told us that she was one who had been hurried to the pyre too soon, and recovering consciousness had escaped to a fate not unlike that of Kipling's dead-alive colony, for her people treated her with the most profound indifference.

As the wood-cutting progressed, Marta brought out Juan's best clothes, the beautiful woven belt of bead-work and many

strings of beads worn on neck and wrists, and laid them beside him that they might be burned with their owner. Now and then she shifted them about or lifted them as if for him to see, and once he twisted his fingers in the beads and gazed at them long, recalling perhaps the times when they had been worn.

After dark a few of the Mojaves slipped away to their huts, but many rolled themselves up and slept on the ground near, and the old man kept up his singing monotone and solemn shaking of the rattle all night long.

At daybreak Juan was still alive, and the doctor getting near enough to make a brief examination said that he might live for weeks, might even get well with proper care. All his aid was refused however, and one of the larger row boats was made ready to take Juan up the river, "To a mucha big doctor" Marta said, slipping over to bid us goodby, with a pathetic hope in her face.

Three weeks later we were lounging in the cool dusk on the river bank when a boat slid noiselessly in and a cautious voice hailed us. It was Joli and a stranger. Marta had sent them to tell us that Juan was dead and that he would be burned at once on the little island across the river, with as much secrecy as possible that the white people in town might not get wind of it.

Joli motioned us to the boat, and silently we stepped in; when we reached the island it was already crowded with people. All the Mojaves on the river seemed to be there. Near the center, and somewhat screened by a clump of cottonwoods, a shallow hole had been scooped in the sand and lined with dry wood. It was perhaps six feet long and half as wide; the body covered with extra clothes, blankets, beads, and other personal belongings had just been placed inside, and the men were covering it with dry cottonwood limbs from a large pile near by.

Poor Marta crouched a little apart with a band of wailing women, and the flame leaping up showed her worn and thin with her long vigil. As the flame shot up high over the trees the island resounded with the wildest wailing and howling ever heard; deafening and terrifying at once, and as infinitely sad as only the grief of a primitive people can be.

The old man with the rattle shook it dismally and chanted in jerky measures while the attendants heaped fresh fuel on the fire; and presently one by one, then, as the excitement grew, by twos and threes and groups, the mourners rushed forward throwing their gifts on the pyre.

Juan was a man of some means, and Marta's own pile of calico and blankets was by no means small; but he was also much beloved by his people, and men who had witnessed many

burnings said such a pyre had not been known since the burning of the old head chief ten years before.

Bolt after bolt of gorgeous "Indian calico" was unrolled and flung into the fire, where it rose and fell on the flame like beating wings. As the pile of gifts got low some of the men slipped away to town for more calico, and many of the Indians took off their own garments and ornaments and heaped them on the now glowing bed of coals.

With the returning boats came white men — and whiskey; bribe to the Indian boatmen from the crowd of curiosity-seekers eager to witness any part of the burning. The shouting grew wilder and louder, pistols began to crack here and there, and we were glad to find Joli and our boat and slip away from the half-demoniacal scene.

Out on the blackness of the river the shouts followed us like echoes from Hades; now and then a new flame shot up, silhouetting the dark leaping figures and ghostly cottonwood limbs against the opposite bank.

Till daylight from our tent on the water's edge we could see the spot of fire, like a dull eye growing dimmer and dimmer, and catch the weird, lessening cries of the mourners. Then boat by boat they came back to the cactus pole huts, and at breakfast time Marta was squatted in the shade as usual, baking tortillas on a flattened sheet of old stove-pipe for Joli and the three brown babies.

Prescott, Ariz.

A MATTER OF TRANSLATION.

By JOSEPH BLETHEN.

N ROSE found herself for the first time in her young life facing the very old problem of domestic service. It was small comfort to her that the Pacific Coast had once depended on the yellow-skinned, almond-eyed sons of the Celestial Empire for its dinner-getting. At the present moment there were no Chinese to be had for domestic service on Puget Sound; the salmon canneries took all the new comers as fast as they were smuggled across the line from British Columbia. Nor was Marion Rose comforted by the thought that the non-union cook-ladies had followed the railroads to the sunset slope and had been ever since in the bosoms of the best families. If the Chinese were scarce, the servant girl was scarcer, for she was now largely unionized, having somewhat married into the male population of the Coast. Reluctantly Marion Rose listened to the voice of extremity, which said "You must send for a Jap."

Something must be done, for Marion Rose had planned a dinner and invited certain particular guests—Bax Bannister and Miss Bannister and one or two others. But the dinner was for Bax Bannister, who had just won promotion at the office by his success in Japan. Bax had been attentive to Marion before he crossed the Pacific, and Marion had really missed him. Mrs. Rose favored the affair, and—Oh, well, it was just too mean for the maid to leave that very day! And a Jap! Mrs. Rose had always declared that she would never have one in the house.

Mrs. Rose had telephoned to her trusted employment office, only to be told that in July the young girls went to the ranches to work in the fields and, incidentally, to meet their beaus.

"But what shall I do?" pleaded Marion.

"Well, a Jap is better than nothing," said Cook.

"Perhaps Mr. Bannister can lend you a Jap," said Mrs. Rose, quizzingly. "He was in Japan a long time."

"I wish he had remained there," said the perplexed girl. Then she went to the telephone and called up the Japanese employment bureau. When a quick "Hello" greeted her she caught the Japanese flavor of it, and began to speak slowly and distinctly for fear of being misunderstood.

"I have lost my table girl and—"

"Ha-ha."

Marion flushed a little and laughed nervously. It was a soft sound, deep in the Oriental throat at the other end of the wire.

"Yes, it is ridiculous. And just as I was about to give a dinner, too."

"Ha-ha."

"I assure you it's no laughing matter. I must have some one to wait on table."

"Ha-ha. I send you boy. Where you live?"

"Number Seven-eleven Highland Drive."

"Ha-ha. I send right away. Hsank you. Go'-bye."

Marion did not report her conversation over the 'phone to her mother, but wondered what made the Japanese so keen on humor. She watched for the coming of the Jap boy, as he would have but one day's practice before the eventful dinner.

He came, and stood before Marion, bowing from his hips stiff as a manikin. He presented a note.

"Oh, yes," said she, without reading it. "You are to be my table boy."

"Ha-ha."

Marion felt the color flying over her face, but the little brown chap smiled so pleasantly that she smiled in return.

"Cook will show you your room, and then you can set the table for dinner."

"Ha-ha."

Marion perceived that he did not understand, and thought him laughing to be polite. It was such a quick, soft, throaty laugh. He was a cute Jap, anyway. In a white coat he would look as neat as a doll.

"Ha-ha. Note. Read," said the boy, pointing to a bit of paper he had presented.

The employment bureau had given it to him, as it gives a like note to all applicants. The bureau also furnishes each boy with a double-acting Japanese-English, English-Japanese dictionary. Marion read the note:

"This is Sonamo Hayashi. He wishes to be called Charley. He cannot talk English very well, but he can read and write."

"Very well, Charley. Cook will show you to your room, and then ——"

"Ha-ha. You write," interrupted the boy, drawing his dictionary from an inside pocket and holding it in both hands before him, at the same time making Marion Rose a stiff, quick bow from the hips.

But Marion led him to the cook, and left her to write the necessary directions. Back in the library, Marion sighed deeply. The prospect was anything but pleasant.

The cook spent that evening writing answers to questions which the Jap propounded to her on paper, through the medium of his dictionary. The next morning at breakfast the Jap handed Marion a note and stood demurely waiting an answer.

"Cook says tonight there is to be in dinner as seven. May I have your gracious to show to me the dish which to use as usual."

"Certainly," said Marion. "The best China, and ——"

"Ha-ha. Not — understand — well. You — to — write. Ha-ha."

So Marion wrote it and the Japanese sat down in the butler's pantry and translated it into the soft pattering sounds of his native chrysanthemums. Then he gave his careful attention while Marion selected the china and sorted the glass and silver for him.

Midway between lunch and dinner time — the eventful dinner — Marion found him with the table in utter confusion and his black head bent over the composition of another note.

"I have friend from Japan in three years last. Has worked Revenue Cutter Grant. I hope gracious to suggest I ask him come make pretty table and help myself. He cost two only dollars and half. I telephone him can come quick."

Marion smiled and nodded. The Jap boy flew to the tele-

phone. Marion heard him say "Main-six-seven," and then she heard the first genuine Japanese eloquence of her life. What she could not understand was the frequency with which the boy at her end of the 'phone said "Ha-ha" during the conversation.

An hour later a tiny Jap came to the house and quietly took command of Marion's dinner. To her questions he replied in broken but freely spoken English, generally interspersed with "ha-ha's," that his name was Saki, and that he had at different times served officers of the navy both at their homes and on board ship. His manner of address was like a stuttering rapid-fire rifle—short, sharp, irregular and without accent. But he could talk, and that was a comfort.

Saki asked how many were to sit down to dinner, and Marion Rose said seven. Then he said that she need not worry, that he would manage. She watched him a few moments and knew that her dinner was safe. She went to her room to rest till it should be time to dress. When she did go down, a few moments before the time for her guests to arrive, everything was ready, and Saki, the expert, had proven himself a treasure. The Rose family table had never looked prettier.

The guests came, Bax Bannister, a bit conscious, and Miss Bannister, smilingly approving. Marion Rose was complimented on her decorations, and felt it her duty to credit Saki. Miss Bannister recognized the name and the character, and expressed her sympathy for Marion in the struggles that must come with the Jap problem.

"I have just broken in a new table boy," said Miss Bannister "and yesterday he left me abruptly. He wrote me a clever little note and asked for his pay, saying that he needed it to meet an obligation. I paid him, and then he departed, leaving only a brief note of farewell."

"He left you for someone else," said Bax. "That's one of their financial niceties. You paid the employment office two dollars for him? Exactly. The office kept one dollar and gave your new table boy one dollar for changing places."

"Really," exclaimed Marion in surprise.

"And you will pay this little autocrat who calls himself Saki two dollars and a half," continued the merciless Bax.

"Yes," said Marion Rose.

"Of which your table boy will receive the fifty cents."

Dinner was announced, and Marion's guests were charmed with the table. But when Saki and his aide entered with plates of soup Miss Bannister was betrayed into a peal of laughter, for in Marion Rose's new Jap she recognized her own truant.

The Jap boy recognized his former mistress and fled from the room.

Bax Bannister, seeing Marion's discomfiture, briefly explained the situation to Saki and then sent him after the frightened Charley.

"Oh, he will not come till I write him a note," said Miss Bannister, and on the back of her brother's card she wrote her pardon of the truant's actions, and told him to be faithful to Miss Rose.

Then the dinner progressed, Saki directing the nervous Charley with soft, monosyllabic explosions, alternately praising and chiding.

While the dinner lasted Saki was an autocrat, but when it was over, he sat down at an end of the kitchen table beside Charley, and the two tiny men servants ate their fill, talking in soft stocking-footed Japanese, while the cook leaned her elbows on the other end of the table and eyed them with silent interest.

"What makes those Japanese laugh so much?" asked Marion of Bax, later in the evening.

"Laugh?" inquired Bax, in surprise. "They are always very serious."

"But that boy has said 'ha-ha' to me every other word to-day."

Then Bax Bannister laughed in right good earnest, and was some time in explaining to Marion Rose that those two soft sounds down in a Japanese' throat are the native word for "yes." And later still in the evening when Bax explained another matter to Marion at some length she did not draw away her hand, but sat quite still, and down in her throat made two soft sounds :

"Ha-ha."

Seattle, Wash.

A SUCCESSFUL HOLD-UP.

[From the Memoirs of the Late Joseph Huskisson, Esq., of California—Second Extract.]

Compiled by CLARENCE ALAN McGREW.

IF one will search long enough through the San Francisco newspapers of three or four years before the Civil War, he may find an article which reads something like this :

"SACRAMENTO, Sept. 15.—The news has reached here that the stage running between Forest City and Nevada was robbed several days ago. The express company's treasure-box was taken by the miscreants, but through a sad error on the part of the thieves, a dust bag containing some \$15,000, the property of a passenger, was overlooked. The stage had reached a hill-top near Forest City on its way from that place, when four 'road agents,' armed with pistols, appeared and asked the driver to 'pass down that box.'

"The driver, of course, obeyed, and handed down the box without a show of resistance. Indeed, any effort on his part to fight the robbers off would have been futile. The rascals then started, apparently, to search the compartment under the rear seat, but for some reason abandoned that, and, having commanded the driver to go ahead, rode away, apparently very gleeful at their supposed success.

"It was discovered later that the dust bag in question, which the driver had supposed was in the express box, was actually under the rear seat, where it had been placed by its owner, James C. Harrington, who was on his way home to New York. His explanation of the affair is that he designedly put a bag full of gravel in the box while he retained the real dust bag under his seat. He was the recipient of many congratulations for his good sense and good fortune.

"One of the robbers is thought to be 'Dutch Trina,' a woman who consorts with thieves, affects men's clothing, plays cards, swears, drinks, smokes, chews, and acts otherwise in the manner of the sterner sex. The driver declares that he recognized the other three as William, alias 'Brockey,' Summers, 'Mob' Scanlin and 'Scotty' Burfield, all well-known law-breakers and desperate characters."

These paragraphs will serve as an introduction to one of the most surprising adventures in which "English Jim" Kay and I took any part. Jim was bold as ever and apparently recked as little of human life, including his own. In fact the circumstances somewhat encouraged daring among the members of the law-breaking part of the Pacific coast community. The excitement and dangers of the Vigilance Committee days had passed by, and people had begun to forget that there were still some rogues around who had not been hung or effectually expatriated. But for some reason our peculiar business had been particularly dull for a fairly long period. We had, it is true, held up several stages and stopped a number of prosperous-looking individuals, but appearances had been deceitful and luck against us.

Our headquarters had been in a shack-like structure over in the hills some twenty miles from the stage line. One day we decided that a little intelligent "prospecting" was an immediate necessity, and "Brockey" Summers was selected to carry on an investigation that we hoped would result in feathering our scanty nests for another season of carousal. Summers went over to Forest City and made it his special affair to discover, without arousing undue suspicion, what there was to be had for our forceful asking. While there he fell in with "Dutch Trina," whose connection with a certain dance hall, the favorite of the Frisco "Barbary Coast," had endeared her to every scalawag, blackleg, thug and plug-ugly from the days of the Hounds to our own unsavory time. It was Trina who found out that Harrington was going out on the Monday stage, homeward bound, with his "pile." Certain pardonable indiscretions on Harrington's part had made it a point of the bar-talk that his pile was worth having.

Our feminine ally with the masculine tendencies communicated her information to Summers, and very shrewdly declared herself "in on the deal." Then, probably reflecting that honor among thieves is much like harmony among consulting medicos, she suited action to words, and became a member of the expedition against the Harrington thousands.

English Jim and I were selected to go as passengers on the stage, and attend to any unforeseen difficulties. At the word, we were to throw up our hands, but Jim's thumb was to indicate the spot where the dust bag could be found. I was a sort of handy man on this trip. If anybody on board the stage pulled a gun I could kick his elbow at the psychological moment.

Jim took a seat at Harrington's side. I sat behind the driver, and kept my foot ready for action.

Kay soon got Harrington to talking, and I caught enough of the conversation to interest me.

"Going back home, eh, pardner?" said Jim.

"Yes. Got my pile and I am goin'. The old lady, the mother, needs me — back in New York. Ever in New York? No? Well, the old lady had a little shop on Greenwich avenue where she sold notions. An' while I was scutterin' around here, out comes a letter by the Overland that her little place was burned down. Now she don't know anything about this lucky strike of mine. Won't I make her happy and proud, though! Got a mother, pardner? What! You don't —"

The rattle of the wheels on a rough grade drowned out the words. With the next that I heard that dolt Harrington was actually confiding to Jim (a perfect stranger to him) that he had brought along two dust bags; that one of them, which contained all his hard-earned wealth, was under the back seat, and that the bag he had ostentatiously given to the driver to be put in the express box was full of worthless gravel. I heard him chuckle at his astuteness.

"Good plan that," he said. "You can't tell but what some of these road-agents had a confederate back there in Forest City lookin' at me when I passed up the gravel bag. How's that for a rich one?"

Again a down grade and a rattle of the wheels.

Then we came down the cañon where the four were. At the command "hands up" we all obeyed, and there was no foolish trouble, but when "Brockey" ordered the treasure-box down I turned like a flash on Jim Kay.

"Turn your head, you ass," he growled, "unless you want it punctured with lead."

But before I turned I saw that he was pointing with his thumb at the box and not to the back seat.

When we got off, I wasted no time.

"What'n hell do you mean by bilking the gang on this game? You know, and I know, what's in that bag the gang got and where the real dust bag was."

"Never had a mother waiting for you, did you, you damned hell-hound?" quoth he.

SHIPS.

By A. B. BENNETT.

MONSTERS of the deep creep out — from whence and whither, and why?

Great hulks loom out of vapory ghosts, their sirens rend the sky.

He who guides the mighty thing, this matter dread but seen,
With us salutes the greater power than any force marine.

Thus are the highways guided: the shuttles to and fro
To the isles, the dim, scarce-charted wilds, suffering heat, or snow,

Are moved by something fine and high, the looked-for yea or nay,

Sallying forth upon a word, unless it bids them stay.

The lines upon the fretted chart tell but a hollow tale;
For here, where a zigzag marks the course, there raged a howling gale;

And here, in swooning silence, the oily tropics dream,
Where treacherous reefs in quiet lie in path of rapid stream.

Behold! the stars are marshalled out after the setting sun;
It is now long thoughts roam wider out than any courses run,
And these guide more than compass. The elements be kind
To the ship that carries men on board who leave good wives behind!

By some Divine instruction, prattle of little lips,
Through the velvety night-watch babbling makes wise the man of ships;

And seas are less uncertain, less far away the goal,
Because of a love in verity — love of a human soul.

May no half-human sea-dog, an off-cast from the land,
On the bridge of a trim-built vessel hold word of high command;
But send us those commanders, bred for the sea Down East,
Whose long generations fought for them their fight against the Beast.

Ensenada, Mex.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. — III.

WHERE they received news of something that had lately happened in or near Europe, since their departure thence. In particular of the Death of some great Personages, as the King of Portugal, and both the King of Morocco and Fesse, all three slain in one day in one Battle in Africa. Also the death of Henry 3 King of France, who was murdered by one Jaques Clement, a Monk, by the Contrivance of the Papists, because he seem'd to incline to the Protestants to secure himself from the Ambition of the House of Guise, and others of the Holy Leagues, (as they call it) whereby they obliged themselves never to suffer any to Rule in France who either had or was likely to profess any other but the Catholick Religion. They had likewise an Account of the Death of the Pope, whose usurped Authority being lessened in Europe, he had endeavoured to advance it in America, so that in all places where the Spaniards have Power, the Infection of Popery hath spread itself, which hath produced the same accursed Fruits as in Christendom; and in the Cities of Lima, Panama, Mexico, and the Countries adjacent, no place is free from those Vices this Religion too much indulges as Whoredom, Sodomy, and such other Beastialities as are not fit to be named among Christians, of which the Actors seem not at all ashamed, since the Pope's Pardons are so common and so cheap in those Countries, from which by the multitude of Offenders, the Monks and Friars reap no small Advantage.

This gives such Scandal to the poor ignorant Indians, that though they have forced Conversion, they are no better Christians, nor know no more of the Doctrines of the Gospel than before, yet they seem by the light of nature to abhor and detest the filthy and abominable Lives of most of the Spanish Priests and People: Herein seeming to parallel the Scypions in respect to the Grecians, who, though barbarously rude and ignorant in Learning, yet in Modesty, Temperance, and other Moral Virtues, far excelled the Wise and Learned Greeks, who presumptuously gloried to be the most knowing and civilized Peoples in the World.

But though the Antichristian Clergy industriously endeavor to keep them in more than heathenish darkness, yet even among these illiterate People God doth not leave himself without Witness, for several of them boldly reprov'd the abominable licentiousness of these pretended Spanish Christians, both in their Doctrines, and Practices, which so alarmed the Priests, that about two Months before General Drake's arrival, 12 Persons were apprehended at Lima for the Profession of the true Religion, and being brought before their bloody Spiritual Tribunal, were condemned to be burnt to Death, six of whom suffered that cruel Execution, being all bound to one Stake, and the rest remained in Prison, expecting daily to drink of the same bitter Cup.*

General Drake now considering that they were come one degree North of the Equinoctial Line to the entrance of the Bay of Panama, and that there was little hopes their lost Ships should be before them, since they could get no notice of them in so long a Course, and with the strictest Search and Inquiry, and that the Time of the Year drew on wherein their General, if ever must prosecute his Design of discovering a Passage about the North parts of America, from the South Sea into our own Ocean, which

*All a very fair example of the 16th century A. P. A. credulity.

would be serviceable to his Country for the future and themselves might have a much nearer passage home, they therefore concluded to find out a convenient place for trimming their Ship, and getting Wood, Water, and other Provisions aboard, and then to hasten for discovering this Passage through which they might return with Joy to their much desired homes; Sailing therefore March 7. toward the Island of Cainos they arrived there the 16th, setting themselves in a fresh River between that and the Continent for finishing their Affairs, where there happened a terrible Earthquake which was so violent, that the Ship and Pinnace, though near an English Mile from the Shoar, trembled and shook, as if on dry Land. They found here Fish, Wood, and fresh Water, besides Alligators and Monkeys, with many other necessaries that they wanted. In their Passage hither, they took one Ship more, which was the last they met with on all these Coasts, laden with Linnen, China, Silk, and China Dishes, and a Faulcon curiously wrought in Gold with a great Emerald in the Breast thereof.

From hence, March 25, 1579. they resolved to sail the nearest Course the Wind would permit, without touching any where in a long way, passing by Port Papagaiat, the Port of the Vale of the most rich and excellent Bolms, Jericho, Quantapien, and divers others; as also certain Gulpha hereabout, which continually send forth such violent Winds, as much endanger the Spanish Ships, if they go to near. But having notice that they should oft have Calms, and contrary Winds near the Coast, and that if they run off to Sea to avoid them, they would not then meet with Land again when they would, the General thought fit to increase their Provisions, and therefore at the next Harbour, called Guatuco, inhabited by Spaniards, they by trading supplied themselves with Bread and other necessaries, and then departed from the Coast of America; but yet not forgetting to take with them a Pot of about a Bushel full of Ryals of Plate that they found in the Town, with a Chain of Gold, and other Jewels, which they intreated of a Spaniard, who was flying away with them, to leave behind, Next Day, April 16, they went directly to Sea, sailing 500 Leagues in Longitude to get a Wind, and by June 3 got one thousand four hundred Leagues, coming into forty two Deg North Latitude, where they felt an extream Alteration from Heat to Cold, which much impaired their Healths, made the Ropes of their Ship stiff, and the rain was turned into Hail, so that they seemed rather in the Frozen Zone than so near the Sun, and sailing two Degrees further, the Cold encreased so severely, that their Hands were benumbed, and they durst hardly bring them from under their Garments to feed themselves. Neither could they impute this to the Tenderness of their Bodies coming out of those very hot Countries, since their Meat, almost as soon as from the Fire, was frozen, and their Tackle so stiff, that six Men were hardly able to perform what was usually done by three, which very much discouraged them; but General Drake comforting and persuading them to trust in God's Providence, who never fails his Children, and that they should now quit themselves like Men, and endure this short Trouble and Extremity with Patience, since they were sure thereby to obtain speedy Comfort and Glory. By such Motives as these he put Life into them, so that every Man was armed with a Resolution to see the utmost Discovery that could be that way.

The Land in that Part of America, bearing farther West than they imagined, they were nearer to it than they were aware, and yet the Cold still increased. June 5. they were driven by the Winds towards the Shoar, which they then first descried, and anchored in a Bay much exposed to the Winds and Flaws, and when they ceased, there instantly followed thick stinking Fogs, which nothing but the Wind could remove, and that

was always violent. So that not able to stay here, nor go farther northward for the Cold and Wind, which was full against them, getting to Sea, they were forcibly carried southward from forty eight to thirty eight Degrees, where they found the Land low and plain, with some few Hills covered with Snow. June 17, they came to a convenient Harbour, and continued there till June 23; during which, tho' in the height of Summer, yet they had constant nipping Cold (being fourteen Days without Sight of the Sun for the Fogginess of the Air) which had such Influence not only upon their Bodies, who came out of the Heat but upon the Inhabitants themselves, though accustomed thereto, who yet came shivering to them in their warm Furrs, crowding together to receive Heat of each other, the Trees being without Leaves, and the Ground without Grass even in June and July; the poor Birds and Fowls not daring to stir from their Nests, (as they found after they had laid their first Eggs, 'till they were hatch'd, and had got some Strength, but had this Advantage, that their Bodies being exceeding hot perfect their Young sooner than in other Places. Tho' the real Cause of this Extremity is uncertain, yet it is judged to proceed from the large Continent of America and Asia, near together, northward of this Place, from whose high Mountains, always covered with Snow, the North-west Winds, which usually blow on these Coasts, bring this almost unsufferable Sharpness, which the Sun in his greatest Heat is not able to dissolve, from whence the Earth is so barren, and the Snow lies at their Doors almost in the midst of Summer, but is never off their Hills, from whence proceed those stinking Fogs thro' which the Sun cannot pierce, nor draw the Vapours higher into the Air, except the fierce Winds do sometimes scatter them; and when gone, the Fogs return as before. Some Seamen aboard, who had been in Greenland, affirmed they never felt such Cold in the end of Summer, as now in these two hot Months, from whence it may be supposed, there is no Passage through these Northern Seas, or if there be it is Unnaviable, the Ice and Cold met with therein. Neither in all their sailing on these Coasts to forty-eight Degrees, could they find the Land bend the least towards the East, but running always Northwest, as if it directly met with Asia; and even then, when they had a Wind to carry them through, if any such Passage had been, yet they had a smooth Sea, an ordinary Tide, which could not have happened had there been a Streight, as they concluded there was none.

Next Day after their coming to Anchor in the Harbour aforementioned, the Natives of the Country discovering them, sent a Man to him in a Canoe with all Expedition, but began to speak to them at a great distance, but approaching nearer, made a long solemn Oration, with many Signs and Gestures after their manner, moving his Hands and turning his Head; and after he had ended with great Shew of Respect and Submission, returned again to Shoar. He repeated the Ceremony a second and third Time; bringing with him a Bunch of Feathers, like those of a black Crow, neatly placed on a String, and gathered into a round Bunde, exactly cut, equal in length, which (as they understood afterwards) was a special Badge worn upon the Head of the Guard of the King's Person. He brought also a little Basket made of Rushes, full of a Herb called Tobah, which tied to a short Rod he cast into their Boat. The General intended instantly to have recompensed him, but could not perswade him to receive any thing, except a Hat thrown out of the Ship into the Water refusing any thing else, though it were upon a Board thrust off to him, and so presently returned. After this their Boats could row no way, but they would follow them, seeming to adore them as Gods.

June 21, their Ship being leaky, came near the Shoar to land their Goods; but to prevent any Surprise, the General sent his Men ashoar first, with all Necessaries for making Tents, and a Fort for securing their Purchase; which the Natives observing, came down hastily in great Numbers, with such Weapons as they had, as if angry, but without the least thought of Hostility; for approaching them they stood as Men ravished with Admiration at the Sight of such things as they had never before heard nor seen, seeming rather to reverence them as Deities, than to design War against them as mortal Men, which they discovered every Day more clearly, during the whole Time of staying among them. Being directed by Signs to lay down their Bows and Arrows, they immediately obeyed, as well as the rest, who came continually to them; so that in a little while there were a great Company of Men and Women to confirm this Peace which they seemed so willing to agree to, the General and his Men treated them very courteously, bestowing on them freely what might cover their Nakedness, and

making them sensible they were not Gods but Men, and had themselves need of Garments to cover their Shame, and persuaded them to put on Cloaths, eating and drinking in their Presence to satisfy them, that being Men, they could not live without it; yet all would not prevail to persuade them that they were not Gods: In recompence of Shirts, Linnen, Cloth, and the like, bestowed on them, they gave the General and his Company Feathers, Cawls of Network, Quivers for Arrows made of Fawn-skins, and the Skins of those Beasts the Women wore on their Bodies.

Being at length fully contented with viewing them, they returned with Joy to their Houses, which are dug round within the Earth, and have from the Surface of the ground, Poles of Wood set up and joined together at the top like a spired Steeple, which being covered with Earth, no Water can enter, and are very warm, the Door being also the Chimney to let out the Smoak, which are made slopous, like the Scuttle of a Ship: Their Beds are on the hard Ground strewed with Rushes, with a Fire in the midst round which they lye, and the roof being low round and close, gives a very great Reflection of Heat to their Bodies. The Men generally go naked, but the Women combing out Bulrushes, make with them a loose Garment, which ty'd round their middle, hangs down about their Hips: And hides what Nature would have concealed: They wear likewise about their shoulders a Deer skin with the Hair thereon: They are very obedient and serviceable to their Husbands, doing nothing without their command or consent: Returning to their Houses they made a lamentable Howling and Cry, which the English, though three Quarters of a Mile distance heard with Wonder, the Women especially extending their Voices with doleful Shrieks.

Notwithstanding this seemed Submission and Respect, the General having experienced the Treachery of other Infidels, provided against any Alteration of their mind, setting up Tents, and intrenching themselves with Stone walls, which done, they grew more secure. Two days after this first Company were gone a great Multitude of others, invited by their Report, came to visit them, who as the other, brought Feathers, and Bags of Tobah for Presents, or rather for Sacrifices, believing they were Gods; coming to the Top of the Hill, at the Bottom whereof they had built their Fort, they made a stand, where their chief Speaker wearied himself, and then with a long Oration, using such violent Gestures, and so strong a Voice, and speaking so fast that he was quite out of Breath. Having done, all the rest bowed their Bodies very lowly and reverently to the Ground, crying Oh, as consenting to all had been said: then leaving their Bows with their Women and Children behind, they came down with their Presents in such an awful Posture, as if they had indeed appeared before a Deity thinking themselves happy to be near General Drake, and especially when he accepted what they so willingly offered, getting as nigh him as possible, imagining they approached a God.

Mean time the Women, as if frantick, used unnatural Violence to themselves, striking dreadfully, and tearing their Cheeks with their Nails till the Blood streamed down their Breasts, rending their Garments from the upper Parts of their Bodies, and holding their Hands over their Heads, thereby to expose their Breasts to danger; they furiously threw themselves on the Ground, not regarding whether it were wet or dry, but dashed their naked Bodies against Stones, Hills, Woods, Bushes, Briars or whatever lay in their way, which Cruelty they repeated (yea some Women with Child) fifteen or sixteen times together, till their Strength failed them thereby, which was more grievous to the English to see, than themselves to suffer. This bloody Sight ended, the General and his Company fell to Prayers, and by lifting up their Hands and Eyes to Heaven, signified that their God, whom they ought to worship, was above in the Heavens, whom they humbly besought, if it were his Pleasure, to open their blind Eyes, that they might come to the Knowledge of JESUS CHRIST: While the English were at Prayers, singing of Psalms, and reading some chapters in the Bible, they sat very attentive, and at the End of every Pause, cried out with one Voice, Oh I, seeming to rejoice therein, yea, delighted to so much in their singing Psalms, that after, when they resorted to them, they ardently desired that they should sing. After their Departure they returned all that the General had give them, thinking themselves sufficiently happy in having free Access to them.

Three Days after June 26, the News having spread itself farther into the Country, another great Number of People were assembled, and among them their KING himself, a Man of a comely Presence and Stature, attended

with a Guard of an hundred tall stout Men, having sent two Ambassadors before, to tell the General their Hioh, or King, was coming; one of them in delivering his Message spake low, which the other repeated Verbatim with a loud Voice, wherein they continued about half an Hour; which ended by Signs they desired some Present to their King to assure him of coming in Peace, which the General willingly granted, and they joyfully went back to their Hioh. A while after, their King with all his Train appeared in as much Pomp as he could, some loudly crying and singing before him; as they came nearer, they seemed greater in their Actions: In the Front before him marched a tall Man of a good Countenance, carrying the Sceptre, or Mace Royal, of black Wood, about a Yard and half long, upon which hung two Crowns, one less than the other, with three very long Chains oft doubled, and a Bag of the Herb Tobah; the Crowns were of Knit-work wrought curiously with Feathers of divers Colours, and of a good Fashion, the Chains seemed of Bone, the Links being in one Chain was almost innumerable, and worn by very few, who are stinted to their Number, some of ten, twelve, or twenty, as they exceed in Chains, are thereby accounted more honourable. Next the Sceptre bearer came the King himself, with his Guard about him, having on his Head a Knit work Cawl, wrought somewhat like a Crown, and on his Shoulders a Coat of Rabbet Skins reaching to his Waste. The Coats of his Guard were of the same Shape, but other Skins, having Cawls with Feathers, covered with a Down growing on an Herb, exceeding any other Down for Fineness, and not to be used by any but those about the King's Person, who are also permitted to wear a Plume of Feathers on his Head, in sign of honour, and the Seeds of this Herb, are used only in Sacrifice to their Gods. After them followed the Common People almost naked, whose long Hair tied up in a Bunch behind, was stuck with Plumes of Feathers, but in the forefront only one Feather like an Hord, according to their own Fancy, their Faces were all painted, some White, others Black, or other Colours, every Man bringing something in his Hand for a Present: the Rear of their company consisted in Women and Children, each Woman carrying a Basket or two with Bags of Tobah, a Root called Patah (whereof they make Bread, and eat it either Raw or Baked,) broiled Fishes like Pilchards, the Seeds and Down aforementioned, and such other things: Their Baskets are made of Rushes like a deep Boat, and so well wrought as to hold Water. They hang pieces of Pearl shells, and sometimes Links of these Chains on the Brims, to signify they were only used in the Worship of their Gods; they are wrought with matted down of read Feathers into various Forms.

General Drake caused his Men to be on their guard whatever might happen, and going into his Fort, made the greatest shew possible of Warlike Preparations, (as he usually did) so that had they been real Enemies they might thereby be discouraged from attempting anything against them. Approaching nearer, and joining closer together, they gave a general Salutation, and after Silence, he who carried the Sceptre, prompted by another assign'd by the King, repeated loudly what the other spoke low, their Oration lasting half an hour, at the close whereof they uttered a common Amen, in Approbation thereof: Then the King with the whole number of Men and Women (the little Children remaining only behind) came farther in the same Order down to the Foot of the Hill near the Fort; When the Sceptre bearer, with a composed Countenance, began a Song, and as it were a Dance, and was followed by the King and all the rest, but the Women, who were silent: They came near in their Dance, and the General perceiving their honest Simplicity, let them enter freely within their Bulwarks, where continuing awhile singing and dancing, the Women following with their Bowls in their Hands, their Bodies bruised, and their Faces, Breasts and other Parts, torn and spotted with Blood: Being tired with this Exercise, they by Signs desired the General to sit down, to whom their King and others seemed to make Supplication, that he would be the King and Governor of their Country, to whom they were most willing to resign the Government of themselves and their Posterity; and more fully to declare their meaning, the King with all the rest unanimously singing a Song, joyfully set the Crown on his Head, enriching his Neck with Chains, offering him many other Things, and honouring him with the Title of Hioh, concluding with a Song and Dances of Triumph, that they were not only visited by Gods, (which they still judged them) but that the great God was become their King and Patron, and they now the happiest People in the World.

The General observing them so freely to offer all this to him, was un-

willing to disoblige them, since he was necessitated to continue there some time, and to require Relief in many things from them not knowing what Advantage it might bring in time to his own Country, therefore in the Name and for the Use of Queen Elizabeth, he took the Sceptre, Crown, and Dignity of that Land upon him, wishing that the Riches and Treasures thereof, wherein the upper Parts abound, might be as easily transported thither, as he had obtained the Sovereignty thereof, from a People who have Plenty, and are of a very loving and tractable Nature, seemingly ready to embrace Christianity, if it could be preach'd and made known to them. These Ceremonies over, the common People leaving the King and his Guard mingled themselves among them strictly surveying every Man, and enclosing the youngest, offered Sacrifices to them with a lamentable Shriek and weeping, tearing their Flesh from off their Faces with their Nails, and this not the Women only, but old Men likewise were even as violent in roaring and crying as they. The English much grieved at the Power of Satan over them, shewed all kind of dislike hereto by lifting their Eyes and Hands toward Heaven; but they were so mad on their Idolatry, that tho' held from rending themselves, yet when at Liberty, were as violent as before, till those they adored were conveyed into their Tents; whom yet as Men distracted they raged for again: Their Madness a little qualified, they complained to them of their Grievs and Diseases, as old Aches, shrunk Sinews, cankered Sores, Ulcers, and Wounds lately received, wherewith divers were afflicted, and mournfully desired Cure for them, making Signs, that if they did but blow upon them, or touch their Maladies, they should be healed. In pity to them, and to shew they were but Men, they used common Ointment and Plasters for their Relief, beseeching God to enlighten their Minds.

During their Stay here they usually brought Sacrifices every third Day, till they clearly understood the English were displeased, whereupon their Zeal abated; yet they continually resorted to them with such Eagerness, that they oft forgot to provide Sustenance for themselves, so that the General, whom they counted their Father, was forced to give them Victuals, as Muscles, Seals, and the like, wherewith they were extremely pleased, and since they could not accept of Sacrifices, they, hating Ingratitude, forced what they had upon them in recompence, though never so useful to themselves: They are very ingenious, and free from Guile or Treachery; their Bows and Arrows (which are their only Weapons, and almost all their Wealth) they use very skilfully, yet without much Execution, they being fitter for Children than Men, though they are usually so strong, that one of them could easily carry that a Mile together without Pain, which two or three Englishmen there could hardly bear; they run very swift and long, and seldom go any other Pace; if they see a Fish so near the Shoar as to reach the Place without swimming, they seldom miss it.

Having finished their Affairs, the General and some of his Company made a Journey up the Country to observe their manner of Living, with the Nature and Commodities of the Country: They found their Houses such as you have heard, and many being fix'd in one Place, made divers Villages: The Inland was far different from the Sea shoar, it being a very fruitful Soil, furnished with all necessaries, and stored with large fat Deer, whereof they saw Thousands in an Herd, and Rabbets of a strange kind, having Tails like Rats, and Feet like a Mole, with a Natural Bag under their Chin, wherein, after they have filled their Belly abroad, they put the rest for Relieving their Young, or themselves when they are willing to stay at home. They eat their Bodies, but preserve their Skins, of which the Royal Garments of their King are made. This Country General Drake called Nova Albion, both because it had white Cliffs toward the Sea, and that its Name might have some likeness to England, which was formerly so called. Before they went hence, the General caused a Mountain to be erected, signifying that the English had been there, and asserting the Right of Queen Elizabeth, and her Successors, to that Kingdom, all engraven in a Plate of Brass, and nailed to a great firm Post, with the Time of their Arrival, the Queen's Name, and the free Resignation of the Country by the King and People into her Hands, like wise his Picture and Arms, and underneath the General's Arms.

The Spaniards had never any Commerce, nor ever set Foot in this Country, their utmost Acquisitions being many degrees Southward thereof; and now the Time of their Departure being at hand, the joy of the Natives

was drowned in extream Sorrow, pouring out woful Complaints and grievous Sighs and Tears, for leaving them; yet since they could not have their Presence (they supposed them indeed to be mindful of them in their Absence) declaring by signs that they hoped hereafter to see them again, and before the English were awake, set fire to a Sacrifice, which they offered to them, burning therein a Chain of a Bunch of Feathers. The General endeavoured by all means to hinder their Proceedings, but could not prevail, till they fell to Prayers and singing of Psalms, when allured thereby, forgetting their Folly, and leaving their Sacrifice unconsumed, and the Fire, to go out, imitating the English in all their Actions, they lift up their Heads and Eyes to Heaven as they did. July 23. they took a sorrowful Leave of them but loath to part with them, they went to the top of the Hills to keep sight of them as long as possible, making Fires before, behind, and on each side of them, wherein they supposed Sacrifices were offered for their happy Voyage. A little without their Harbour lye certain Isles called by them the Islands of St. James, wherein were plenty of Seals and Fowls, and Landing in one of them next day, they supplied themselves with competent Provisions for some time.

The General now finding the Extremity of the Cold increase, the Sun being gone further, and the Winds constantly blowing Northerly, giving no hope of finding a Passage through these Northern Seas, he resolved with the general Approbation of all, to lose no more time, but sail directly to the Molucco Islands.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF DRAKE'S VISIT TO THIS COAST.

[From Harris's *Voyages*, 1745, beginning at Panama.]

The Admiral, now thinking he had, in some measure, revenged both the public Injuries of his Country, as well as his own private Wrongs, upon the *Spaniards*, began to deliberate upon his Return home. But which Way he should take, was the Question to be resolved: To return by the Straights of the *South Sea* (and as yet no other Passage had been discovered) he thought would be to throw himself into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, who would probably there wait for him, with a far greater Strength than he could now cope with; for he had at this time but one Ship left, not strong, though it was a very rich one. All things therefore considered, he resolved to go round to the *Moluccas*, and so follow the Course of the *Portuguese*, to get Home by the Cape of *Good Hope*: But, being becalmed, he found it necessary to sail more Northerly to get a good Wind; upon which Design they Sailed at least 600 Leagues, which was all the way they made from April 16. to June 3. June 5. being got into 43° of North Latitude, they found the Air excessive cold; and the further they went, the Severity of the Weather was more intolerable: Upon which score they made toward the Land, till they came into 38° North Latitude, under which height of the Pole they found a very good Bay, and had a favourable Wind to enter the same. Accordingly here they had some Correspondence with the People of the Country, whose Houses lay all along upon the Water-side. They sent the Admiral a Present of Feathers, and Cawls of Net-work, who entertained them with so much Kindness and Liberality, that the poor People were infinitely pleased. Though the Country be cold, yet they so order the matter in the framing of their Houses, as to live out of danger of starving; for they surround them with a deep Trench, upon the outmost Edge of which they raise up great Pieces of Timber, which close altogether at the Top like the Spire of a Steeple; their Bed is the bare Ground, strewed with Rushes, and their Fire-place in the Middle, about which they all lie. The Men go naked, the Women wear a close Garment of Bulrushes, dressed after the manner of Hemp, which, fastened about their Middles, hangs down to their Hips, and upon their Shoulders they have a Deer's Skin; but their very good qualities make Amends for their ordinary Dress and Figure, being extremely dutiful to their Husbands. The Admiral had, quickly after, another Present from them, which was Feathers and Bags of Tobacco; a considerable Body of them waiting upon him at the same time: They were all gathered together at the Top of an Hill, from whence their Speaker harangued the Admiral, who lay below in his Tent pitched at the Bottom of the Hill: When this was ended, they left their Weapons, and came down, offering their own presents, and, at the same time, civilly returning those which the Admiral had made them. All the while, women the who remained above, possessed with a mad Fury, tore their Hair, and made dreadful Howlings,

which is the common Music at their Sacrifices, something of which Nature was then solemnizing : But whilst these above were serving the Devil, the Men below were better employed, attending very diligently to Divine Service, then performed in the Admiral's Tent. These Circumstances, though trivial in themselves, are of Consequence in asserting our first Discovery of *California*.

The News of the *English* being there, having spread about in the Country, there came Two Ambassadors to the Admiral, to tell him, that the King was coming to wait upon him, and desired a Token of Peace to assure his safe Conduct. The Admiral having given this, the whole Train began to march towards them, and that in very good and graceful Order : In the Front came a very comely Person, bearing the Sceptre before the King, upon which hung Two Crowns, and Three Chains of a very great length : The Crowns were made of Net-work, and artificially wrought with Feathers of many Colours, and the Chains were made of Bones. Next to the Sceptre-bearer came the King himself, a very comely proper Person, shewing an Air of Majesty in all his Deportment ; he was surrounded by a Guard of tall martial-looking Men, who were all clad in Skins : Next to these came the common People, having (to make the finer Shew) painted their Faces, some white, some black, and some of other Colours, and all with their arms full of Presents, even the very children not excepted. The Admiral drew up all his Men in Line of Battle, and stood ready to receive them within his Fortifications : At some Distance from him, the whole Train made a Halt, and kept a profound Silence, at which Time the Sceptre-bearer made a Speech of half an Hour long : This being ended, the same Officer, of a Speech-maker, became a Dancing-master, and, at the same time, struck up a Song, in both which he was followed by the King, Lords, and Common people, who came singing and dancing up to the Admiral's Fences. Being all set down there, (after some preliminary compliments) the King made a solemn offer of his whole Kingdom, and its Dependences, to the Admiral, desiring him to take the Sovereignty upon him ; and professing, that he himself would be his very loyal subject : And, that this might not seem to be mere compliment and Pretence, he did, by the consent of his Nobles there present, take off the illustrious Crown of Feathers from his own head, and fix it upon the Admiral's ; and at the same time, investing him with the other Ensigns of Royalty, did, as much as in him lay, make him King of the Country. The Admiral accepted of this new-offered Dignity, as her Majesty's Representative, in her Name, and for her Use ; it being probable, that from this Donation, whether made in jest or in earnest, by these *Indians*, some real Advantages might hereafter redound to the *English* Nation and Interest here in those parts. The common People dispersed themselves up and down everywhere among the Admiral's Tent's, expressing an Admiration and Value for the *English* to the Degree of Madness and Profaneness, coming before them with sacrifices, which they pretended to offer with a profound Devotion to them, till they, by Force, kept back, expressing their utmost Abhorrence of them ; and directing them to the Supreme Maker and Preserver of all Things, whom alone they ought to honour with religious Worship. The Admiral and his People travelled to some Distance up in the Country, which they found to be exceedingly full of Deer, which were large and fat, and very often 1000 in a Herd. There was also such a vast Plenty of Rabbits, that the whole Country seemed to be one intire great Warren ; they were of the Bigness of a *Barbary* Coney, their Heads like those in our Parts, their Feet like a Mole's, and their Tail resembling that of a Rat ; under the Chin of each Side is fastened a Bag, into which the Creature injects what Food it gets Abroad, and preserves it for a Time of Necessity. The Flesh of them is a valuable Dish among the Natives, and their Skins afford Robes for the King, and all the great Men. The Earth of the Country seemed to promise very rich Veins of Gold and Silver, there being hardly any digging without throwing up some of the Ores of them. The Admiral called it *Nova Albion*, partly in Honour to his own Country, partly from the Prospects of white Cliffs and Banks, which it yields to them that view it from the Sea. At his Departure hence, he set up a Monument with a large Plate, upon which were engraven her Majesty's Name, Picture, Arms, Title to the Country, the Time of their Arrival there, and the Admiral's own Name. In this Country the *Spaniards* had never left Footing, nor did they ever discover the Land by many Degrees Southward of this Place.

of California.

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ANOTHER detail which for adequate adjudication must await its term in the historical review of the Warner's Ranch eviction it is hoped to print some day in these pages, has been added to the record.

When California courts, in complacent but mortal ignorance of the laws upon which all basic land titles in California are founded, gave a verdict ousting the Mission Indians of Warner's Ranch from their immemorial home, it was desired to carry the case up to the Supreme Court of the United States. To appeal to that high tribunal, properly requires a bond. The Indians, of course, were hardly in shape to give such a bond. So the Indian

Rights Association, a national philanthropic organization to protect Indians, furnished the bond, which was for \$5,500. The case went up to the U. S. Supreme Court, and found there as unmitigated ignorance of the Spanish laws upon which — as the Court managed to realize — the whole case hinges. The decree evicting the 300 men, women and children from the home their ancestors occupied long before an "American" ever heard of California, was confirmed. Readers of this magazine are fairly familiar with the sequel — the sharp public awakening to a disgraceful and unwelcome situation; the interest taken by President Roosevelt and the Department; the labors of the President's Commission to select a new home for the unfortunates, and that Commission's success in securing a place far better than Warner's Ranch in every conceivable attribute except the preference of the Indians to stay where their fathers are buried.

The latest step of the successful claimants to Warner's Ranch — all very wealthy — was to sue the Indian Rights Association for the full amount of this bond. The case was tried in San Diego, in the latter half of November; and the plaintiffs secured a verdict for half the amount. That is, \$2,738 is taken by law from off the backs and from out the bellies of cold and hungry Indians elsewhere, and given to the millionaire plaintiffs.

One who honors History as she is nowadays attempted to be written — soberly, scientifically, and in her due proportion — cannot presume, so near in time to the fact, to chronicle this event save thus in bare outline. These things may not be judicially appraised until they shall have digested and cooled. Perhaps after a time they may come to look a trifle less contemptible.

Meantime, nothing delays the actual transfer of the Warner's Ranch Indians to their new home, except the inevitable red tape of passing on the abstracts of title to the properties involved. As these abstracts have been in the hands of the Government ever since early in November — and particularly because the Department is alive, and the President who "stirred up" the routine clerks in August is quite competent to Stir Them Up again — it is reasonable to presume that final action is even now imminent.

It is but fair to add that the wealthy gentlemen who have won Warner's Ranch are "holding their horses," and that they have not pushed the demand for immediate eviction of the Mataguay village. According to their lights, they mean to act honorably — even "mercifully."

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A charter has been granted Frank Kyselka, J. M. Johnson,

J. S. Lindley, J. E. Tyler, Miss M. Chase and Mrs. E. R. Hillis to found "Hoopa Council of the Sequoia League" at the government school and agency at Hoopa, Cal.

* *

Receipt of \$246 for the work of the League has been acknowledged. Henry C. Newbold, Haywards, Cal., adds \$5.

* *

The Gems of Purest Ray Serene that the dark, unfathomed caves of Government reports bear are not "full many" — but neither are they none. It is rather a pity that matters on which the nation expends so many millions of our money are so absolutely unknown to 99 American citizens out of every 100 ; for there are lots of things here that would interest us if we ever heard of them. Some would catch us a-coming, and some a-going — even as the two ladies who made it interesting for Heine, "the one by her affection, the other by her spite." Amid the average sawdust pages of perfunctory persons that comply with their salary, one finds now and again something really worth while as a Terrible Example ; and again, some fine protest of a man who was not born to be a red-tape dunce. For there are chances for scholarship and manhood, even in Government work.

Well-nigh twenty years ago — at just about the time, in fact, that Helen Hunt Jackson was making her more formal but hardly less startling returns — the dull (and generally ignorant) pages of the Indian Office reports were enlivened by a letter which to this day remains one of the few classics of the Service. We have had, in all our history of Indian Affairs, very few Indian agents who would know a scruple if they met it on the street ; and still fewer who knew anything about their "job" except the size of its salary. But at that time, by some providential accident, there was a young man in charge of the Navajo agency in Arizona who had both brains and heart. Also, "nerve." To those who have come to know and love him since — and they are all across the continent — it will be no wonder to learn that he was already a Man ; but his little report resigning the Navajo agency is so vividly illustrative of Indian Office methods then and now — so true, so pointed, so alive with the indignation every honest man has felt that ever came really to understand the facts, that it is worthy to be rescued from the obscurity of the black cloth volume in which the Government printed it unabridged, and to be spread on the commoner minutes. It is not only a manful, unstudied protest ; it is unto this day a picture of habitual conditions. Many an

Indian agent could write truthfully very much the same sort of a report now, if he knew enough and enough dared. For the Service is still made up mostly of Heads that Don't Know and Hands that Don't Care. And here was a man that both cared and knew — while his courage is a proverb throughout the Southwest.

NAVAJO AGENCY, FORT DEFIANCE, ARIZ.,

August 14, 1883.

SIR: In compliance with instructions received from your office dated July 13, 1883, I have the honor to submit the annual report of this agency for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883.

Premising that I did not take charge until the first of January last, that I have been without adequate assistance to perform the work of the agency, that I was much of the time without funds, that the labor demanded of an agent here under present conditions is such as to prevent his performing *any* of his duties in a satisfactory manner, I will say that this report must needs be incomplete. It would require the descriptive powers of a Scott or a Dickens to portray the wretched condition of affairs at this agency in language such as to present a faithful picture of it to the mind of one who never saw it.

This reservation is situated on the elevated table land known as the Colorado plateau, and lies partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona. It is about 105 miles square, and embraces something over 10,000 square miles of the most worthless land that ever laid out doors. It is wholly a sandstone mesa country, with occasional patches of valley land susceptible of cultivation by the rude Indian methods. It is almost waterless, in fact a barren rocky desert. What water does exist is alkaline, and nearly all of it is such as any well regulated animal east of the Rockies would refuse to drink; still it is the only kind available for these people and the white workers amongst them. Many a civilized stomach "goes back" on its owner on its first introduction to the "sheep water" of the Navajo country. The face of the country is almost entirely rock. Rock everywhere. No soil, as such, simply the sand and debris accumulated in the lower spots by ages of erosion and the action of water since the "early days" when the world was new. An Illinois or Iowa or Kansas farmer would laugh to scorn the assertion that you could raise anything in the sandy beds which form the planting grounds of this people.

Seventeen thousand Indians manage to extract their living (in addition to the mutton which forms the staple article of food) from these spots, and that, too, without any Government aid. If they were not the best Indians on the continent they would not do it. The United States has never fulfilled its promises made to them by treaty. It is safe to assume that it never will. As I have resigned and am about to leave here, and will probably be relieved before this report is read, I may be pardoned for resuming my rights and privileges as a citizen and speaking plainly of the gross wrongs perpetrated by the Government on the Navajos and on the Navajo Agency. Whether that treatment is due to ignorance, malice, or neglect, it is time something was done to remedy existing evils, and I should feel lacking in the performance of a plain duty if I failed to point out a few of them.

The character of the country, as already briefly described, makes it incumbent on these Indians to depend almost entirely on their flocks for a livelihood. They are purely a pastoral people, and necessarily so. Their sheep and goats furnish their staple food, and from the sale of wool they procure the other necessities, flour, sugar, and coffee. These comprise almost their entire range of food supplies.

Heretofore little in the way of aid has been furnished by the Government for the sick, indigent, and helpless Indians, the agent being compelled to see them suffer under his eyes and to close his ears to their requests, or else supply the much-needed articles at his own expense. Coming, as I did, fresh from business life, and knowing the failure of the Government to fulfill its obligations to them, I for a time did my best to supply their needs. I spent some \$800 in that way. I thought I could do for the United States what I could for any honest business man, firm, or corporation in the country — that is, make up for its omissions; and that,

upon proper representations, the money would be repaid. I found, however, that the United States does not pay anything it can avoid. I was compelled to stop that, of course, in self-preservation. How any man could turn a deaf ear to the sufferings I witnessed here last winter — to the cries of hungry women and children whose only support had perished, owing to the severity of the winter, and who were thus deprived of all means of livelihood — puzzles me. But that impersonal myth, the Government, neither sees nor hears these things; and if any of its officers has humanity enough in him to heed them, he pays the expenses. I do not state this for my own benefit. I shall not be here when any action is had on these matters, if it ever is. What I have done is done. The money it cost me is dead loss. An institution which does not fulfill its written obligations cannot be expected to sustain its officers in an action dictated by any such weak sentiment as humanity. But, for the sake of the unfortunate individual who has to wrestle with this work hereafter, I desire to call your attention to the need of strengthening his hands and of sustaining him in doing the right.

When I came here there was not an ounce of hay or grain at this agency; there was not an ounce of provisions of any kind for issue; the thermometer ranged as low as 20° below zero (and we are over 7,000 feet above the sea); there was not a horse that could walk two miles without falling down from sheer fatigue caused by hunger and age, and I was compelled to buy food for them at my own expense rather than see them die of starvation. This at an agency for 17,000 people. There was not a house that would keep out the snow or the rain. The roofs leaked, the water ran in on the floors (the floors are below the level of the ground). In a word, the agent and employes who were to lift up these people to a higher plane, to carry out the civilizing policy of the Government, were expected to live in a lot of abandoned adobe huts, condemned by special, regular, and annual reports as unfit to live in fifteen years ago, condemned by every one who has ever seen them since, and repeatedly damned by all who have been compelled to occupy them. They are full of vermin and utterly unfit for human habitation. I have had to tie my children in chairs to keep them out of the water, on the floors, in mid-winter. I have seen my wife, a delicate lady, and who was at that time nursing a baby, walking around with wet feet on the floors of the agent's palatial quarters in a freezing atmosphere, and there wasn't a dry room or a warm room in the house. I have seen, as soon as the weather began to moderate, the snakes come out of the walls of those same palatial quarters. You wonder we *kick*. Of course we do. I sent my family away and sent in my resignation (the first time) in June because I felt that the conditions *never would* be bettered. It is not to be supposed that the Government would pay any more attention to the matter *now* than it has heretofore. Through all the weary years since this agency was located here those who did this work before me have begged, pleaded, implored for a place to live in, but all to no purpose. Why don't the Government give an agent here as good a shelter as it gives a mule at Fort Wingate?

I was told repeatedly by influential and well-meaning friends, verbally and by letter, to "hold on," "be patient," "we can't do it all in a month," "just wait till Congress meets," &c. You have heard it all repeatedly. The meeting of Congress would have been very consoling, no doubt, had I buried one of my loved ones as the result of this experiment. My family is not enduring this now, thank God; but the conditions are not bettered a bit (only that the weather is warmer), and the family of the agency physician is putting up with it in the hope that something will be done. I predict they won't stand it all next winter. "Wait till Congress meets." Wait until an indifferent Congress gets good and ready, and if this one doesn't, wait for the next. But don't forget to wait. The same old song for the Indian, too.

Last winter I promised the Indians I would go amongst them and visit the portions of their country which I had never seen. I have always felt that it was an agent's duty to make himself personally familiar with the entire country covered by his Indians; to know their wants, their habits, their resources, the climatic conditions; the amount and kinds of stock owned by them; the number of families, the number of children of school age. In short, an agent ought to know his Indians. These Indians range over not only the country embraced within the limits of the reservation as defined on the maps, but far into the adjoining lands. They are found to the

south of Zuni, as far east as the Rio Grande, on the north in Colorado and Utah, and to the west as far as the Little Colorado, as well as on the banks of the main Colorado. Many disputes have arisen between them and the surrounding whites. Many are rankling to-day. The Navajos cover more than 15,000 square miles of territory.

When I announced my intention of visiting the country they inhabit, and of examining into all the matters of interest to them, it was joyfully received by the Indians, as well as by the whites, who had been patiently waiting for some authoritative determination of the questions so long unsettled. Fifteen thousand square miles of mountain country is a good deal of ground for any one man to cover, in the few breathing spells one gets while doing the clerical work for 17,000 nomadic Indians, in quadruplicate. I managed to make fourteen trips amongst the tribe during the six months from January to June, in spite of the onerous conditions placed upon me by Congress; but in denying an agent for these Indians any clerical assistance, that body prevents his performing any of the higher duties of his office almost as effectually as if it forbade his doing so.

I have had no police. Navajos cannot be had for any such sum as \$5 a month. The right to fix the pay of police should be vested in the Secretary of the Interior, and not be arbitrarily named by men who have no conception of the duties required. I have had to go after red horse-thieves and white; to remove unlawful traders from the reserve; to recover stolen stock; to chase criminals; and to do it all myself—be agent, clerk, chief of police and entire force, hostler, courier, everything; to be able to cope with, single-handed, and to wisely treat all the questions arising between 17,000 Indians and their white neighbors; and to personally watch over and guard every item of Government property at the agency while doing this; in a word, to be (were it possible) a hundred miles from here settling a dispute, and to be quietly making up papers and guarding the dish cloths and tin cups at the same moment.

The reservation lines have never been surveyed. Oh! how often I have written those words. And how much they mean to the man in charge here. How in the world am I to be always right on questions of jurisdiction, guarding this immense tract with its restless occupants? Must an agent continue to assume (as I have had to) that the reservation is right where he happens to be? There isn't a mark on the ground.

This work is a bricks-without-straw task all the way through. If a man has the mental and physical qualities demanded, the patience to endure, he can take those to a much better market—and he need not travel far. Any man who fills the bill here is worth \$3,000 a year "and found." He is entitled to a good, comfortable house to live in, furnished; at least as good as an ordinary mechanic occupies "in the States." I do not believe the Government will get the right man for less. It could not keep me for a quarter of a cent less. But I consider myself "discharged, cured." I plead for the future worker in this field.

The Government ought to do something for the development of water on this reservation. There are places where the supply of water is barely sufficient for the needs of a few, and where, I think, a small sum properly expended would develop sufficient water to irrigate considerable land. In other places water has cut a channel through the loose sandy soil, into which it finally sinks, until the present beds of the little streams are 30, 40 feet below their former levels. These places are abandoned. Suitable dams would cause them to become productive by enabling the Indians to irrigate, and induce the natives to make permanent homes.

Since I came here I have freed some twenty persons from slavery. A regular slave system has been in active operation amongst these Indians from time immemorial. I determined to put an end to it. The slaves are descendants of war captives and of persons sold into slavery from other tribes. The original bondsmen were Utes, Comanches, Apaches, Moquis, Jemez, and from other tribes. Some were Mexicans captured in infancy. It is estimated that there are some three hundred slaves in the hands of the tribe. My plan was to prevent any concert of action in opposition to the freeing of the slaves, by taking each clan or gens and dealing with it singly. By judiciously fostering the jealousies and rivalries I found existing between them, I have so far succeeded in doing my work without open resistance, although some pretty violent talk was indulged in; and I was paid a visit one day by forty of the worst in the tribe, armed to the teeth, and prepared for a fight. I carried my point, however, and freed the very

slaves they swore they would not surrender. This work ought to continue. Slavery should be eradicated.

Upon taking charge of the agency, numerous complaints came to me in reference to horse stealing by the Indians. I set myself to work to stop it, and by active measures and doing my work in person I have been able to do something toward that end. I have taken away from the Indians forty-six head of stolen horses and over five hundred sheep. Of the horses, fourteen were returned to their owners; and of the sheep, all but thirty-two. The balance of the horses and the thirty-two sheep were sold at public auction, under instructions from your office, after being advertised for three months under the laws of the Territory of Arizona, the proceeds, after defraying expenses, being turned over to the county treasurer of Apache county, Arizona, by the justice of the peace who made the sale.

The agency farm was abandoned this season for the dual reason that we were without proper implements to work it and that I am of the belief that Government farms on Indian reservations are not the best thing for the Indians. The ground was turned over to the Indians, being divided into plots for them; and, under the intelligent supervision of the agency farmer, Mr. W. R. Fales, the water from Bonita Creek was conducted to the right spot and the whole farm systematically irrigated. The result is as fine a field of corn (Indian) as one would wish to see, and a due proportion of melons and pumpkins.

The agency school was conducted during the past season under contract with Dr. H. Kendall, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and was in operation at the time I took charge, with an attendance of about 80 pupils. It was managed as an industrial boarding school, though no system of teaching industrial occupations was in operation or could be under the conditions existing. This was owing to the usual failure of the United States to perform its agreements in connection with the Indian work. The Government, by its failure, compelled the opening of the school in an unfinished building, without suitable appliances; without even a woodshed or a water closet; with a roof on its kitchen and dining room that was about as good as a sieve as a protection (it certainly was no better); *saw*s everything almost that was needed for success in a school of this kind. Make bricks without straw, ye workers in this field. "Wait for Congress," and keep on waiting. But as sure as you do you'll get "left." The school is not a success thus far, and the United States Government is to blame.

We have a saw-mill, which I am told cost \$10,000 to place in position. The only covering for this valuable and useful machinery is the sky. It lies there exposed to the snow and the rain, to the sandstorm and the blizzard, rusting, rotting, and with a fine forest of pine timber within rifle shot. I have begged, implored, clamored for money to cover its nakedness. It makes me angry every time I look at it. I have offered to start it up at my own expense (the money to be refunded to me) and to net \$500 a month to this tribe without the cost of a dollar to the United States. This, too, must "wait for Congress." It may be law, but it isn't business.

Congress ought to do something to enable such of these Indians as are willing and of the right caliber to take up land without being compelled to pay for it. It ought to devise means to protect them against being swindled. I know a most deserving Indian who selected a ranch one hundred miles from the reservation twelve years ago. He has lived there ever since quietly, has raised seven children, has built a house and corral. Four years ago he went to Santa Fé to get a title to his land. He paid some scoundrel \$160 for a worthless paper, the man representing himself as the United States land agent. I reported these facts and sent the paper the Indian had received from this swindler to your office, but nothing was done. That sort of work discourages others who are willing and who have both the desire and the ability to become independent men.

The Navajos are, in my judgment, the most independent, self-reliant Indians we have; and I believe that in native shrewdness and intellect they are superior to any other tribe in the country. They are all armed — and well armed.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. M. RIORDAN,

United States Indian Agent.

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THE Club has now finished reroofing the large and important building, 120x30 feet in dimensions, which stands south and west of the front cloisters of the Mission San Juan Capistrano. The new roof is of shakes, a foot to the weather; but the structure is made to carry tiles if they can sometime be obtained. Thus far the Club has contrived to replace the Capistrano roofs with the original tiles—and has thus reroofed all the large buildings. Now there are no more tiles; and to purchase tiles for such a roof would cost a large sum—much more than the Club can pay while so many Mission buildings here and elsewhere are going to wrack for want of any sort of a roof whatsoever. The first thing is to get a roof which will keep out the weather; and the Club feels glad that it has completed this first duty to this building. This insures its safety; when someone will come forward with the several thousand dollars for tiles, there will be something left to put tiles on.

At Pala, work has been much delayed by the sickness and departure of the Club's contractor who had the work under his supervision. It is, however, being prosecuted; and all the chief buildings are safe.

At the magnificent Mission of San Luis Rey, the Club wishes

to put in several hundred dollars this spring in rebuilding the beautiful Roman arches recently thrown down by a "twister." Thus far, the Club has done nothing for this monarch of the Missions, simply because the little Franciscan colony there is doing much; and at other Missions there was no one to do any thing, save the Club. Now, however, it seems proper and in due succession to assist somewhat at San Luis in matters the hard-working and overburdened Franciscans cannot touch. Father O'Keefe is planning to rebuild the monastery; and with the restoration of the fallen cloisters the noble old façade will be very much as originally.

The Club has leases until 1912 (when they will unquestionably be renewed) on the Missions of San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano, and Pala. It also has preference as purchaser, should any of these properties ever be for sale.

To carry on this work needs money. All annual memberships for 1903 are now due; the more promptly they are paid, the better the Club can prosecute its work. Membership is open to all, and is but \$1 per year. Life membership is \$25.

The Daughters of the Republic of Texas, under direct lead of De Zavala chapter, of San Antonio, have taken up landmarks work in the Lone Star State and are protecting, as fast as money can be raised, the venerable Texan Missions of San José, Concepcion and San Juan. This worthy work was inspired by the success of the Landmarks Club, and is due largely to the good American spirit of Miss Adina de Zavala, of San Antonio. Mrs. M. Looscan, of Houston, is another of the leading spirits in the cause.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LANDMARKS WORK.

Previously acknowledged—\$5863.50.

Since received—Rent, monastery at San Fernando, \$48.

\$1 each—Miss Jessie Washburn, Adolph Petsch, Los Angeles, Cal.; Bradbury Cilley, Covina, Cal.; Remy T. Vesque, Terre Haute, Ind.



That with no more than a little quaver of the breath a tired old woman has overstepped our trivial hedged paths and gone forth upon the inevitable Long Trail—this is the least of it. For she went even as we could have wished who loved her—full of years and honors, ripened and enriched by such a life as no woman will ever have the chance to live again; swiftly, painlessly, without an apprehension; her last conscious thought aglow with the Christmas spirit. But with her went out an Epoch. She was the last of the Old Guard of American Chivalry. It never surrendered; but it has died. We had our Stone Age with the Puritans, our Iron Age with the Independence and its confirming. Now we are in the Gilded Age, and have almost forgotten every other. But between was the Age of Real Gold; the one National Romance, the only American Odyssey, the only American Crusades—the time and the temper when we had Jasons for our Golden Fleece, and Lion Hearts for the Holy Sepulchre of human rights; when Americans Won the West and wiped out that “Great American Desert” which two generations ago covered half the map of the United States; aye, and the worse American Desert that made half that map black; when Americans looked up to Whittier and Garrison and Wendell Phillips rather than to Pierpont Morgan; when Jefferson and his heirs dreamed out a nation no longer provincial, and Benton and Frémont made the dream come true; when the Senate of the United States meant Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, rather than Matt. Quay and Mark Hanna. In a word, when Everything was Different. It is all gone, now; and with her, almost the last visible reminder of it. But—thanks to Something longer-lived than our tuppenny memories—we can never again be quite as if That Day had never been.

There is no possible question that Jessie Benton Frémont* was the greatest woman in the history of the West—that is, in much more than half the area of the United States. There is not even a comparison. She was more personally and more intimately connected with the acquisition of California than any other woman or consensus of women; more than most statesmen; and California was pretty much the West—for you will remember

* Died in Los Angeles, December 27, 1902.

that, even so late as our Civil War, it was more than 2,000 miles from California to the next American State except Texas. No other woman in the history of America has had the like influence upon the destiny of any portion of the Union. No other American woman has been, while living, such a national figure—for of course the Martha Washington cult is wholly posthumous. Only one other woman has had the familiar compliment of being called by the whole nation affectionately by her maiden name; and that one with far less keenness of interest. It is, indeed, hardly doubtful that Mrs. Frémont is the most romantic female figure in all our national history. And there is no doubt whatever that she deserved the homage she had.

She was daughter of the very first—and to this day foremost—American Senator who really comprehended what the West means to the provincial huddle of Eastern States. She had of him not only what goes with a father's blood, but his loving confidence, his respect and his personal training. At 16 she married the man next him in Making the West—the man that got us California; the man who became the first presidential candidate of the Republican party; the defeated candidate, who explored more of the United States than have all its presidents put together (not forgetting the splendid wilderness journeys of Washington); the candidate who added a thousand-fold more valuable territory to the nation than all its presidents put together have done; the general who issued an Emancipation Proclamation a year before even Lincoln ventured. And she went with him through it all. She was not wife only, but counsellor, and largely enabler. Her beauty, her wit, her acute mind, her lovely womanliness, charmed the courts of Europe as well as the people of the then sturdy Republic. And in California she was still the guiding star of that chivalric life of which men that can understand it are proud—though it has indigested a Harvard professor who could no more translate the knightly Western mind than he could understand Frémont's legs and their gravitation to the Out-Doors. It is hardly reasonable to expect an Eastern easy-chair to comprehend the motives or the acts of a man so desperate and so uncomfortable-minded that he would spend years in exploring the uncharted wilderness!

And now it is all Gone By. There are no more Pathfinders, no more Crusades. Over the passes where the keen-eyed, wiry young lieutenant and his Canadian trappers and his border scouts struggled and starved and froze to blaze the path for Civilization, Civilization has come. Where these buckskin men floundered through the drifts and stood night-guard against the savages, a million Americans sit back today on their Pullman plush and draw the curtain for fear they may See Something.

Not one in a thousand of them ever remembers that his chance to growl because the palatial Limited is Too Slow for *him* was won by Men in the stress that *Makes Men*. Not one in a thousand of them but would rather read how one of our modern idols has just Made a Million than how a few ragged souls hewed out the way by which—and by which solely—every-other million in the United States has been made.

But while those days are gone, they are not lost. Nature is not such a fool as she looks — to some — and one of the cleverest things she ever did was to provide that we shall always be Born Young. If man came upon the stage so smart as he is at 50, the human world would have gone Dodo long ago. But luckily there will always be youth; and so long as there is Youth, so long there shall be Romance. Our salvation is the Little Fools who Won't Listen to Us that Know it All — though we *don't* any longer Know Enough to be Young. It is indeed nowadays a somewhat sophisticated youth, thanks to us; but it is *Youth*. It may be so precociously like its elders that it no longer believes in Santa Claus, but it is still — and always it shall be — youth enough to Run and Jump and "Waste its Energy;" to Love when it is impolitic; and to thrill to Heroism as we thrill to Dollars. And before it gets so Sadly Wise as we are, there will be another crop of Little Fools to carry on the sanities of Nature. And so long as Man comes to his world bald and bare, and of the pain that makes a mother love him, the life of a hero shall not have been wholly spilled upon the sand. For of his blood the Young shall still get something you and I can never altogether smother, with all our prudences. That something is the one thing that makes the world continue — as a place infested with humans, that is.

The old queen is dead. I call her so not because queens are as she was, but because in our superstition of words we expect them to be. Her waiting is done. She has followed her Captain over the Great Divide. If there be anything in the most beautiful faith known to a race that certainly needs faith, she is with the Pathfinder; no longer wrinkled, tremulous, deaf and tied to her chair, but the Jessie Benton of the days when Love and History wrought together. God rest her!

But while she is where neither bodily infirmity, nor injustice, nor the incomparable littlenesses of man shall ever touch her more, there is scant comfort to Americans in remembering how we let her die. It is the almost incredible shame of our country. Forty years ago the government seized Mrs. Frémont's home in San Francisco, for fortifications. It never has needed, it never will need, the batteries on Black Point; but it has them. Mrs. Frémont had paid

\$40,000 for the property, and a large sum for improvements. For forty years her friends have tried to get the government to repay her — not with interest, not a "war-claim" price, but a sum less than the property *cost* half a century ago; not a tithe of what it is worth today. Do you imagine the government has ever made restitution of a dollar? Not a copper cent. We cockadoodle about our greatness and our enlightenment and our wealth and our World-Power. Every time a katydid reporter tells us how the nations have their ear to the ground to listen to Us, we swell out our chests a little, vaguely conscious that the world's tribute is partly personal and altogether due. What else but Superiority can you expect of a country where We live? And there is pretty much no one to remind us that our "Progress" is the Gravitation of Circumstance, and that even as it has come, so in its time it shall go, and no thanks in either case to us important flies on the coach-wheel; but that you and I and all of us *are* to blame for a hundred chronic shames no civilized country on earth ever tolerated before.

There are bigger shames; but none meaner, more picayune, more contemptible than this. Our red-tape record as to many just claims is not to be proud of; but the peculiar circumstances of this case make it incomparably disgraceful. The woman whose father, husband and herself literally gave California to the nation — but for Benton and the Frémonts we should not have it under our flag at all — this incalculably rich and self-satisfied nation has seen this woman grow old, and die, in poverty for the money it owed her. It is a privilege of governments to take one's property as a stage-robber does; but if there be on earth such a thing as honor, it is the privilege of government not to stay stage-robber forever. We all know what we would think if one rich man had robbed this woman. The act loses none of its moral quality when a nation commits it.

Impoverished by this confiscation, Mrs. Frémont passed her last years in stringent circumstances. Nothing could embitter that indomitable soul; but her old age *was* haunted with sorrow and anxiety for her children. For herself, unspoiled by the dazzling life of earlier days, she had little thought; but to leave her daughter destitute —!

Her "boys" are in the service of their country — as some of her blood have been continuously for four generations, from her father under Jackson to her grandson under Roosevelt — and on at least the petty pay the nation gives its defenders. But her noble daughter, now within a few months of 60, and in broken health, after a lifetime of devotion — she has \$500 in the world, and the house given her mother by women of Los Angeles. She will not starve to death. She can rent the home which has such associations, sell some of the relics of her father and mother, and enter the Hollenbeck Home for Old Women. Commercially speaking, that is all she *can* do; and we speak and think commercially, as a rule. But the Lion reckons she will not do any one of these three things. He believes there is

enough manhood in the United States to see that she *shall* not do them. There is probably no other country in the world that would in the first place have let such a woman as her mother die its creditor; but no other country is quite so busy; and when we are slapped in the face with the reminder that we have been Too Busy to be Decent, we do blush and atone as well as we may. There is only one way honorable to our country for the resolving of this case; and that, of course, is that Congress shall repay the debt the nation has owed for forty years. Congress will never do it, unless now in the sentiment awakened by the death of the woman so long wronged. Congress is not a rabble of unhangd scoundrels; but neither is it precisely a School of Moral Philosophy. It is a collection of mortal men, a good deal bedevilled. It does what it has to do, and not much more. What it has to do, depends on us. Any American who feels ashamed that his country has for forty years robbed the woman that more than any other it ought to have paid, can acquit himself of his share of the shame by "getting after" the public men he knows or knows of, and prodding them to the discharge of our common duty. There is no sharp stick needed for Senator Bard; he is—and long has been—awake. But anywhere else in Washington it will do no harm to put in a nudge.

And if there be so little American manhood left in our officialdom—as the Lion will never believe unless by proof—certainly there are single Americans with not only the manhood but the means—and the delicacy—to see that the daughter of the Pathfinder and of Jessie Benton never goes to any Home but her own. There is no such word as "charity" to a Frémont. There is not a man in California but owes the heirs of the Frémonts more than he ever dared run up against his grocer. Literally *owes*. And for that matter, there is not one single rich man in the United States who does not morally owe the Frémonts a larger commission than he ever paid any agent.

A series of articles in this magazine for the last six months has tried to hint what California has meant to the nation; that California was given to us by Frémont needs no argument. And aside from what we owe the heroes of this romantic acquisition, there are still people who realize that, as Americans, they owe something to themselves.

▲ MERE
MATTER OF
TRADITION.

All of us know that Savages are Superstitious, and that We are the People. The Lion has employed and enjoyed a reasonable share of his years in tracing these superstitions among the very races that button up with them. No branch of research is more cheering than that which teaches us what a slave of tradition the racial Other Fellow is. The only drawback to it is that the student ought really not to come home. For there he will have to groan—or laugh, according as is his constitution—"Lord, how like we all are!"

The Lion has known Christmas and Christmas trees in many lands—from Nova Scotia to California, from Canada to Chile—and he doesn't know a gentler tree in all the forestation of this diverse little world. The inconceivable Sequoias of Cali-

fornia — on one of whose fallen trunks a whole troop of cavalry has deployed — the slimmer but still loftier eucalypts of Australia; the lower but bulkier ahuehuetes of southern Mexico; the interlocked giants of the Amazons whose visible roots alone would make more tree than any Easterner ever saw at home — maybe none of them are quite so much trees as the one which once a year bears the fruit of love and good-will. And as the Lion was born and "raised" where no other tree than a conifer ever dared to be green at Christmas, he certainly is not prejudiced.

Nor is he smarter than the million other Easterners who are voluntarily removed to God's Country because they knew enough to Escape. But when he sees — and that is every Christmas — thousands of his peers and betters mechanically sending home trees they wouldn't, if they stopped to Look Up, wear out on their Neighbor's Dog — poor, skinny, knee-high poverties that are *not* Trees but fetishes of the old tradition of winter — why, he feels to wish his accident might have been communal. For once he couldn't find the dinky little fir he was after. And since then, he has had Christmas trees as *are* trees.

The little conifers, of which thousands are sold in the California markets every Christmas, at ridiculous prices — \$5 for a fair-sized one — are ravished off our watershed, from which we cannot afford the loss of a single one. Even if we have learned nothing of taste by removal, we must recognize the material fact that we haven't forests to burn.

On the other hand, California is almost everywhere populous with a tree so much handsomer, more graceful, more satisfactory, more *like* Christmas, than all the bristling conifers of our tradition that they look beside it as a Hired Man at a Presidential Ball. And instead of being an outrage on our children's future to cut it, it needs, and is grateful for, a lopping back. As a matter of fact, the Lion used this Christmas the same tree he used the year before. In 1901 it was a young tree — maybe three years old. Cutting it off four feet from the ground gave a tree that brushed the ceiling-beams of a 14-foot room, and the walls 16 feet apart. This year, from that stump, there was a magnificent round, symmetrical mass of feathery frondage, eight feet high and twelve feet across; so green, so soft, so graceful that the most inveterate Yankee — and many such saw it — had to say: "Well! That *is* a Christmas tree! It makes the other sort look like a fool!"

Doubtless the time will come when cultured people will cease to build their houses in California precisely as they built in Norway or in Vermont, and to live in general as if they had Never Budged. For their use of their minds the Lion has no special concern. But he does care about our forest trees, which are vital where they grow; and which, when cut, do not make one fortieth as handsome a Christmas tree as the plummy exotic from Peru which dots all California. And if anyone will once dress a California pepper tree for Christmas, that one will never need any exhortation to "keep it up." It is all in line with the larger lessons he has learned.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

in the fulness of his powers. This is an old story now, to be sure, but it gains new significance as one considers the scattered sheaves of his interrupted harvesting which have been gathered by his widow and published in two weighty volumes under the title, *Essays Historical and Literary*. For twelve of these nineteen scholarly papers embody a part of the material from which the author would have constructed a History of the American People had a decent climate let him live. That this shall never now be written as he would have written it, is a very definite loss to both History and Literature. Without achieving — or attempting — distinction as an original investigator, Dr. Fiske had a most uncommon faculty to sift, to digest, to absorb and to convey. As nearly without prejudice as it is good for a man to be, seeking invariably not for evidence to bolster up an argument but for the truth wherever it might lead, careful to discriminate sharply between his knowledge and his opinions, the standing he has won among those who have a right to judge was fairly summed up by another of the soundest and most critical historical students of this generation — "If Fiske said that, it is pretty certainly true."

Besides these specific historical studies and other essays in literature, reminiscence and evolution (well described on the back of Vol. II as *In Favorite Fields*) there is a sound and peculiarly interesting general discourse on *Old and New Ways of Treating History*. Not from this, however, but from his *Andrew Jackson* must come the single quotation which can be allowed room here :

For a long time there was a feeling about the Western country and its inhabitants not unlike that to which Gouverneur Morris gave expression. There was an ignorant superciliousness such as some Englishmen are still found to entertain toward the United States as a whole. This feeling has been apt to colour the books on American history written by Eastern men. With the best of intentions, and without the least suspicion of the narrowness of their views, such writers, while freely admitting the vastness and strength of the Western country, and the picturesqueness of its annals, have utterly failed to comprehend the importance of its share in the political development of the American nation.

True enough — and the more's the pity that this Harvard professor could not have lived to set the West in its proper perspective in the national history he had planned. Such slips as Dr. Fiske has made — like calling Bushy Run "the fiercest battle ever fought between white men and Indians" or speaking of "an intellectual curiosity very rare . . . and . . . an amount of forethought truly wonderful in an Indian" — are in matters outside the line of his main study, and he would have been the first to correct them as he had occasion to investigate the facts. For the most serious blemish of these volumes he is not at all responsible — a carelessness in proof-reading all the more amazing since this publishing house does not usually sin in this manner. It is not of serious consequence that the Elijah Pogram who helped to form Martin Chuzzlewit's opinion of the United States should masquerade as Pagram; and "1773" as the date of an argument between Gladstone and Herbert Spencer will not mislead the

present generation at least. It is annoying (to put it mildly) to find two familiar quotations from other languages so mispunctuated as to be literally untranslatable as they stand — on page 17, Vol. II, is, *Si non e vero e ben, trovato*, and in the note on page 43 of the same volume is “*Disce ut semper victurus vive, ut cras moriturus.*” But these are slight and pardonable compared with precisely reversing an author’s statement, as on page 405, Vol I. There Dr. Fiske is made to say that “there is *no* sense” in which Theodore Parker’s “pathetic but terrible” indictment of Daniel Webster dead finds response in present-day hearts. The context makes it perfectly clear that “there is *a* sense” was intended. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$4 net.

If “Mary Adams” — the name offered as that of the author of “THE VOICE OF JACOB.” *Confessions of a Wife* — and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps are not identical, they are most remarkably twin of heart and brain. In style, in flavor, in point of view, in method of construction, the work of the “unknown and pseudonymous author” is not to be distinguished from Mrs. Ward’s. This may seem — but is not — a question of small significance. There is light here, brilliant and steady — it is of consequence whether it shines from a new star or from one whose spectral analysis is familiar. In this case the problem seems easy of solution, and without an elaborate discussion. Here are parallel quotations from descriptions of a physician’s hand-to-hand grip with death in *Avery* — the latest book accredited to Mrs. Ward — and in the *Confessions*:

The physician had ceased to speak to any person. His square jaws came together like steel machinery that had been locked. In his eyes immeasurable pity gathered. . . Avery thought of that other Healer who summoned his dearest friend from the retreat of death “in a loud voice.”

His countenance grew dogged and grim.

He took control of the despairing household as a great general takes command of a terrible retreat.

Beyond a few curt professional orders he did not speak. His jaws shut like steel locks. His gentle eyes grew terrible, and challenged death. . . The doctor called my husband’s spirit back.

His face was set and stern; it was as strong as bronze. His peremptory orders rang like those of some military man.

Such similarities as these seem to me fairly conclusive evidence of identity of authorship.

The story has been so widely read and so much talked about as to require no retelling in a review. It is easy enough to pick flaws in it. Most women — who are as a sex, noted for their calm balance and perfect control over emotions — protest aloud that “Marna” is hysterical, unreal, a “perfect fool” in fact. Men will agree that a wife who could write her husband two letters and a note of a single evening — one to fasten on his pin-cushion with a pearl butterfly, one to slip under his pillow, and the third to reach him in unspecified manner — might eventually drive him to morphine and Uruguay; but will look with more serious incredulity on the fine strength and superhuman self-abnegation of “Dr. Robert.” And to descend to trifles, one may wonder how a baby born August 17th could be just two weeks old on the 30th; or why it should have seemed good to the illustrator to represent the same infant at sixteen months as a long-dressed armling of about six. But graver indictments than any of these would properly be quashed in any court of critics when urged in derogation of this finished and brilliant manner, this bold and clean grasp of such matter as commonly betrays a writer into sickly sentimentality, slurring suggestiveness or frank and cynical indecency, and this power to create real people — whom the reader may like or dislike, approve or disapprove, but who are, at all events, alive and interesting. The Century Co., New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Avery is a slighter story and strains normal probabilities much more severely. But who cares for cold probabilities if the breathless rush of the story carries him right off his feet? As in the *Confessions*, the centre of the stage is occupied by a lawyer and his wife who love each other deeply and passionately, but whose lives narrowly escape total wreck. The *Tertium Quid* in each tale is a physician—in this one Dr. Esmerald Thorne—the same who had to be translated to Paradise in an earlier story by the same author before he could realize how he had failed of tenderness to his own wife. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.

A SERMON
TO A
PREACHER.

A discourse inspired by a reading of *The Quest of Happiness*, from the fluent pen of Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, might well enough fall under three main heads—the Elasticity of Ideas, Eloquence as a Pitfall, and Endemic Clerical Recklessness. The treatment of either of these divisions after the fashion of Dr. Hillis himself would require more than the 549 pages of his book—and might be made at least as profitable and entertaining. But here there is space for no more than a couple of choice illustrations which will appear in the third section of the sermon, if it is ever written. Dr. Hillis says, on page 488:

In the beginning the seed rots, and the decay of the germ is repulsive, but in the transformation the germ works toward the far-off redwood tree of California.

Not only is this not true—it bears no resemblance to the truth, as the most rudimentary knowledge of the facts concerning growth and germination would have made clear. A rotting seed, a germ in which “repulsive decay” has even commenced, never did and never will produce so much as a blade of grass.

At page 57, Dr. Hillis is arguing that hardship is valuable in making character. He says:

The Hottentot wakes in the morning, kicks a banana tree, stuffs himself with fruit, sleeps until the sun is in the zenith, shakes another branch of the bread fruit, repeats the stuffing process, sleeps again, and his life is one long stupor.

The Hottentot is a native of Cape Colony, at the southern extremity of Africa. He is of a pastoral and hunting race. His food consists largely of milk and the products of the chase. To kick the nearest indigenous “banana tree” (in India) his leg would have to be some 4,000 miles long, and to shake a branch of the bread fruit (in the South Sea Islands) would stretch his arm something like 8,000 miles. More than that, no “savage” tribe ever existed for a single generation or a single week in any such condition of sloth and stupor as Dr. Hillis describes. To the contrary, if he and his congregation or any other set of “civilized” persons whose “man-muscles” have become obsolescent through generations of disuse were removed into the place of any “savage” tribe, stripped of their crutches and nurses, and required to provide for themselves, there would be neither Reverend Doctor nor congregation in a very few weeks. They would have died the death of the Unfit and Incompetent.

These are but two samples picked almost at random from several score of wildly reckless statements which I have marked. Indeed, Dr. Hillis does not balk even at flatly and repeatedly contradicting himself. No fluency of speech nor charm of style nor sincerity of purpose can make such a book anything but worse than worthless; nor is any man fit to instruct in morals or anything else who is satisfied to teach the truth so far as he knows it, without taking reasonable pains to find out what the truth is. Dr. Hillis is undoubtedly an estimable gentleman, a delightful friend, and a charming pulpit orator. But he sadly needs a sieve, and discretion to use it. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

No living American is better entitled than Edward Everett Hale, by length of years, by close personal touch with the most interesting people and events of the nation through three generations, by literary skill and by the affectionate regard he has inspired in the hearts of thousands who never saw him, to offer confidently his reminiscences. His *Memories of a Hundred Years* is, in fact, more interesting than even the best of his stories, good as they have been. It is by no means autobiographical — indeed, Dr. Hale tells far less about himself than most of his readers would like to hear. His own description of it as "chatter about the history of his own generation and the generation before his own as he saw it through his own keyhole" can hardly be improved, save that there is far too much wisdom and gentle humor to qualify it as "chatter." There is little attempt to be consecutive and none at being exhaustive. Dr. Hale just talks pleasantly along about the things that interest him as he recalls them, secure that they will interest the reader as well. From the thousand temptingly quotable passages, one may select as a fine specimen of condensed, incisive and just criticism, this: "The modern theory of journalism is that newspapers have no business with history." The illustrations have been chosen with discretion, and add greatly to both interest and value of these two delightful volumes. The Macmillan Co. \$5 net.

HISTORY
THROUGH
A KEYHOLE.

Alice MacGowan has drawn largely from personal experience in writing *The Last Word* — the story of a young and beautiful woman who goes from the "cow-country" of Texas to New York "to engage in literary and journalistic pursuits." It is a first-rate story, too, on the whole, and quite out of the ordinary run. The genuine breezy smack of the plains is in it, and there is an excellent picture of New York as it appears to an unawed, bright-witted Western girl who knows and loves a country where there is room and air. Slang and that variant of English known as "newspaperese" are very much in evidence, as might reasonably be expected. Nor has Miss MacGowan learned the use of the pruning-knife, or its virtue. She says whatever pleases her fancy about any subject under the sun, related to the story or not — and to say the truth, usually says it interestingly. Apparently it depends wholly on what mark she sets for herself, and how much pains she is willing to take, whether her future work rises to permanent value or descends to mere smart flippancy. Meanwhile some friend should suggest that if she really *must* put an "h" into "bronco," it ought at least to go where it will not radically alter the sound of the word — as "brohnco," or "broncoh," or even "brhohncoh," if the appetite for "h's" is insistent. But "broncho" from one who knows the critter at home is not easy to forgive. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

A TEXAS
GIRL IN
NEW YORK.

The James K. Hackett edition of *The Crisis* is bound in a red cover (on which Mr. Hackett's name appears twice in gold letters) has a red line around each page and comes in a red box. By way of foreword is a "sketch of Mr. James K. Hackett's career," from which it appears that he could do "stage-falls, bits of dances and the like" at the tender age of four; that he was valedictorian in his grammar school class and president of his college class; and that in one season he "did nearly every conceivable line of work from Shakespeare to end man in a minstrel performance." It is illuminated with 13 photographs — two of James K. Hackett *in propria persona*, two of James K. Hackett as Stephen Brice, and nine of scenes from the play in which he holds the center of the stage, or near it. There are also five others in which he does not ap-

ACTOR
VERSUS
AUTHOR.

pear — which seems to be a mistake in judgment, as he is distinctly handsome and well set up. The story is just as good as it was in earlier editions. No portrait of Winston Churchill nor any little details concerning his life appear in the book. He is only the man who wrote it. The Macmillan Co., New York.

HOW

IT OUGHT

TO BE DONE.

A book which gives concisely the results of twenty years' careful and enthusiastic observation and study, which excludes everything except precise knowledge obtained by personal seeing and handling, and which is fully illustrated with pertinent photographs, is worth a place in anybody's library, if only as an example of how such work ought to be — but is far too seldom — done. This is an exact description of *Caterpillars and Their Moths*, by Ida M. Eliot and Caroline Gray Soule. It contains not only the observed life-history of a number of species, with life-size photographs, but all information necessary for rearing moths. The book is as nearly indispensable for teachers or students in that line of work as any one book can be. The Century Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$2 net; postage, 18 cents.

WHERE

STRANGE THINGS
HAPPEN.

There is ample evidence in *The Warden of the Marches* of Sydney Grier's familiarity with English garrison life on the frontier of India, and proof as well of skill at compounding love and bloodshed in just proportion to satisfy the appetite of the confirmed novel-reader. Yet it may be suggested that another time this author might conform to the rules of "sham battles" at least so far as to let people once definitely and conclusively slain stay dead. To shoot one man "actually through the heart" and to mingle another with the explosion of a powder-mine under a fort, only to produce them later very much in the game still, albeit more or less disfigured, seems to be giving the miracles too little elbow-room. And, in California, 24-hour-old babies do not allow their eyes to be caught by flashing rays of light. But India is a long way off, and, of course, things may be very different there. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25.

SENSATIONAL

WITH A

VENGEANCE.

"Good heavens, when have I ever heard such language!" is the singularly just observation of the countess, on page 136 of *On the Cross*, a romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Here is a sample of the language when it is placid and restrained:

The labor, the increasing heat of the sun, and the excitement of the countess' presence had quickened the usually calm flow of his blood till it fairly seethed in his veins, glowing in roseate life through the ascetic pallor of his skin, while the swelling veins stood forth in a thousand waving lines like springs welling from white stone.

When the author and translator get really in earnest, the pages fairly sizzle and smoke. There is unimpeachable authority — the publisher's — for stating that "this novel is rapidly rising to the top of the list of best selling books," that the fourth edition is just off the press, and that it is to be dramatized. Its proper classification in a library would be under the head of Unintentionally Funny. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, San Francisco. \$1.50.

SKETCHES

IN BLACK

AND WHITE.

Bayou Triste is a series of studies of life and character on a Louisiana plantation, with just a tiny thread of a story to string them on. The negro servants and their friendly intimacy with the families to which they now "belong" by right of long and willing service almost as much as of old by actual ownership, are handled with an especially deft touch. The author, Josephine Hamilton Nicholls, is daughter of the Chief Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, and much of the book is evidently drawn closely from life. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mary Stewart Cutting may very well have had in mind for a text, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing." Her *Little Stories of Married Life* will perhaps seem tame to those who like the high-spiced, edge-of-the-divorce-court-and-beyond brand of romance, but they have a wholesome "homey" taste that is genuinely good. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York: C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. PROV. XVIII, 22

Thoroughbreds is a novel of the race-track and the training stable. The story is woven with considerable skill, but is most notable for its accurate studies of various types associated with the "bang-tails"—owners, touts, bookmakers, jockeys, trainers and the rest. Mr. Fraser proves himself thoroughly familiar with this field. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50. AMONG THE RUNNERS.

The story of Rose Ann, washerwoman—"not none 'o' yo' fancy, laundresses, but jes a plain grass-bleachin', sun-dryin', clair-starchin', muscle-polishin' washerwoman"—of her husband, "the gentleman of the plush rocker," and of their black and happy brood, as told by Ruth McEnery Stuart in *Napoleon Jackson*, is delightful reading. Back of the fun of it—which is funny enough, in good sooth—lies a very sober lesson as to the danger of hasty and ignorant judgment, and the wisdom of letting other people arrange their family affairs to suit themselves. The Century Co., New York: Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles had Mark Twain's permission to dedicate to him the *Treasury of Humorous Poetry*. It contains more than 250 selections, including most of the best "classics" and many good moderns. The editor explains that copyright difficulties have prevented him from using some work of American authors which "belonged." This may account for the failure to include such a gem as Charlotte Perkins Stetson's "Similar Cases"—an omission hardly excusable otherwise. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.20 net; postage 13 cents.

The Book We Need turns out on investigation to be a text-book on arithmetic, by Leon Steffire, LL.B., of Bowdle, South Dakota. There is an unexpectedly personal flavor to some of the problems offered, as, for example, this:

A certain little pettifogger and his squire fleeced their victims in one year of \$3,126, in the next year of \$5,100.75, and in the third year of \$2,711.25. The squire was to get $\frac{1}{2}$ of it, but the other swindled him to the tune of \$671.30. How much did the squire get?

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1.

The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton, by Nathaniel Stephenson, is of the better grade of American novels. Its greater significance lies in the clean-cut study of many "Middle Western" social and business types; but the story itself is well-constructed and interesting, and for the most part convincing—though one's faith needs to be well-oiled to accept smoothly the details of the plan by which "Launceley" wrecks "Moulton." It is an attractive book to the eye—as is the rule with the offerings of this publisher. John Lane, New York. \$1.20 net.

A large part of Lilli Lehmann's *How to Sing* (Meine Gesangkunst) is given to the sensations experienced by the singer corresponding to the various qualities of tone, and a study of the physical facts producing them. This is assisted by a number of charts showing the relation of the vocal organs, the course of the breath and so on. The author's purpose is to give to every singer the benefit of all she has learned about her art during the 34 years of her practice and study of it. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

In *The Story of Kate*, Pauline Bradford Mackie has essayed a "Tale of California Life for Girls." Its heroine is a rancher's daughter who develops great artistic ability. The story is slight but delicately told. The local color is convincing only while San Francisco or thereabouts is the field. The life of the ranch or the mountain village Mrs. Hopkins can have known very little about, save from hearsay. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.20 net.

With a cheerful disregard of morals, manners, grammar, probabilities, possibilities and pretty much everything else except a brisk and racy story, *Hope Loring* marches along from winning \$15,000 in a lottery while at school in New Orleans to making millions in a day by "selling copper" in Wall street. Lillian Bell assumes responsibility on the title page, as

she has done before in several similar cases. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Penn Shirley really writes charming stories for the little people—simple, straightforward and unaffected. Her *Boy Donald and his Hero* live in California, and seem to enjoy it. The "frantic colt"—in the frontispiece—who, if the text is to be trusted, runs away "snorting and plunging down the street," appears to a casual observer to be smiling broadly, winking in appreciation of the fun, and trotting with his fore-legs while he gallops furiously behind. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 60 cents.

Luncheons—by Mary Ronald, author of the *Century Cook Book*, and offered as a supplement to that classical treatise—is said to contain "receipts for all the different dishes that can possibly be needed for every kind of a luncheon." A glance through the 228 pages, with their 208 photographs, indicates that this is no exaggeration. The Century Co., New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.40 net; postage 15 cts.

Every volume of the "Pocket Series of American and English Classics" which I have so far seen has deserved nothing but unqualified praise. Macaulay's *Essay on Lord Clive*, with introduction and notes by J. W. Pearce, Ph. D., is no exception. It is packed full of flavorful meat, and sold for next to nothing. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cts.

In *Oldfield*, Nancy Huston Banks has pictured the life of a village in the "Pennyroyal Region" of Kentucky in the days when "Vanity Fair" was a new book. The colors used are delicate, and applied for the most part with discretion, if a little too deliberately for the modern, quick-lunch reader. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

Cap and Gown is made up of verses which have appeared in college magazines within a few years. Most of them have the merit of coming evidently from those "who sing because they want to sing"—and there are some distinctly sweet and musical notes evident. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker & Co., Los Angeles. \$1.25.

Carolyn Wells has collected, in her *Nonsense Anthology*, 268 pages of the most whimsical verse extant. There is much matter for amusement in the book—not the least being the horror with which Lord Tennyson would view his "Minnie and Winnie" cheek by jowl with "The Purple Cow." Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25, net.

The English boys and girls who hold the stage in Evelyn Sharp's *The Other Boy* are unquestionably of close kinship to those with whom her readers have become familiar in her other stories. They are a vigorous and wholesome set, and their conversation continues to offer revelations in English As She Is Spoke. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25.

Mabel Osgood Wright's *Dogtown*, "being some chapters from the annals of the Waddles family, set down in the language of housepeople," is dedicated to all who love children and dogs. It is fully illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and is a charming book. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

Memories, A Story of German Love, is a translation by Geo. P. Upton of Max Müller's delicate and touching tale. Author, translator, illustrator and publisher have combined to make the book genuinely a work of art from whichever point of view it is considered. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$2 net; \$2.12 delivered.

In *Beautiful Joe's Paradise*, a San Francisco lad is conveyed *via* airship to an island in some other planet to which all good United States animals go when they die. It is approved by the youngsters on whom I have tested it. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.20 net.

Bulletin No. 35 of the Bureau of Forestry is an exhaustive and finely illustrated study of the Eucalypts cultivated in the United States. It is the work of Alfred James McClatchie, of the Arizona Experimental Station.

John James Audubon, pioneer and chief among American bird-students, is treated sympathetically by John Burroughs in the "Beacon Biography" series. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

GREAT ASPECTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, though not by the evidence of our senses, we know that in these December days the Old Year is drawing to its close, and that just over the horizon the New Year is waiting to be called. Yes, even if New England-born and now rooted in California soil by all the ties of interest and affection, we know it is getting toward the end of the year. True enough, the lawn is green, the trees are clothed with abundant verdure, and tender, full-blown flowers are nodding in the gentlest of breezes. Anywhere else these are the signs of summer — of the year's full-blooded, voluptuous youth — and especially in that dear land whence so many of us came. And yet, spite of these anomalies, we know that this is winter and that we are about to pass over an invisible boundary into a new division of our lives. We gravitate naturally into retrospection. And as we do — so strong and assertive is our inheritance from the unnumbered real winters of the past, winters reaching back over God only knows how many generations of Old England and New England snowdrifts — that even the landscape and the voices of nature seem to change as we sit dreaming at the window. The sea is not so blue as usual — it is tinged with wintry gray. The sky looks cold. The wind has a chilly sound, a sort of December note that we had not noticed before. One might even shut one's eyes and imagine that the favorite walk to the Point is strewn with brown leaves. No, no! There is a humming bird balancing among the blossoms on the trellis! Still, this is December and we are nearing the end of the year, the humming bird to the contrary notwithstanding.

It has been one of the really interesting years in the history of the West. To begin with, it has been a period of high average prosperity. Crops have been generally good and have brought living prices, and, in a few instances, rather more than that. Our schools and colleges have grown in membership and in influence. Some of them have mapped out

THE FAIR
EXTERIOR OF
PROSPERITY.

new and ambitious plans. Taking the West as a whole, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, there has been a fair degree of expansion on the soil, though it has nowhere approached the proportions of a boom year, while in California our backwardness in solving the irrigation problem has kept us relatively behind Colorado, Montana, Utah, Idaho and Washington in broadening the foundation of our economic life. Still, the year has been very notable in the efforts that have been put forth, particularly in the central and northern counties, to increase the agricultural population. These efforts have no doubt added much to the reputation of that part of the State. Probably they have not actually increased immigration to any appreciable extent. Whether this result shall be had later depends upon many other factors besides the labors of the Promotion Committee itself.

Turning from the country to the city, we find a much more notable gain both in business and in population. In fact, one is tempted to inquire not only if the cities are not prospering *more* than the country, but prospering *at the expense* of the country. It may be a merely temporary condition, but during the past year the people of the towns have exhibited far more signs of flush pocket-books than their country cousins. Labor in the town has been better paid than labor in the rural districts, whether the worker were a proprietor and small capitalist or a hired hand. Unskilled labor in many places has received a rate of wage unprecedented elsewhere. Apparently, more jobs have been looking for men than men for jobs. Of local business failures we have heard little or nothing. Of new industries and new projects of various sorts we have heard much. Even making allowance for the Western imagination, which always erects a mere rumor into a twelve-story business block before the ink on the newspaper item is fairly dry, there has been a very substantial gain in building operations all over the State. San Francisco, like London and New York, is going through a process of reconstruction. Oakland, Berkeley, San José, Stockton, Sacramento and Fresno, are gaining in size, in solidity, and in beauty. Los Angeles — well, Los Angeles is still "at it" as hard as ever, and even a little harder if anything. She has not only confounded the evil prophecies of unbelievers, but actually surpassed the rosier predictions of her most reckless partisans. *Why*, no one can logically explain, but there is the fact just the same — there is Los Angeles! San Diego, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands and the rest have all grown a little stouter and a little handsomer. We must not neglect to observe, however, that their gains are very largely due to the continued immigration of the well-to-do who have

reached that stage of life where they are thinking seriously of going to Heaven and who want to get as near to it as they possibly can before they die, so that the inevitable step may be but a short one. To a certain extent, this is an artificial factor in the growth of a community and should not be confounded with the more substantial development of material resources.

The railroads have done an enormous business and have made many costly improvements. Much construction has been done in connection with electric lines. Phelps, Dodge & Company have completed their new and important line from Bisbee to El Paso. Much preliminary work has been done on other projects. The Oregon Short Line and Senator Clark seem to have come together, so that there will be one road, and only one, from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. (Some people think it may turn out to be the Burlington in the end.) There seems to be a substantial prospect of a new road from Denver to Salt Lake, and of another from Bisbee to Phoenix, thence on to Yuma. San Diego is still hoping and planning for a direct eastern outlet, and those who know most about it have full confidence in the result. By the way, the biggest thing in irrigation development this year is the continued growth and prosperity of the reclamation work in the Imperial region, which was formerly known as the Colorado Desert.

Viewed as a whole, the West has made substantial gains on the material side during 1902. These gains have been well distributed throughout the different States and Territories and divided with a fairly even hand among merchants, manufacturers, farmers, stock-growers and miners. The trade of the Pacific has expanded perceptibly. Many great enterprises have been set on foot, and many which were already established have extended the sphere of their operations. If we do not look below the surface of things, and if we think only of today, we may say that the past year has been one of unblemished prosperity—that while some have done better than others, nearly all have done better than usual.

In marked contrast to the fair exterior of prosperity, we have heard throughout the past year the rising note of social discontent. Never in the writer's lifetime, and probably never in the country's history since the warmest stage of the anti-slavery movement, has the atmosphere been so charged with this kind of electricity. The agitator is abroad in the land. He discourses to groups on the street-corners. He speaks on Sunday afternoons in public parks. He gives whole courses of lectures in halls, and, wonderful to relate, gets a full house every night. But he does more than this. He estab-

UNDER THE
SURFACE
OF THINGS.

lishes and maintains newspapers to spread his message far and wide, and he organizes what he calls the International School of Economics to train corps of young men and women to go and preach the gospel to every living creature. Whatever may be thought of the doctrines promulgated, no one can fail to note certain very striking features of this extraordinary intellectual awakening. In the first place, it differs from the Grange, Populist and Alliance movements in the fact that it is not at all sectional, and in the even more striking fact that it is born not of calamity, but of prosperity—not of hard times, but of good times. It has sprung up spontaneously throughout the northern half of the United States from Maine to Dakota, and among all communities in the Rocky Mountains and along the Pacific Coast. It is in evidence at the South, too, though not so conspicuously. Next, the movement is peculiar and impressive in the fact that it has so many earnest missionaries who support it with tireless and unpaid devotion. In this respect it seems more like religion than like politics or economics.

There could be no greater mistake than to imagine that the strength of the movement is measured by the number of votes cast for the candidates of any new party at the November election. Even in this aspect its growth is striking not only in the matter of bulk, but even more in the extent of its distribution and in the uniformity of its gains throughout the Union, in city and country alike. But when we come to examine the year's development in the matter of legislation, and when we consider the expressions of party platforms and of influential men, we behold much stronger evidence of the growth of new thoughts. Nor are these confined to the realm of economics. They are seen in every department of our intellectual life. They are nowhere more impressive than in their spiritual manifestation. This is not to say that more people are going to church than formerly, but rather that an epoch marked on one side by the grossest materialism the world has seen in some centuries is marked on the other side by the noblest intellectual aspirations. Whether the spiritual uplift is the reflection of social unrest, or social unrest the product of spiritual uplift, it would be difficult to say; but that they are inseparably associated, as twin factors in creating the present mood of a large part of our people, there can be no reasonable doubt.

So in looking back over the year of 1902 the student of events beholds the rich spectacle of Prosperity; but when he listens he hears the rumble of Social Discontent, and, looking closely into the heart of things, he sees in the background an eager, earnest throng, their faces illumined with a new enthusiasm for the Rights of Man.

"THE GREATNESS
OF THINGS
DONE."

The legislation of the past year produced two measures of momentous consequence to the West. These were the National Irrigation and the Isthmian Canal Acts. Not since the original acquisition of the vast region from which the seventeen States and Territories of the Trans-Missouri country were carved has any event approached in significance the adoption of these two measures. The one will open to settlement what is now but a wilderness, though capable

of sustaining more people than the present total population of the United States; the other will give cheap transportation for the interchange of products between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts. Both are great foundation stones on which the edifice of national greatness, national power and national glory will be builded broader and higher than ever before. What is almost equally striking, both bear testimony to the wonderful growth of public opinion in favor of the national ownership of public utilities. Neither was beyond the scope of private enterprise in its modern form, when capital is brought together to the amount of hundreds of millions in single corporations. The capitalization of the Steel Trust is sufficient to built seven or eight Isthmian Canals. We shall be fortunate indeed, if in the next half-century so much as the capitalization of the Steel Trust is expended on National Irrigation. Would that in the next ten years we might have as much for this purpose as Mr. Carnegie has recently given to public libraries — seventy million dollars! Plainly enough, the nation is to cut the Isthmus and to own and manage the waterway, and the nation is to store the floods and distribute them over the land, not because these great undertakings are beyond the reach of private capital, but because in the last few years there has grown up in this country a public opinion which would not entrust to private hands the control of these important public utilities. Here is where the future historian is sure to stick a pin. And he will note with interest that while a new party has done most of the preaching of abstract principles, the doing of concrete acts fell to the hands of the old historical parties, one or the other of which has been in power almost constantly since the foundation of the Republic. We find the same lesson in various other events of the past year. For instance, the city of Chicago voted overwhelmingly in favor of public ownership of street railways, gas and electricity. A powerful public demand arose for the national ownership of the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania, and one of the great parties in New York actually declared itself for this revolutionary policy. The popular demand for national control of large corporations has risen to portentous proportions. The initiative and referendum has been adopted into the constitution of one State and into the charters of many cities. Thus all along the line we see the influence in actual legislation of the new school of economic thought and, perhaps, of the growing spirit of human brotherhood which is its spiritual manifestation.

All things considered, the past year has been one of extraordinary interest. Its great aspects have been the amazing prosperity which is spread all over the surface of the situation; then, the propaganda of new ideas of social and economic organization; finally the adoption of these principles to some extent in actual legislation under the leadership of those who think themselves most firmly opposed to changes. What of the future? Anyone may guess, but no man knows. Events alone can answer the question. But this is certain; we are living in a momentous time and history will be made rapidly during the next few years.

CONCERNING A PRESIDENTIAL SUGGESTION.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has told Congress that if it wants to solve the problems of the public domain, and feels that it does not quite know how to do so, he will gladly appoint an Arid Land Commission to help it find the way. A wiser suggestion never fell from a Presidential pen. Only those who have given the better part of their lives to the disinterested study of the matter can appreciate how wise the suggestion is. It is no child's business on which we have started — this thing of planting a new nation in the wilderness of the West. It is men's work. And the men who do it must be very broad and far-seeing, for they will be planning for future generations as much as did the fathers of the Federal Constitution under which the seed of our institutions has grown and blossomed and fruited into the greatest nation of modern times.

The particular phase of the public land question which brought out the President's suggestion of a Commission in his recent message was the matter of dealing with grazing lands. Of this the President says :

We should recognize the fact that in the grazing region the man who corresponds to the homesteader may be unable to settle permanently if only allowed to use the same amount of pasture land that his brother, the homesteader, is allowed to use of arable land. One hundred and sixty acres of fairly rich and well-watered soil, or a much smaller amount of irrigated land, may keep a family in plenty, whereas no one could get a living from 160 acres of dry pasture land capable of supporting, at the outside, only one head of cattle to every ten acres. In the past, great tracts of the public domain have been fenced in by persons having no title thereto, in direct defiance of the law forbidding the maintenance or construction of any such unlawful enclosure of public land. For various reasons there has been little interference with such enclosures in the past, but ample notice has now been given the trespassers and all the resources at the command of the government will hereafter be used to put a stop to such trespassing.

It is perfectly true that the conditions surrounding the use of the public pasture have long been annoying, and have now become intolerable. In some localities the situation is simply disgraceful. Cattlemen and sheepmen fight and shed blood for the possession of property which belongs to neither. A guerrilla warfare is maintained between the contending interests. Lives are often lost and property destroyed. But this unending struggle between the owners of cattle and the owners of sheep is not the only grave difficulty which arises out of our present policy of leaving the pasture lands absolutely without government.

There is another irrepressible conflict between those who

want the land for the home of beasts and those who want it for the home of men. It is very difficult to draw the line between that which is fit only for pasture and that which may be reclaimed and put to far higher uses by means of irrigation. Formerly all the land was merely a pasture, even that which during the last generation has been transformed into the smiling homesteads of Kansas, Nebraska and other States. The home-builders have constantly pushed their way further westward and constantly driven the livestock into localities more remote. This has often been accomplished only in face of sullen resistance on the part of owners of livestock. "There are too many people in this State already," has sometimes been said by the champions of the steer to those who urged the reclamation and settlement of some of the fairest valleys in the West. In their desperate effort to retain possession of these free pastures stockmen have sometimes resorted not only to the method of fencing in public lands, as mentioned by the President, but to the far more dangerous method of taking up public lands through "dummy" entries. This has been done extensively in Nebraska, as disclosed by the agents of the Administration.

It is not an easy matter to settle the grazing problem, even when we are fortunate enough to have in the White House a President who appreciates the gravity of the matter. The proposal to lease land has been put forward honestly in some quarters and with an utterly selfish and greedy purpose in other quarters. The difficulty about any system of leasing the free pasture is that the land is only valuable when water may be had for stock purposes. Now, cattle companies have acquired as much of the river frontage and other water-bearing lands as possible. By taking a small amount of land where convenient watering places are found they acquire practical ownership of the surrounding range. Owning the water, they alone can afford to lease the land for pasture. This is not the condition everywhere, but it does hold good to a large extent. Nevertheless, some means must be found for the orderly control of the hundreds of millions of acres valuable only for grazing purposes. The solution of the question must take into account the fact that National Irrigation will bring great numbers of settlers into contact with the grazing problem. And never must it be forgotten that the rights of men are paramount to the rights of livestock. As they say in New Zealand: "A man is better than a sheep."

But a Commission which should confine its investigations to the grazing lands would fall far short of its opportunity. This is but one aspect of a many-sided national question. The diverse, conflicting and unsatisfactory water laws in the various Western

States must receive early attention at the hands of some competent authority. What is already a disturbing, and may soon become a demoralizing, factor in connection with national irrigation, is the controversy which is arising in regard to local water laws. In his first message to Congress President Roosevelt made it plain that States should receive National aid as they showed themselves worthy of it. He recognized that there must be far-reaching local reforms as a means of paving the way to great National enterprises in the arid West. So does everybody else, but the moment specific plans looking to these reforms are suggested, serious differences of opinion arise. The nearest approach to common ground is found in the following extract from the constitution of the National Irrigation Association, referring to the objects of the movement :

The adoption of a harmonious system of irrigation laws in all the arid and semi-arid States and Territories under which the right to the use of water for irrigation shall vest in the user and become appurtenant to the land irrigated, and beneficial use be the basis, the measure, and the limit of the right.

Upon this broad principle nearly all are agreed, but when they come to discuss the details of "a harmonious system," they are anything but harmonious. There are those who take the Wyoming plan, with its strong, centralized administrative body, as their model. There are others who depart as far as possible from this ideal and advocate what they call "home rule in irrigation," by which is meant the organization of districts based on natural watersheds and governed by officers chosen at popular elections. Between these two extremes there is a wide middle-ground. To a large extent the fate of National Irrigation is involved in the outcome of this dispute about local laws to govern the distribution of water upon the soil. The controversy grows in bitterness with each passing month. An Arid Land Commission would do an inestimable service to the public by investigating the matter and devising, if possible, some simple, lucid and workable method of adjusting the new fabric of National Irrigation to the angular conditions prevailing in our various States and Territories. In some way this work must be done, and it ought to be begun without delay. How better than by the method suggested in the President's message?

But grazing lands and water laws are by no means the only subjects which require the attention of such an expert body in connection with the development of our public domain. By what method are lands reclaimed by means of the new National policy to be colonized? Are they to be thrown open, like those of Oklahoma, to the riotous onslaught of "sooners" and speculators? Is there to be no attempt at the orderly settlement of

our splendid valleys and at the systematic creation of those finer conditions of social life and industrial organization which our marvelous resources render possible? In the practical realization of this twentieth century task—a nobler task than any other people on earth will set their hands to during the same period—are we not to attempt to achieve things a little grander, a little more just, more humane and more enduring, than has ever been accomplished by anybody in the past? If we are to attempt something worthy of the place, of the race and of the time, then this proposed Commission may well endeavor to mark out the lines upon which it shall be done, for there are no facilities for such an undertaking at present.

Public sentiment has been much aroused on the subject of forest preservation. The Bureau at Washington is doing excellent service. But there is yet much to be done, particularly where vast areas of timber lands have gone into private ownership and been largely denuded, before we shall work out a policy of State and national coöperation adequate to the needs of the country. And how about the remaining mineral wealth on the public domain? Are we always to give away these resources of immense commercial value? Are they never to pay tribute in any substantial form to the public treasury—never to minister to the common prosperity of those who now own them in fee simple? These are questions which ought also to be answered.

Grazing lands, waters of a hundred streams, forests, mineral resources, existing laws and customs—the latter good, indifferent or vicious—these are the materials and these the conditions out of which there shall be fashioned the best institutions of civilized life of which the people of our time have any knowledge. But, with the dying empire-builder in Africa, we may exclaim: “So little done! So much to do!” It is almost appalling to look over this half-continent, to consider what might be made of it, and then to realize what stupendous difficulties lie in the way of its realization. But it is with a great sense of joy that those who have struggled long to convince their countrymen of their duty and opportunity in the Neglected Better Half of the United States now realize that the subject has at last risen to the dignity of a presidential topic. The Administration which, through the appointment of a really competent Arid Land Commission, or any other feasible method, shall mark out the way to bring order from chaos and so widen the foundation of the Republic of Irrigation, will perform a labor of constructive statesmanship which this generation will appreciate, but which later generations alone may estimate at its full value.

THE PROTEST OF THE SANTA ANA.

*By E. E. KEECH.**

THE thousands of irrigators who use the waters along the lower course of the Santa Ana River, and who founded, built up and now carry on the historic settlements in Orange county, are opposed to the Irrigation Bill, which has been prepared by the representatives of the California Water and Forest Association. The grounds of their opposition are set forth in the following statement of their situation :

The Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company is a Corporation organized by the owners of lands in the Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana, riparian to the Santa Ana River and extending from the Santa Ana Mountains to the sea, for the purpose of diverting water from that stream and supplying it to their lands for irrigation and domestic use, under their riparian rights as preserved and distributed to them by the Decree in Partition of the said rancho.

This Corporation, in connection with the Anaheim Union Water Company, that supplies water to the owners of lands upon the other side of the river, has for more than twenty years diverted and used all of the ordinary flow of the river through Orange county. Over eight thousand acres are irrigated by the Anaheim Company upon the north side of the stream and sixteen thousand acres by the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company on the south side. The last named Company is purely coöperative, existing only for the purpose of distributing water to its stockholders, for irrigation and domestic use, at the actual cost of delivery.

For many years the expenses of the Company for construction and permanent improvements have been met by annual assessments of from fifty to sixty-five cents per share, and about seventy-five cents per share for the expense of delivering the water ; so that each of the sixteen thousand acres irrigated by this system is taxed, for all improvements, construction and expense of operation and delivery of water, not more than one dollar and forty cents annually.

In order to protect itself and add to its supply of water, the Company has, from time to time, purchased tracts of riparian land on the Santa Ana River at and above its point of diversion.

Not only is the water, to which each stockholder is entitled by his riparian right and the Decree in Partition, appurtenant to the land, but his stock, representing his share of the delivery system, by the Articles of Incorporation and By-laws, under Section 324 of the Civil Code, as amended in 1895, is also appurtenant to the land and transferable only with it.

The stockholders are proud of their organization and its successful operation, believing that it is better adapted to the existing conditions than any known to them in any of the Irrigation States, and that its continued maintenance and control by them, as at present, is necessary for their permanent safety and prosperity.

The "Works Bill," drafted by Judge Works, the controlling member of the Committee of the Water and Forest Association, not only threatens to interfere with the operation and control of this admirable and satisfactory coöperative system, but strikes directly at the foundation of the right of those owning lands under it to the water used by them and their means

* The author is the attorney for the large coöperative organization known as the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Association.

of defending that right. Section 2 of the proposed bill limits riparian rights to "the amount of water reasonably necessary and needed for the irrigation of riparian lands, and for watering stock and domestic uses on such lands." And it provides that a riparian owner cannot "by injunction or otherwise, prevent the beneficial use of the waters of the stream to which his lands are riparian, when the same is not actually needed and used by him for watering stock and for domestic use or irrigation thereon."

This section, if constitutional, would take away the right of our Company to utilize the fall of the water in its ditches for power purposes, from which it now derives a considerable revenue, and would permit any non-riparian appropriator to step in and appropriate the use of the water for such purposes. This effect would be general throughout the State, and one of the oldest and most reasonable rights of the riparian owner, that of utilizing the fall of a stream for power purposes, would be taken away from him and given to whatever power or electric company or promoting syndicate is able to grab it under the principle of the proposed bill—"first in time, first in right."

This section would also deprive our Company of the means of defending its uses by reason of the riparian lands owned, not only by its stockholders but by itself. Whether the riparian system be the best or not it is the system in the soil of which our Company was planted and in which it has grown, expanded and become strong. Like the oak grown from an acorn lodged between the crevices of a great rock into which its roots have penetrated and to whose irregularities it has adapted its form, it must be weakened if these supports be removed.

But this section is, in all probability, unconstitutional, as invading vested rights, and our stockholders, as well as other riparian owners, would be protected by the provisions of, not only our State, but of the Federal Constitution. Yet, in order to avail themselves of these constitutional guarantees, litigation of their rights would have to be carried to the highest courts of the State and the United States, which would cause great delay and expense.

The Water and Forest Association pretends to desire such reforms in the laws as would obviate the costly litigation which heretofore has been carried on in the process of the settlement of water rights in this State, but the bill proposed by Judge Works opens up a more extensive and vexatious field for such litigation than already exists, because riparian rights have attached in every stream in the State.

The Board of Engineers provided for in the proposed bill, with its extensive powers and manifold duties is the establishment of a French Bureaucracy, which would:

(a) Create a special class or coterie of appointees of the executive department of the State, with high salaries, together with a horde of deputies and assistants at a cost of ten dollars per day and expenses.

(b) It would require this bureau to carry out investigations made by high-priced experts at an immense cost to the State, or the people upon whom the burdens would fall.

(c) The investigations and determinations made by this bureau would be of a semi-judicial character and effect, and if done hastily, would be unreliable in character and unjust in operation, and if done thoroughly, would be attended with nearly the same expense attending such investigations and determinations in the courts, whose decisions are final and the inevitable end of such controversies, while those of the bureau would be only the beginning.

The power for interference which this Board of Engineers would have in the management and operation of our Company would be intolerable to us. We would not care to make to them extended and costly reports of which there is no necessity, nor would we care to give them data prepared and paid for by ourselves in regard to matters which only concern our own business. The right to fix our water-rates is one which could only be exercised by others to our disadvantage. Ten per cent in number of disaffected stockholders might be easily secured by some agitator to invoke the action of this Board of Engineers, and the water-rates re-adjusted in such a way as to be oppressive to many of our small stockholders of limited means, and to concentrate the use of the water among the wealthy citrus-growers who are able to pay the advanced rates.

But we look with distrust upon the provisions of the proposed bill providing for the development, appropriation and ownership of water by private corporations, and the arguments in support of these provisions in Paragraph IX of the report, which is as follows: "But we are disposed to think that the development and distribution of unappropriated and undeveloped water by private enterprise and expenditure of private money, should, under proper safeguards, be encouraged, and any rights acquired by private individuals or corporations in the attempt to increase and extend the use of water, should be fostered and protected."

We cannot be oblivious to the fact that Judge Works is the counsel for a plaintiff who claims to have developed and appropriated and secured rights in the waters of the Santa Ana River above our points of diversion which are paramount to our rights in these waters, which claim, if successfully asserted, would, at least, greatly injure us. Nor can we fail to observe that Judge Works, having failed to make any appreciable progress in the courts, in his attempt to "foster and protect" the development and appropriation of water by private enterprise (to our detriment) has changed his field of activity from the courts to the Legislature, where he is attempting to secure a modification of what he characterizes as the "nefarious" water laws at present existing in this State, and the substitution of laws more in favor of that "private enterprise" which he represents.

These are the objections to the proposed bill made from the standpoint of the fourteen hundred stockholders irrigating sixteen thousand acres of land through the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company. But it is equally objectionable from a general standpoint. Constitutional Amendment No. 28, which was so overwhelmingly defeated in the last election, and well characterized as an amendment to turn over to the appointees of the Governor all the business of the State, particularly that of common carriers, was not more mischievous, or dangerously far-reaching in its provisions than those of the proposed bill for turning over to an engineering bureau appointed by the Governor the collection of the data of all the waters of the State, of all the irrigable lands of the State, of all the irrigation companies of the State, and making it of duplicate public record at the expense of the State; the investigation and determination (in the minds of the members of the board, at least) of all the rights of all the irrigable lands and of all the irrigators of the State, and the power in the first instance to determine and enforce those rights as they view them.

Whether some such system might be advisable and beneficent, had it been adopted and put in force throughout the State at the time of the inception of titles, may be a fair question for discussion, but that it would be confusing and detrimental if put in force at the present time, after the development and growth to maturity of our titles and irrigating systems, should be plain to any one familiar with the nature of these titles and the practical questions involved in irrigation and irrigating systems.

THE RIVERSIDE COMMENT.

John G. North, a representative citizen and trained legal mind of Riverside, comments as follows on the proposed legislation :

1st. Section 2 of the bill is an attempt to deprive a riparian owner of the benefit which he may derive by the natural flow of a stream through his premises, in the moisture which the adjoining lands may absorb from it, without giving him any compensation and without due process of law, and an attempt to prevent his protection of such right by invoking the powers of a court of equity.

2nd. Section 7 is objectionable in that it attempts to authorize the newly created Board of Engineers to :

(a) Define the duty of water, which means to limit the use and rights already vested.

(b) Define and determine the irrigating season, which would also tend to unsettle rights already vested.

(c) Regulate the extent and points of diversion which would have the same effect.

(d) Regulate the matter of cumulation of water and use at stated intervals.

(e) Determine what constitutes surplus water.

I think all these things tend to unsettle existing rights, and would cause endless litigation, and that this section would be thrown overboard in the end.

That portion of the section relating to water rates is objectionable to me, although in my article in *OUR WEST* I did not object to the Board fixing the rates. Upon further reflection, I believe that these rates should be left to be fixed by local boards, as at present, and that it would be dangerous to the people's interests to place the fixing of all rates in the hands of one State Board.

3rd. Section 8 is objectionable in that it attempts to make existing companies subject to the act as relating to their rights and duties.

4th. Section 12 is an attempt to secure an adjudication by the Board of Engineers of the needs of riparian lands and thus of the rights of riparian proprietors.

5th. Section 13 is an attempt to judicially determine facts, and therefore to judicially establish rights of riparian proprietors.

6th. Section 28 seems to prevent the possibility of such appropriation of water as will permit the gradual settlement of a large area like Riverside, and the gradual increase of the capacity of its works and of the amount of water actually used. Any large settlement requires such gradual increase, and it is held by the Supreme Court of this State that such constitutes diligence in pushing the works to completion.

7th. Section 29 provides for an adjudication on existing rights.

8th. Section 31 provides for an adjudication as to what water is required and when, for irrigation purposes, and what are surplus waters.

I have not been able to go fully and carefully through the bill, but the objections I have already made are genuine, and the bill seems to attempt to place judicial powers in the hands of men who are not learned in the law, and could not fail to complicate our water rights. These provisions would lead to unending litigation which would not stop this side of the Supreme Court of the United States.

STATE COMMITTEE.

Will S. Green, Colusa.
 Marshal R. Beard, Sacramento.
 H. P. Stabler, Marysville.
 Harvey C. Stiles, Chico.
 John Kirby, San Francisco.
 N. J. Bird, San Francisco.
 Frank Cornwall, San Francisco.
 John S. Dora, Fresno.
 John Fairweather, Reedley.
 E. H. Tucker, Selma.
 A. Hallner, Kingsburg.
 A. H. Naftzger, Los Angeles.

S. W. Fergusson, Los Angeles.
 Walter J. Thompson, Los Angeles.
 A. R. Sprague, Los Angeles.
 Charles F. Lammie, Los Angeles.
 E. T. Dunning, Los Angeles.
 Chas. A. Moody, Los Angeles.
 Scipio Craig, Redlands.
 Elwood Cooper, Santa Barbara.
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 Bishop J. Edmonds, San Diego.
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DEFEAT THE WATER SPECULATORS.

SINCE the November election the officers have given no little attention to the future of the League. It will be remembered that the movement was very quickly organized by the personal efforts of its president. The work was done rapidly and loosely because it was desired to have it exert an influence on the State platforms of 1902, and there was a large field to be covered. As there was no working fund to start with, so there is no sustaining fund to keep the work alive. It by no means follows that the movement was without influence, or that it will not continue. For the purpose of cultivating high ideals in the economic life of California, the pages of this magazine alone are equivalent to an institution—are as effective, if not as “terrible,” as “an army with banners.” So long as OUR WEST continues to be read by those who largely make the public opinion of California and the West, just so long will the Constructive League continue to be a factor in shaping events. And if in a few short months it compelled two great political parties to deal with one of the living issues, and to bring the importance of that issue home to the minds of the politicians, what may it not do in the next two years?

During the past few months, since the suspension of the active lectureship, the membership of the League has grown slowly, but it has grown. It has gained some hundreds in and around San Francisco among leading business men. Consider-

able progress has also been made in Southern California. There are not now, and there never were, many active local bodies, but there are a few. It is within the power of a group of members anywhere to make a live organization for the discussion of public questions or for social purposes. But often a single individual is "a live organization." If it were not so, many a brave cause would have perished and made no history. Wherever there is a man who believes in Constructive principles and sees a chance to strike a sturdy blow for them, let him do so. If he can gather some of his neighbors about him for the purpose of holding public meetings, so much the better. Those local clubs which have retained their organization ought to become very useful institutions during the present winter.

THE IRRIGATION BILL.

By the time these words are read a new Governor and a new Legislature will have taken their places at Sacramento. They will be called upon to deal with at least one of the important principles of the League. In the November and December numbers of this magazine space was devoted to a presentation and discussion of the measure which will be urged by the Water and Forest Association. It is quite likely that the bill will be amended before it is presented to the Legislature. No doubt efforts will be made to meet some of the shower of criticism which has fallen upon it from all sides. But these efforts will certainly prove futile. The bill was framed by the most eminent attorney of private water monopoly. That attorney has been selected to perfect the measure and to present it at Sacramento. If he has any assistance in this work it will be furnished by water monopolists and will probably be represented by another of their attorneys. As worthy an effort to benefit the State of California as was ever made has been deliberately converted into an attempt to place our water resources in the hands of promoters, speculators and corporations. In order to accomplish this result the solemn declarations of the Water and Forest Association, which appointed the Commission to suggest a new law, were disregarded, repudiated and trampled under foot.

The Water and Forest Association in 1901 declared that it was opposed "to any attempt to store the flood waters of the State by means of private enterprise." This Commission make *every* provision for the storage of flood waters by private enterprise, and make *no* provision for their storage by public enterprise. They even go further and say they "do not agree with the doctrines declared by some" in favor of public enterprise. And the "some" to whom they refer is the very Association which appointed them.

The measure was framed in the dark. The tens of thousands of actual irrigators who use the water, and the value of whose homes depends upon the security of their rights, were not consulted. Apparently, they were not considered as having any particular interest in the matter.

The men who had written the previous platforms, and who, with their voices, their pens and their newspapers, had championed the cause of the Association, were not consulted.

The leaders in the field of politics, who had been sufficiently loyal to the cause of irrigation reform to compel their parties to give the subject attention in their platforms, were not consulted.

The National Irrigation Movement, with its record of *things done* and its power to assist in the development of our resources, was also ignored.

But one interest was consulted in any true sense of the term. That was the interest of private water monopoly. This interest was treated as if it were all of California, from Siskiyou to San Diego — all of California, with all its present population and all who are to come here in the future. To permit promoters and speculators to get possession of every trickling stream, and to turn it over to some big corporation in order that it may extort tribute from those who till the soil unto the latest generation — this is the undisguised object of the measure.

DON'T BE DECEIVED BY GREAT NAMES.

The people should not be misled by the fact that honored names are signed to the report of the Commission. In the first place, let it be observed that the name of Chief Justice Beatty is *not* signed to it. Those who are familiar with the manner in which the bill was framed will instantly acquit David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler of any responsible part in the affair. They lent their names to a Commission organized for the purpose of drawing a measure in accordance with the wishes of the Water and Forest Association. They trusted the matter almost entirely, it may safely be assumed, to the lawyers who actually performed all the labor of drawing the bill. They accepted implicitly the report which was presented for their signature. The connection of Elwood Mead and Frederick H. Newell was entirely perfunctory. If either of these students of irrigation law had prepared a bill it would have had slight resemblance to the present document. Neither was present at the sessions of the Commission, and it is safe to predict that neither will undertake to defend the report. As to the two college professors, Messrs. Soulé and Marx, both are good, true friends of the irrigation cause, but in their anxiety to see progress of some kind they were bamboozled into accepting a bill which they must know to be highly dangerous to the actual users of water, as distinguished from the sellers of water, and to be an absolute stultification of the Association from the standpoint of its former declarations.

No, the bill is not the work of Chief Justice Beatty, David Starr Jordan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Elwood Mead, Frederick H. Newell, Frank Soulé and Charles D. Marx. It is almost entirely the product of the mind of John D. Works. His is a mind which has been devoted for years to the service of private

water companies until it has become thoroughly impregnated with their view of the eternal fitness of things. To say this is not to impugn the integrity or good faith of Judge Works. Let it be granted that he is an honest, an able and a sincere man, but just such men have often inflicted injustice upon the people. They would be far less dangerous to society if they were less able and less sincere. When men of this kind really believe that God Almighty makes the snows to fall and the streams to flow for the exclusive benefit of promoters, speculators and corporations, then there is real danger that we shall have conditions in California that will breed a new feudalism. In much the larger portion of the State men simply cannot live upon the soil without using water to give it artificial moisture. Whoever controls the water becomes the master of the land.

TRUE THEORY OF WATER OWNERSHIP.

There is but one correct theory of water ownership as illustrated by the experience of all countries and ages. That theory is that those who own the land should also own the water. Frequently a landowner may control the source of supply himself and thus be independent. More frequently, a little group of neighbors, or the members of a large community, may organize in cooperation and thus obtain the necessary facilities of irrigation. In all such cases the true theory of water ownership is faithfully observed. But when we get beyond the point where landowners may control the water supply, individually or collectively, we reach a point where either a great corporation or organized society, in the form of district, State or nation, must step in and perform an indispensable function.

Then we must choose between the great water lord and a system of public works. There is no middle ground—it is a choice between private monopoly and public monopoly. And upon that choice hangs the character of our civilization. The business of the American people today is not to foster, to encourage and to protect corporate monopoly in natural wealth, but to curb, to limit and to control such monopoly.

However men may differ as to what it is wise or feasible to do in regard to natural monopolies which have already passed into private hands, they surely ought to agree that such opportunities which yet belong to the public shall not be given away.

Those who oppose the Works Bill will be denounced as "extremists." It will be said that they demand the immediate public ownership of all existing irrigation facilities. The statement is not true. A very large portion of the irrigation ditches now in actual operation belong to those who own the land. There are also private companies owning water apart from the land. Sometime they may be absorbed into comprehensive systems of public works. If that is ever done it must be through the payment of just compensation and, in most cases, will be a relief for the unfortunate Eastern and foreign investors who own these properties. But this is not the issue involved in the Works Bill. The question is not, Shall the public acquire what does not belong to it now? but rather, Shall the public retain for itself what now belongs to it, or turn it over to promoters, speculators and corporations? Under the terms of the Works Bill valuable franchises would be given away without recom-

pense ; corporations would have "deputy engineers" appointed to act as a sort of private police in dividing the waters of our streams ; and a State Board of Engineers would be vested with extensive powers to annoy every existing irrigation community, with little or no compensating advantage to the public.

It should be remembered that the great irrigation work of the future to be done in California is the storage of floodwaters. The entire normal flow of nearly all streams was long since appropriated and used. But millions of acres may yet be reclaimed by means of storage reservoirs. Those who support the Works Bill thereby declare that they would turn over to private enterprise, as an absolute free gift, the opportunity to store these waters and then to sell them to those who till the land at prices to be fixed by a State Board appointed by the Governor, not elected by the people or within their control. Those who oppose the Works Bill do so on various grounds.

Elsewhere in this magazine representative men of Orange and Riverside counties tell why those famous irrigation communities are opposed to the measure. The California Constructive League will do all in its power to defeat it, because it is unwilling to grant a single inch to private water monopoly, and because it desires to have the floodwaters reservoirized and distributed by means of public works. To a large extent, this will surely be done by national enterprise if that policy is properly encouraged and supported by the people of California. Very likely national enterprise must be supplemented by some form of State and district enterprise. But it would be a crime against ourselves and a crime against posterity, to turn over this great work to private monopolies.

JOIN HANDS WITH ALL OPPONENTS.


The amazing audacity of the Private Water Grab embodied in the Works Bill, has aroused indignation and alarm in all parts of the State. It is only necessary to have the opposition unified and directed in order to secure the certain and overwhelming defeat of the iniquitous measure. Members of the Constructive League are urged to join hands with all who are willing to help, however they may differ with them on other public questions, or even on other aspects of the irrigation question. The people of California are confronted by one of the gravest dangers in their history. They must meet the power of wealth, influence and position. Not a single hour should be lost in organizing for the fight.

If necessary, all our hopes of water reform and of policies looking to the public ownership of the first of public utilities in arid lands should be put aside for the present. If the Works Bill becomes a law, there will be nothing for the public to own in the way of water supply. Promoters and speculators will jump in and grab everything which will serve as the foundation of a franchise to sell to corporations. One battle at a time ! The battle now is to prevent a long and dangerous step in the wrong direction.

Let all who oppose the proposed law on any grounds whatever stand together, and see that it is buried, in whatever form it may be presented, by the Legislature of 1903.

WHITTIER.

By H. E. HARRIS.

 CALIFORNIA is a land of contrasts; of mighty mountains and measureless plains; of garden oases in barren deserts; the gold of oranges under the silver of snow; the mansion of the millionaire by the shack of the Indian. But none of these are more striking than the contrast between the thriving orchards and teeming activities of Whittier and the picturesque old 'dobe ruin standing near on the eastern bank of the San Gabriel river, and "thereby hangs a tale."

It was in the last days of the Spanish Dons. Already at Sutter's mill had been found the first golden gleams which led to the mighty mad rush of '49. Already General Fremont had begun that memorable movement which was to end in the overthrow of Mexican authority in California. But all un-

THE OLD PICO MANSION. *Photo by Butler & Bailey.*
(Don Pio Pico was the last Mexican Governor of California.)

conscious of the coming change, Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, was taking his wedding journey over the immense tracts which were his by Spanish grant, so large and so varied in their location that it is said he could travel from San Francisco to San Diego and scarcely step on another's land. By the desire of his young wife they were seeking a location for their permanent home. Knowing the spot which the morning's drive would reach, Governor Pico said, "Where we lunch today, there we will build our home." And, though the adobe is crumbling and the timbers, carried on the backs of Indians from San Pedro harbor, twenty miles away, are decayed and falling, the Pico mansion still stands, a monument to the wisdom of the Spaniard's choice.

Forty years passed by. The ships which once visited the western coast for cargoes of hides and tallow, the sole exports of California, were coming for

wheat and barley. The gold rush had ended, for the Franciscan monks, with their mission-linked chain of green stretched from San Francisco to San Diego, had bequeathed a richer treasure, the teaching of the old allegory of the man, who, dying, told his sons to dig in the vineyard, for a great treasure was hidden there. Stirred by the plow, transformed by the irrigating ditch, the soil of California had revealed a greater wealth and the state had entered upon the second wonderful era of development. Three disciples of William Penn, emulating the example of the great eastern colonist, were seeking a place in the new west for a Quaker colony. Their quest had led them to almost every locality of the new land. It was a bright spring day when their carriage halted on the gently rolling land by the foothills above Governor Pico's home, and they repeated together the words he had spoken before, "There we will build our home."

A WESTWARD LOOK ACROSS WHITTIER.
(From Reservoir Hill.)

Photo by Ramsey.

Fifteen years have passed again. Five thousand people traveling through Southern California have passed that same way, and repeated those same words. What a transformation in that tract lying by the Puente foothills! Where fields of barley or patches of mustard grew, or great mesas stretched barren and lifeless save where some lonely shepherd followed his wandering flock, now, with her head pillowed in the lap of the foothills, her skirts in great plaids of green spread over the valley, lies the fair city of Whittier. Fair to the traveler as he gets his first view from the train afar over miles of orchards gleams the city, indeed like a gem.

"Sown in a wrinkle of the hill,"

Fair as he climbs the hills in the rear and looks over an unexampled panorama. To the north a solid wall of granite towers till it catches the clouds on the summit. In a huge crescent of green sparkle a dozen gems, as the eye sweeps from Pomona past Pasadena, Los Angeles to Santa Ana, and on beyond to the sun-gilt waters of the Pacific. Beautiful is Whittier from

"THE COTTAGE MAY HAVE WHAT ELSEWHERE THE PALACE CANNOT."

Photo by Ramsey.

every point, and it means much to the home-seeker, Spaniard, or Friend, or tourist of today, that from every view point, the place be beautiful where he will build his home.

But good looks are not a sufficient basis for friendship nor for home-building. There are probably visual attractions at the North Pole. Climate and topography must also be considered. Geography is a key to history. The scatheless Alps have written "Liberty" over Switzerland. The island location of England has given the seas their mistress. It is not an accident that Russia and Germany and the United States, progressive nations, lie

A FEW BERRIES NEAR WHITTIER.

Photo by Ramsey

under winter snows; not an accident that deterioration or semi-civilization line the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Amazon. Happy is that land where the virile, invigorating energy of the North, without its rigors and hardships, unites with the luxuriance of the South, without its enervation—and its name is California. The proximity to the snow-clad Sierras, with their balm of pine and cedar, and to the ocean, with its salt breezes, gives life and energy. The exhaustless alluvial soil, the warm ocean currents, give all the advantages of the tropics without the enervation of blazing sun and malarial jungle. But there are degrees of climatic excellence, even in California. Far inland the sea breeze has lost its freshness; on the coast it is a shade too fresh. Electric storms from the desert sometimes slip through the mountain gaps and sweep great clouds of sand and dust over

BEANS AMONG YOUNG WALNUTS. (Photo taken December, 1902.)

Photo by Ramsey

the valleys. But here is a city that the foothills have caught up into their arms, sheltering it from the sandstorms on the northeast, yet lifting it up to the southwest where the sea breeze, forgetting its rigor, as it gathers fragrance from twenty miles of orchard and meadow, fans to daily comfort Whittier, the "Foothill City." Remembering the advantages of climate and healthful location, we do not wonder that the wily Spaniard said, "There we will build our home."

IN WHITTIER WALNUT GROVES.

1. After Picking Time. 2. Grading and Sacking.
3. Drying. (8-year-old trees on this ranch yielded \$140 per acre. 4. Washing.

THE WHITTIER CITY PARK

Photo by Ramsey.

Facts are not poetical, but they are potent and practical. It is a fact that Whittier has almost doubled her population in two years, from one thousand five hundred and sixty in 1900, to three thousand in 1902. In the same time bank deposits in the city have increased from \$90,000.00 to \$275,000.00. It is a fact that in the last six months more than \$90,000.00 have been invested in buildings; a \$12,000.00 church, two \$12,000.00 school buildings, a \$15,000.00 Odd Fellows Hall, besides scores of beautiful residences. A fire department has been organized, a building erected and an ample equipment secured. The city has been lighted with electricity and 25,000 feet of gas main have been laid. A complete system of interurban electric railway is assured at an early date; a new \$25,000.00 High School building within the year, a City Hall, and a dozen miles of cement sidewalks are not far in the future. As he looks at these results, the intelligent observer is forced to the question, "What are the causes of this development?"

The answer is not far to find. Whittier is not merely a summer or winter resort; not an ephemera which flourishes on the support of tourists. There is no city of its size in the world which has a greater wealth-producing territory tributary to it. The 10,000 acres of orchards which lie in a great crescent at its feet, would alone assure permanent prosperity.

Photo by J. M. Huston.
FLOW OF WATER FROM A 310-FOOT WELL.

It is very generally granted that the San Gabriel Valley district, which adjoins the City of Whittier, is the finest English walnut region in California. The products this year will reach 50,000 sacks, a valuation of \$450,000.00. The walnut-growers are strongly associated for mutual protection, and so able is the management that this district practically controls the walnut price of America.

It is another significant fact that the first car of California oranges shipped this year was packed in Whittier. Last year 200 carloads of oranges and 150 of lemons were shipped, and the output this year will make an increase of 50 to 100 cars. Three leading companies alone disbursed \$135,000.00 to growers of citrus fruits in this district the past season. Ten acres of ten-year-old citrus or walnut trees afford an ample competency, yielding an average annual income of \$2,000.00 to \$3,000.00.

There are only two natural reasons for Southern California's failing to equal the tropics in luxuriant production. The first is the cold winds, which sometimes in December and January blow from the snow caps of the Sierras

IN THE WHITTIER OIL FIELD.

and blight orchard and garden. But again Nature has been kind to Whittier and reared up the Puente hills to ward off the cold. The almost unexampled temperature of January 3, 1902, which wrought severe damage in so many localities, left the citrus growths of the Whittier foothills untouched. There is a thermal or frostless belt where the slope of the plain lies up against the hills, below the cold of the rarified heights and above the valley floors which by natural laws of ventilation drain the cold atmosphere to the lower levels. So Whittier orchards have never known the touch of frost. Amid the walnut and citrus groves flourish peaches and apricots and pears and apples and plums. Underneath the spreading branches are gardens which make the housekeeper's task easy—tomatoes, peas, beans and strawberries, even in January; lettuce and radishes fresh every day in the year—and flowers! Roses, carnations, lilies, English violets and golden poppies. With such beauty and fragrance delighting his senses, with such delicacies from his

WHITTIER STATE SCHOOL.

Photo by Butler & Bailey.

own garden, with such orchards, minting their own gold, truly the rancher well may say, "There I will build my home."

The other reason for dissatisfaction with some of Southern California is its water—what it has and what it hasn't. A journey through much of the State is an excellent commentary on Old Testament digging of wells and bitter waters. But this section is especially fortunate in its water supply, both for domestic and for irrigation purposes. The city owns its own system, purchased at a cost of \$45,000 00, and since greatly improved and extended. In the very dooryard of the old Pico mansion are located its deep wells, tapping the exhaustless water-bearing strata which the Rio San Gabriel has been laying down for ages. Pure, sparkling, cold water is drawn from deep wells and carried through pipes and covered reservoir in ample amount for field and city. But, in addition to the splendid city system, to many local companies and to the great network of the San Gabriel River districts,

there has been recently reorganized the East Whittier system, a co-operative association with its flowing wells and pumping plants near El Monte, its twelve miles of cement conduits with a capacity of 1500 miner's inches and laterals being built to eight thousand acres in the beautiful La Habra Valley, lying in the frostless foothill belt to the east, and lacking hitherto nothing but water. The promoters of this system have had perhaps wider experience than any two men to be found on the Pacific Coast, experience on the great Imperial tract, in Australia and in other places. They knew just what had to be done, what could be done, and they knew how to do it. As a result, a perpetual and ample water supply is assured at cost price to the settler to whom the land is being sold, for, when the system is complete, the men who construct it, having made a profit, will have stepped out, leaving the owner-

WHITTIER ORANGES.*Photo by Ramsey.*

(The crop from this 5-acre ranch sold this year for \$1,575, on the trees.)

ship in the hands of the people. With this added area set to walnuts and oranges, there will be tributary to Whittier the finest fruit tract in California or in the world.

But the Puente hills were still not satisfied with the blessings they had showered upon their adopted child, the "Foothill City." Only six years ago they whispered the secret of another source of wealth hidden in their bosom. The oil discovered there is of such high quality and is found in such abundance that the field is considered one of the best in the state, and the product finds ready sale, when that of many wells is a drug on the market. Though the field is scarcely entered yet, the monthly output has reached 60,000 barrels. As the shallow wells of the first drilling are being deepened to 2200 feet, still greater reservoirs of still better oil are being tapped, and the store is shown to be practically exhaustless. Local capital has received highly

remunerative returns from the oil industry, but the greatest benefit to the community has been the high wages, an average of \$4.50 per day to the army of workmen already demanded by its rapid development. With the farther growth of this field, with the factories and varied industries which will be brought to the city, by the advantages of cheap fuel, certainly the wheels of local progress will be kept *well oiled*.

Another item in the catalogue of Nature's gifts might be recorded. It takes a startling revelation sometimes to make us realize our blessings. Such a disclosure came three years ago to some parties drilling for water on the Meyers ranch, two miles south of Whittier, when the drill was suddenly hurled from the well, followed by sand and water and rocks, thrown to the height of two hundred feet, a phenomenon lasting for several days. Through the wreck of the well natural gas has escaped in such quantity that a flame ten feet in height has been blazing day and night ever since. A local com-

THE NEW (SAN GABRIEL) RIVER.

Photo by Butler & Bailey.

pany has recently been formed to develop this new product, a high-grade fuel and illuminant, and experts say the formation indicates a body of it sufficient to supply all Southern California. As Whittier stretches out her hands filled with such rare opportunities and advantages, Labor and Capital are responding in an ever-increasing chorus, "There we will build our home."

"There we will build our *home*" America is the home of homes, and California is pre-eminently the home spot of the continent. It means much to ideal home life that children may play in the open air every day in the year; that sun and breeze and sea and mountains unite in balm and invigoration. To these natural advantages Whittier has added other rare inducements to the home-seeker. There are no saloons in its borders. There are nine church edifices representing the leading denominations, and there are few vacant pews in them. A stranger recently remarked, "Why, even the men go to church in Whittier."

The interest of the people of Whittier in education and the difficulty

of furnishing facilities to keep pace with that interest is shown in the two commodious grammar school buildings just being completed; in the bonds just voted for a magnificent new home for the High School which has grown so rapidly since its inception; in the royal way Whittier College has been supported and built up until it affords opportunities for higher education unexcelled by any like institution. With these new public school facilities and the great development which is made possible to the college by liberal endowment, in a situation so conducive to mental effort, certainly Whittier promises well to become an educational center. For it is already a cultured people drawn from the best sections of the East; a culture attested by the demand for and wide use of the public library; by the liberal patronage

INTENSIVE FARMING AT WHITTIER.

Photo by Ramsey

(Young walnuts, dewberries, strawberries. March 1, 1902, this land was bare. This photo taken December, 1902.)

of lecture courses; by interest in the University Extension movement. The refined, progressive home-seeker who has in mind the best interests of his children may well choose a spot within the sound of Whittier's church and school bells and say, "There we will build our home."

A barley field with ground squirrels for inhabitants—fifteen years—a community of 5,000 cultured citizens and a monthly income of \$200,000.00. Another fifteen years will soon pass and what then? With the great Isthmian Canal completed, the waters of the Pacific white-capped with the commerce of every nation as civilization moves on to the new old worlds rediscovered in the Orient—Prophecy halts dumb before the vision of what she sees must come to California. In this third era of development, when to mine and orchard are added well and factory and fleet, Whittier, only twenty miles from San Pedro, the key-port to the trade of the Pacific, will take no humble

A WHITTIER COMMON SCHOOL.

part; Whittier, a region which Nature endowed with rich soil, equable climate, liquid wealth, with the boon of river and hill and breeze; and where man has drilled wells and planted orchards and builded schools; Whittier, with these nature-made and man-developed conditions, offers to you rare advantages of home, of church, of school, of employment, of investment. Whoever you are, can you find a more attractive place to build your home?

Note.—The Whittier Board of Trade will be glad to answer your letter of inquiry. Address Secretary of Board of Trade, Whittier, Cal.

"CONQUEST OF ARID AMERICA"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE IMPERIAL SETTLEMENTS.

MANY plans for the reclamation of arid America have been under discussion for many years by both private enterprise and national legislation, and hundreds of thousands of people have looked forward to the completion of an irrigation system that would give a never-failing supply of water to the rich and fruitful soil of the Colorado Desert. Until 1896, when the California Development Company was incorporated for the purpose of constructing a canal system to irrigate the lands of the Colorado Delta, there seemed to be no place in which the homeseeker could found a home and accumulate property, as did the early pioneer.

The tremendous growth and development of the United States has resulted in the rapid disappearance of opportunities for the man of limited means and to acquire a home means the necessary capital to purchase high-priced lands. For a generation the reclamation of arid America has been a theme in theory only until the commencement of this gigantic undertaking to supply with water that portion of the Great Arid West, lying in Southern California and embracing more than half a million acres of government land, heretofore known as the Colorado Desert. This enterprise has developed into one of the greatest and most successful irrigation systems in the world, and places before the man of moderate means perhaps the best opportunities that can be found on the globe.

IMPERIAL WATER.

1 Nine-foot Drop in Main Canal. **2** Blue Lake. **3** Flooding Land. **5** Hydraulic Dredge.

EXCAVATING MACHINE DIGGING CANAL. (Imperial Canal System)

The main canals of this system are over one hundred miles long. They bring water from the Colorado river—the point of diversion being about eight miles below Yuma and just above the international boundary line. Their main canals deliver the water supply to the various sections of the Imperial settlements in bulk, selling the same at wholesale to the various mutual water companies for distribution to the settlers. This system is delivering an abundant supply of water, at the lowest price known on the Pacific Coast, to the settlers on the only desirable government land that can be found in the United States today under a reliable system of irrigation.

The Imperial settlements are situated in the southern end of San Diego county, and cover about 500,000 acres. The first water from this great canal system was run on Imperial lands in June, 1901, and the first crops planted and harvested in that year netted far beyond the expectations of the planters. In December, 1901, the influx of settlers commenced, and where one year ago was but a barren desert now dwell three thousand thrifty people. Four rapidly growing business centers are established and there are only about one dozen school districts in San Diego county that have larger assessed valuations than either one of the three districts of Imperial, Silsbee and Calexico.

The illustrations used in this article are reproductions of photographs secured in a recent visit to the Imperial settlements, and show plainer than pen can describe the rapid change from desert to garden.

The soil of the Imperial settlements is an alluvial deposit formed in ages past by the waters of the Colorado river which at the present time show by actual analysis that they carry commercial fertilizers to the land, exceeding by far that of the celebrated Nile. This great river furnishes water

in abundance every day in the year, enabling the owner of land in the Imperial settlements to get the cheapest water in America for irrigation purposes.

The story of this great enterprise reads like fiction, but it is without doubt one of the greatest achievements in modern irrigation science, and has been for some time an accomplished fact.

Fully one-third of these lands have already been taken and prosperous farmers are rapidly increasing and accumulating wealth in the cultivation of this rich soil.

The live stock industry is foremost, and large herds of cattle and hogs are fattened quickly and cheaply from the big crops of alfalfa, sorghum, Egyptian corn, Kaffir corn, Milo maize and barley hay that are raised there. The fertility of the soil is remarkable. Alfalfa sown this last April has cut four crops in seven months, and there are grown regularly on Imperial lands barley crops that yield seventy-five bushels, of grain, or three to four tons of barley hay, to the acre.

Imperial lands are especially adapted to wheat growing and have already yielded as high as sixty bushels to the acre. The Tucson Milling Company have offered to take this coming season all the wheat that can be grown on 30,000 acres and pay Los Angeles prices for it.

Vegetables of every description are grown in abundance. Cotton growing is practically an assured success, experimental crops of the Egyptian long staple cotton having demonstrated the adaptability of the soil. Sugar beets are grown here, as is shown in an accompanying photograph. They speak for themselves and the percentage of sugar content being especially high, this industry promises excellent returns.

Rice has been tried and the crop last season was a very good one. So successful was this crop grown by men unacquainted with its cultivation that experts who have investigated this experiment are getting ready to engage in this branch of agriculture on a large scale in the Imperial settlements.

The climate being especially adapted, deciduous fruits grown here ripen earlier than at any other section of this great fruit State. The celebrated Rock Ford melons and canteloupes are grown here with great success and reach the Eastern markets fully five weeks in advance of those from any other section of the United States, thus bringing the highest market prices.

Poultry raising is an important industry and a profitable adjunct to the resources of the thrifty farmer.

The winter climate of Imperial is the most elegant in the world. That the atmosphere is most pure is evidenced by the clearness of the sky at night and a most remarkable phenomenon is observed there. During the full of the moon one can see and read coarse print by night.

While summer heat is great, the dryness of the atmosphere is such that it is not as enervating as the Atlantic Coast, and the wet bulb thermometer will show a lower average temperature during the summer months than at Chicago.

Imperial was the first town started and has a population of about three hundred people. It supports a First National Bank, several stores, a postoffice, telephone system, a most creditable weekly newspaper, an ice and refrigerating plant, a water system which delivers pure filtered water under pressure, and has bright prospects for an electric plant to furnish light and power for the towns of Imperial and Silsbee.

Manufacturing industries are assured by cheap power that can be generated from the drops in the canals within twenty miles of Imperial and the refrigerating plant will soon be run by power secured at a sixteen-foot drop of the main canal, about three miles from Imperial.

The town of Silsbee is situated on the eastern shore of Blue lake, one of the most charming bodies of fresh water on the Pacific Coast. Blue lake is only about one miles in length and half a mile wide but it is well stocked with fish and surrounded by mesquite timber which will afford shade for a fine boulevard encircling the entire lake.

Calexico, on the international boundary line between Mexico and the United States, is already a prominent trading point and bids fair to become an important revenue station of the government.

Brawley is a new town on the railroad line between Imperial and Old Beach.

In all of the towns the deeds are so drawn that liquor cannot be sold as a beverage and at the recent elections the proposition to license the saloon was voted down in all the precincts.

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS.

1. T. P. Banta's Cottage. 2. Hotel. 3. Company's Brick Block. 5. Church.
4. Company's Headquarters at Calexico.

IMPERIAL CROPS.

1. Crop of Milo Maize. 2. Crop of Sorghum. 3. Crop of Egyptian Cotton.
5. Crop of Sugar Beets. 4. Alfalfa Field.

CATTLE RANCH IN THE IMPERIAL SETTLEMENTS.

To provide transportation facilities for this rapidly growing community, the Southern Pacific Railway Company is now constructing and will soon complete a branch from Old Beach to Imperial, a distance of thirty miles. In addition to this line there will be, without doubt, in the near future, another transcontinental railroad passing through the Imperial settlements to San Diego.

One of the reasons of the remarkable growth and development of these settlements is the mutual plan and the cheapness of the water system.

The cost of water rights is nominal. They may be obtained on easy terms by purchasing shares of stock in mutual water companies at the rate of one share to every acre of land, providing for a perpetual delivery of water at a fixed price, enabling the owner to get an abundance of water any day in the year.

The main heading of the Imperial canal system is being enlarged. This consists of a large but short canal, having its junction with the river in a hill of solid conglomerate rock and cement, which conveys the water from the river a short distance to the settling basin. Into this settling basin the sediment in the water will be precipitated, then pumped back into the river by a hydraulic dredge. At present a temporary canal is in use to convey water from the river below the settling basin to the main Imperial canal

FATTENING HOGS IN IMPERIAL SETTLEMENTS.

system, but this will be filled up and abandoned as soon as the new heading is completed. There will be no gates between the river and the settling basin. Below the settling basin there is at present one headgate; but there is now being constructed another great headgate one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. The piers of this giant structure are being built of concrete and rest on a solid rock bottom. When completed, it will have capacity for the delivery of sufficient water to successfully irrigate eight hundred thousand (800,000) acres of land. The demand for more water is so great that this portion of the work is now being rapidly pushed.

The California Development Company owns 100,000 acres of land on the Mexican side, through which the main canal passes. It has recently sold 10,000 acres of this tract to a Los Angeles syndicate, who have commenced to develop the property. In addition to this, the syndicate has also procured adjoining property to the extent of 680,000 acres and is developing the same with a view of establishing the largest cattle raising, feeding and fattening proposition in the world. Prominent Los Angeles financiers and capitalists who are known for their successful business capacity are at the head of this stupendous undertaking. Water to supply this immense ranch will be supplied principally from the Imperial canal system.

Another Los Angeles syndicate, composed of bankers and business men, has purchased from the California Development Company, through the Imperial Land Company, water shares for about 40,000 acres, situated immediately west of the Braly tract on the west side of New river. This tract will be developed at once by the syndicate and colonized under the direction and management of the Imperial Construction Company.

The California Development Company will deliver the water for this tract of land at a point north of Imperial and east of New river, from which the Imperial Construction Company will conduct it by flume across the river and distribute it over the land.

Thus in a short time that which was a vast desert has been converted into one of the most successful agricultural settlements ever established in the Arid West. In these settlements the settlers have a source of income and an increased and constantly increasing value to their lands.

Within the last few months the Imperial settlements have to a considerable extent engaged the attention of the press of the country and the possibilities of this section are not yet half realized.

Readers who desire to investigate this section more fully should apply to the Imperial Land Company, Stowell Block, Los Angeles, California, for a copy of an illustrated pamphlet: "From Desert to Garden;" also a copy of "An Album of the Imperial Settlements," containing a large number of half-tone views showing what has been done there in so short a space of time; also a copy of the holiday edition of the "Imperial Press," containing, among other things, a list of the settlers now located on 161,812 acres of irrigated government land.

From the painting by Thomas Buchanan Read.
JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT IN 1856.

See page 104.

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine.

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

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THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

IX.

IT is but little more than half a century since the First Statesman of New England — a giant anywhere in American history, and the very Jove of "Tenderfeet" — Daniel Webster, towered superb in the Senate of the United States, mighty in righteous wrath to protect his home against contamination by the threatened national acquiring of the Far West. And this is a little of what he said :

"What do we want with this vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impregnable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, a coast of 3,000 miles, rockbound, cheerless, uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston than it now is!"

It must have been a gallant thing to see — that Lion of New England, rampant in defiance and scorn of the Brute West, the Preposterous Pacific. But not half so well worth while as it would be to watch and listen to Daniel Webster today, if we might hale him back to the pale glimpses of the moon, bind him and drag him Westward (since he would never come otherhow), and *show* him a little bit of what we "can ever do" with this "rock-bound and cheerless coast." Nor only what we "could hope to do" with it, but what we have already done — and using

the "We" in a national sense, as he did. For one of the things "We" did with it was to stop the extension of Slavery — and then Slavery itself. And both in despite of "Ichabod." Another thing "We" did with it was to transform the money standards and the money markets of all the world, within two years and forever; and the face of the world's chiefest industry. And yet another was to change "Ourselves" from a huddle of provinces to a Nation. It is a mere drop of detail in this vast bucket that we have also builded Out Here a State which is in ratio to population richer, better educated; with as good schools and more of them, and larger enrollment, and paying its school-teachers nearly half as well again;* with more churches, more newspapers, more reading of books; and pretty much "more everything" than the State of Webster has today. This series of papers has already paid some little attention to the significance of this "vast and worthless area" to the nation that acquired it against Webster's advice. Roundly to sum up the influence which California alone has had upon almost every individual phase of our national life, will need — and will tax — the very greatest of historians; but the present well-meaning commentator may hope at least to give some reasonable abstract and foreword — enough, perhaps, to invite, and whet, an audience for the later, larger, and less overworked student who must some day do justice to a theme of such national importance. It will *not* be enough, certainly, to deprive a great many Easterners of the only serious resemblance they ever had to Daniel Webster. The spirit of provincialism never dies — that almost angry distrust we have of everything we know nothing about. But as time ripens, these human ignorances sink ever a little lower in the social scale. You cannot see that they have fewer victims; but it is perfectly plain that there are fewer in Our Set. There still persist Congressmen and Professors immovable and immedicable; but it is already possible to believe them below their own professional average. By-and-by this particular stupidity will be cherished by none of higher rank in a Democracy than scullery maids and the rag-man. When it was a little uncomfortable, and considerably dangerous, to travel — as it once was — and when very little of the West (which always means not so much one particular incident of the compass as it means Out Doors) could be learned by reading, there was some

*Average annual salary of teachers in public schools:

California	\$943
New York	851
Massachusetts.....	729
Illinois	745
Ohio	620

A MODEST SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOME. (Pasadena.)

Photo by Pierce.

excuse for being a "Tenderfoot." There isn't now. And this expressive Western definition of one whose feet have never yet hardened upon any broader or other soil than that of his own province — and never *would* harden — this Out-Door epithet for chronic In-Doorfulness, for narrowness, helplessness and intolerance rather beyond our fit allowance as finite beings — *Resolved*, that this Sufficient Word be, and hereby is, now and summarily transferred from Slang to English. It is the only Name for the Thing. Like tens of thousands of other words that now repose in the lexicographic Abraham's Bosom, it was born slang but is grown indispensable. And when a word *needs*, in any tongue, it is no longer slang. Tenderfoot it is, then,

SECOND CROP OF ALFALFA. (In Kern County.)

and no timid quotation points. The Tall T which it shall have is not Apologetic, but Proper. The word subtends a much wider — and much more significant — arc of humanity than, for instance, "Caucasian" or "Aryan." And as little as they are, so little is it intended to be used in these pages as a term of offense. It doesn't mean everyone who never saw the West; but only those who never would learn anything if they did. It is not the unremedied, but the irremediable, provincial that is meant. And in this modest attempt to anchor a definition never heretofore authoritatively fixed, I am not following a whim of my own, but plumbing by a tolerable intimate acquaintance, during two-thirds of my responsible years, with all the lands where the word is used. It is not abuse but classification. It is in the category not of "Nigger" but of "Yankee." Tenderfeet are, indeed, partly to blame for being "as ye are." But so, also, in our secret heart, are Mongolians — or Frenchmen,

DRYING APRICOTS IN A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ORCHARD

Photo by Brewer.

It is only a trifle beyond a quarter of a century, too, since another most famous Easterner, one of the world's geologists, Prof. J. D. Whitney, of Yale College, writing for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* its article on California (for the latest edition of which reverend Tenderfoot Textbook I had the dissatisfaction of writing the supplementary article on the same theme, and of trying to pack the 25 years' changes of California, which have tilted the whole Union, into the same number of words that were allowed for depicting the 25 years' variation of Vermont, which has not particularly wobbled St. Johnsbury) prophesied :

"There is no question that the fear of earthquakes will continue to have an influence in retarding the growth of the State."

Glory be! This was almost as "close" as his contemporaneous prophecy — not as a student of men, which he wasn't, particularly, but as a geologist, which he most eminently was — as to Petroleum :

"Petroleum was thought likely, at one time, to become of great importance as a product of California, and several millions of dollars were expended in boring and searching for it, but almost entirely without success. The great bituminous slate formation, of Miocene age, which stretches along the coast from Monterey to Los Angeles, does, indeed, contain a large amount of COMBUSTIBLE MATTER which MAY at some future time BECOME OF ECONOMICAL VALUE. At present there seems to be no immediate prospect of this; AND IT IS CERTAIN THAT THE GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS ARE SUCH THAT FLOWING WELLS, LIKE THOSE OF PENNSYLVANIA, WILL NOT BE FOUND ON THE PACIFIC COAST."*

Now, I hope I am in the near neighborhood of the last man alive to sneer at college professors *quâ* professors ; to look upon learning as a natural enemy ; or to hate a man for his accident

* He refers to "Tom" Scott's costly experiments, about 1868.

DAUGHTERS OF THE DON.

Photo by C. F. L.

SOME OF WEBSTER'S CACTUS.
(A Prickly-Pear Hedge at San Fernando Mission.)

Photo by Brewster.

of geography. But I have a humble confidence that even in Yale, where they are entitled to be proud of one of the large American scientists, they will yet admit that in a case so serious as the definitive article in what is to this day the biggest (and probably—God help us—the best) universal textbook, Prof. Whitney was at fault—not for not knowing ahead of his generation, but for Telling what he Didn't Know.

As a matter of fact (as well as of the government reports), California was already in 1900 the fourth State in the Union in production of petroleum. And in the two years since then it has progressed almost incredibly in the same impudent industry, which has no respectful business to exist at all, since the Oracle hath said it Cannot Be. But today, if you ride on a railroad train in California, you may put your nose out the window and fear no sparks in your eye. For the engines burn petroleum—California petroleum. You can ride from a California city

Photo by Pierce.
 THRESHING BEANS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. (Ventura County.)

further than from Boston to Albany, with your car-window up, in the driest time, and fear no evil of dust—for the road-bed is "laid" with California petroleum. And in the same way, and for the same reason, you can agreeably drive hundreds of miles on California country roads that were once the dustiest in civilization. For now we "sprinkle" our roads with oil instead of water. To say nothing of the thousands of factories and households wherein petroleum, crude, is the sole fuel. And in the very teeth of the Stone Oracle, there are scores of "gushers" among the several thousand oil-wells of California. Unless memory beguiles me, I long ago printed in these same pages the photograph of a California oil-well spouting 200 feet in air. The California oil-fields are 600 miles north and south, and embrace 17 counties. In 1901, California produced nearly one-seventh of all the petroleum of North America. In 1902 its petroleum output was more than 33

per cent. larger yet—in fact, and in relation to the total United States product. The California production has more than quadrupled since 1899.

The mere tuppenny fact that the State now markets some twelve million barrels of petroleum in a year is a mere retail matter beside such transactions as seriously concern us now. But the relation in which it *does* "belong" here is that it has brought to California the opening of its third great industrial era. First of all, and of all most notorious, was Mining—

in which California has already harvested, in gold alone (and in this one State fifty other minerals are mined) nearly Fifteen Hundred Millions of dollars. Next in time (and already yielding an annual income more than 50% greater than the one chief "Gold Year" in all the history of all the world) — and almost indubitably always to be biggest — Agriculture; and now, Manufacturing, on a large scale.* How much these mere marginal tabs really mean, may perhaps be made clear enough before we are done.

There was no idle politeness in the promise — made at their very outset — to prove the large assertions of these papers. If they may sometimes have seemed — to such as never studied the text — to Talk Big, the responsibility is not with the occasionally humble author, but with the official figures. And if figures *will* lie, government figures lie rather sooner in any other favor than that of California. I have staved off statistics as long as might be; since their beef-extract is much "better reading." But just here it seems well to present a very few of the typical statistics upon which the case rests.

In the earlier course of this series, relatively little was available from the remarkable story now telling by the United States Census of 1900. That vast national study in comparative developments is still by no means finished. The specific bulletins on many large departments of American activity have not yet appeared — and perhaps particularly those in which California has most selfish interest by its altogether disproportionate development — as, for instance, electric lighting, transit and

*MANUFACTURES.

Per cent. of increase, 1890-1900. (U. S. Census, 1900.)

	In No. Es- tablish- ments	In Capital	In No. Wage- earners	In Value of Products
Los Angeles City	88.7	72.4	107.7	115.3
Whole U. S	44.2	50.7	25.1	38.9
Massachusetts	8.4	30.7	11.2	16.6
New York	19.5	46.1	12.9	27.1
Pennsylvania	32.7	56.5	28.7	37.8
Connecticut	33.8	38.6	25.7	42.1
New Hampshire	44.7	27.2	17.1	38.4
Vermont	34.3	48.2	33.2	50.4
Iowa	99.2	32.5	14.7	31.6
Rhode Island	24.0	45.3	19.0	29.2
Maine	33.8	52.8	6.3	33.1
New Jersey	67.8	100.5	39.0	72.5
Michigan	38.6	8.3	9.2	28.4
Indiana	45.8	78.2	41.0	66.7
Illinois	87.3	54.7	41.0	38.6
Wisconsin	55.4	34.1	18.4	45.2
California	58.8	39.9	25.2	41.9

ORANGES, FLOWERS AND SNOW, AT REDLANDS.

Photo by Putnam & Valentini.

PLOWING SALT IN CALIFORNIA.

(By the Census of 1900, California is the 5th State in the Union as a producer of salt.)

power; mining, bank statistics, sea-going commerce, and education; in all of which California has made far longer strides than the average Union. But among the foot-high pile of bulletins thus far issued, there is enough of definitive statistics so that we may begin to trace up-to-date the literally astounding

OLD CALIFORNIA DRAWN-WORK.

Photo by C. F. L.

development of one State amid the "vast and worthless area" as to which there was "no question" that immigration would be "retarded." There will ever be more than a few Californians to feel, down along the pious privacy of their diaphragms, a certain genial warmth as unto Webster and Whitney and their Lilliput disciples, heirs and assigns, for all the influence they have had. If something *hadn't* "retarded" us, we must inevitably have drowned in the Flood. For the Waters are Chin-deep on us, as it is — and running like a mill-race.

"Does "Chin-deep" seem an overbearing word? Well, then, for an example, even if an extreme one:

Here are 18 rather well-known American cities. In 1890 they had an aggregate population of 1,256,022—or nearly 25 times the population of Los Angeles then. The 18 of them put together had in 1900 just 51,968 more people than they had in 1890—or 116 less than the gain of the one city of Los Angeles, Cal., in the same period:

Cincinnati, O.	Evansville, Ind.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Topeka, Kan.
Lowell, Mass.	Dubuque, Ia.
Richmond, Va.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Nashville, Tenn.	Omaha, Neb.
Charleston, S. C.	Troy, N. Y.
Augusta, Ga.	Lincoln, Neb.
Wheeling, W. Va.	Saginaw, Mich.
Mobile, Ala.	Sioux City, Ia.

The average Easterner thinks of California as a Raw State. So it is. Raw as mud. But not in quite the sense he predicates. It is raw in comparison to its own potentialities, which are so tremendous that I for one dare not pretend to try to outline them at all, and venture only upon its past; so tremendous that no dweller in any Eastern State could possibly comprehend them, even if a competent prophet were to set them forth. But as beside any standard of comparison known to the East, California is not particularly underdone.

It is true that its forests cover more ground than the entire States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware and Maryland lumped together,*

*A comparison of some forests. Figures from the U. S. Census, 1900:

State	Square Miles Forest	Per cent of area of State
Maine.....	23,700	79%
New Hampshire.....	5,200	58%
Vermont.....	3,900	43%
Massachusetts.....	4,200	52%
Connecticut.....	1,900	39%
Rhode Island.....	400	40%
All New England.....	39,300
California.....	44,700	22%

ALL THAT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WAS THOUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR.

Photo by Perry

and are 22% of its entire area ; but is also true that its farms cover as much land as the whole States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware and Maryland all put together, and almost another Rhode Island thrown in ; being 28.9% of its area. They are incomparably more valuable forests, incomparably more valuable farms.

It is true that California is far bigger than New England, and that it has far fewer people. But it isn't losing any of its area, and it is enjoying the extra Elbow-Room. And meantime it is getting the People — incomparably faster than New England ever did. Also, treating them incomparably better.

The first census of the United States was taken in 1790 ; the first census of California in 1850. In 110 years, New Hampshire has managed to crawl up to almost three times the population it had in 1790 ; Delaware to a little over three times ; Massachusetts to nearly eight times ; Connecticut to nearly four times ; Maine to a little over seven times ; Vermont to a little over four times.

In 50 years California has grown to more than sixteen times the population it had in 1850. Los Angeles has over 64 times as many people as it had in 1850. But the astounding story of population — a migration which reckoned by numbers, education and wealth, is absolutely unheard of elsewhere in human history — must await another chapter.

New Hampshire has (Census 1900) 95 more farms than it had in 1850. This is not a misprint. Its total valuation of farms has increased 19 million dollars in half a century. Its total value of farm products is no greater now than it was in 1870. Massachusetts has 3,646 more farms than in 1850 — a gain of 10.7% in 50 years. In the same long period its total value of farms has increased 60 million dollars. Maine has 12,539 more farms than in 1850 — an increase of 26.8 % in 50 years, though it is now rapidly declining. The total value of its farm products is less than \$4,000,000 above what it was 30 years ago. Connecticut has 4,503 more farms than in 1850. In the last 30 years it has gained less than \$2,000,000 in the total value of its farm products. California has 71,670 more farms than it had in 1850. The increase in the value of its farms is \$789,199,373 ; the increase in the value of its farm products in the last 30 years is \$81,834,582. The aggregate value of its 72,542 farms is \$156,682,055 more than that of the 191,888 farms of all New England ; and is exceeded in the whole Union by only ten States, which average over 242,000 farms apiece, and have a population aggregating nearly 35 million people — perilously near to being one-half the total population of the United States, and nearly 23 times the population of California.

HEADING AND THRESHING WHEAT. San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles County.)

Photo by Pierce.

The value of farm products in California is \$88.70 for every man, woman and child in the State ; of Massachusetts, \$18.65 ; of all New England, \$30.35 ; of New York, \$30.30 ; of Pennsylvania, \$32.95 ; of Maryland, \$36.95 ; of Ohio, \$61.75 ; of Illinois, \$71.70.

And all this is merely commercial ; quite outside the grave and permanent historic fact that California has done more to make agriculture safe and scientific and profitable than has any State, or rally of States, east of the Missouri.

And its preponderance is not merely in "straight" derivation from the soil. In dairy products, for instance, California exceeds Maine, Massachusetts, and Missouri put together — though they have nearly four and a half times its population. It also produces eight times as much butter, cheese and other dairy products as the nine States of Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas put together — though they have over ten and a half times its population. In the whole United States there are now "nearly four times as many farms as in 1850." In California there are now more than 83 times as many farms as in 1850. (U. S. Census, 1900.)

Not only that. While the population of California has increased 16-fold in the half century, the number of its farms has increased over 83-fold. That is, it is "one of the few States that has added more to its agricultural than to its other population" in the last 30 years. (U. S. Census, 1900.)

It is also one of the few States in which the number of farm-owners is increasing notably faster than the number of farm-laborers for wages.

The savage, who has no other way to make a fire than by rubbing two sticks together, bears very much the same relation in progress to the man with a gas range that the Eastern farmer-by-luck bears to the farmer-by-irrigation. And he is not relatively so old-fashioned ; since matches and gas ranges are not a century old, whereas for three or four thousand years there *have* been people in some parts of the world (though not in the Eastern United States) with sense enough to give their crops water when the crops needed. More than one-fourth of all the irrigated farms in the United States are in California ; and irrigation from wells — artesian and phreatic — is practically a California monopoly, as the State has 89.9 % of all acreage thus irrigated. Incidentally it may be mentioned that taking all the irrigated farms in all the country, and the sixty-four million dollars' worth of works built for their irrigation, the crop of the one year, 1899, paid not only for the total cost of the works but some 30 % over.

OXNARD BERT SUGAR FACTORY.

Photo by Brewer.

A few other detached but typical facts as to the agricultural side are these: California is the pioneer and the chief producer of beet sugar in the Union, having the largest factories, the largest acreage and the largest output, as it had the first successful factory, in the United States. In fact, in this staple, it has 37.4 % of the acreage, and 44.9 % of the product, of the entire Union.

California has not only nearly all the olive, orange, lemon, lime, fig, apricot, English walnut, and other "semi-tropical" trees in the Union;* it has 1,250,000 more apple trees than Massachusetts; more than eight times as many pear trees as Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut and New Hampshire put together; more than twelve times as many cherry trees as these four States together; 100,000 more peach trees than Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine and New Hampshire in a lump; nearly one-third of all the plum and prune trees in the United States; more than one-third of all the grapevines.

The total acreage planted to wheat in the six New England States, at the time of the last census, was 9,237 acres; to barley, 23,554 acres. There are many—too many—single wheat fields and barley fields in California far larger than this total for six States with an aggregate population of more than four times as many people as California has. Corn is not a leading product of California—though anyone can see, on permanent exhibition in Los Angeles, stalks better than 20 feet tall; but California produced, at the last census, about 11 per cent. more corn than Massachusetts and Maine combined, with far more than double its population. California thinks no

*Comparison between California and Florida, the only other State in the Union growing tropic fruits to any considerable extent. Figures from U. S. Census, 1900:

Item	California	Florida
No. Orange trees.....	5,648,714	2,552,542
Boxes Oranges.....	5,882,193	273,295
No. Lemon trees.....	1,493,113	22,699
Boxes Lemons.....	874,305	2,359
No. Fig trees	188,941	9,433
Pounds Figs.....	10,620,366	66,680
No. Olive trees	1,530,164
Pounds Olives	5,040,227	250

Comparison of total agriculture of California and Florida; total number of farms, total acreage of farms, their aggregate value, and the aggregate value of their products. Figures from the U. S. Census, 1900:

State	No. Farms	Acreage	Value	Val. of Products
California.....	72,542	28,828,951	\$796,527,955	\$131,690,606
Florida	40,814	4,363,891	53,929,064	18,309,104

particular shakes of itself as a hay State ; but its hay crop is about 20 per cent. more than that of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island put together — with about two and a half times the population. And so on.

But in the industries which increase the value of products of the soil, California has altogether outstripped all competitors. The canning of fruits and vegetables is only about half a century old, anywhere ; but it has become one of the most important industries connected with agriculture in the United States — its annual product being some fifty-five millions of dollars, which is more than two-fifths of the product of the gigantic dairy industries ; and is about as big as the total U. S. production of all sugars (maple, cane, sorghum, and beet). In 1870 there were but 97 fruit and vegetable canneries in the United States ; in 1900 there were 1808, spread over 32 States. California has 136 of them, and is third in the U. S. in number of establishments ;* but it is by far first in output. The value of its products in this line is greater than that of the 24 States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, West Virginia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Idaho, South Dakota, Nebraska, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, and New Mexico *all put together*, and not counting, of course, the six States and Territories which have no canneries.

When we remember the great corn, tomato and other canneries of Maryland, Maine, New York, Indiana, Delaware, Ohio, and the Middle West ; that 42 States and Territories of the Union have canneries ; and that 17 different fruits and vegetables are now extensively canned in this country—the enormous development of California is the more striking. This one State cans more than half of all the peaches that are canned in the whole United States ; more than two-thirds of all the pears ; nearly one-half of all the cherries ; nearly four-fifths of all the plums ; over ninety-seven per cent. of all the apricots — and even nearly one-sixth of all the tomatos. We used to think of dried apples as rather a Yankee institution ; but today the one State of California dries more fruit than all the rest of

*Statistics of canneries, in order of output, U. S. Census, 1900 :

State	No. Canneries	Product
California.....	136	\$13,081,829
Maryland.....	271	11,996,245
New York.....	511	8,975,321
Illinois.....	61	3,730,030
Delaware.....	51	1,570,790
Iowa.....	26	1,359,958
Maine.....	59	1,335,671

A BY-STREET IN LOS ANGELES.
(The palms are the native California variety.)

Photo by Pierce.

the Union put together — exactly 53.7 per cent. of the entire product of the United States. California and New York together dry over 87% of the total; and California's output is more than double that of New York. That is, if we leave out the Empire State, California produces more than four times as much dried fruit as all the rest of the Union.

It will probably surprise more people to learn that even in the canning of fish — in which we naturally think first of the great lobster and sardine canneries of the northern New England seaboard, and the vast salmon pack of Alaska and our Northwest Coast — California is now the sixth State in the Union in value of product. It is exceeded, in that order, only by Washington, Maine, Massachusetts, Alaska and Oregon.

And fish naturally suggest shipbuilding. Here again we are liable to surprise; for the historic shipyards of New England, to say nothing of the huge Cramps's and Newport News, are part of our most familiar tradition. But California is now the third State in the Union in value of shipbuilding output, as well as in total wages paid employes; and fourth in capital engaged, and number of employes. It has barely one-sixth as many shipbuilding plants as Maine and Massachusetts put together; but has nearly a million dollars more capital invested, and comes within \$98,000 of equalling their aggregate product.*

One can almost fancy the snort of indignant incredulity with which the unmitigated Eastern mind will receive the suggestion of California as a manufacturing State; but you cannot "shoo" the Census. It goes its appointed way as calmly and impersonally as if there were not so much ignorance of the very sort it is designed to alleviate. Twenty-five years ago, Prof. Whitney, in the same article before quoted, took as gloomy a view of the hopes for manufacturing in California. He had the wisdom to perceive that its distance from the great factory States would act as a natural High Protection; but there was no decent fuel, except by long import; and we could not have petroleum, you know; and it was altogether a pretty dubious horizon.

But since Prof. Whitney's deliverance, California's rank in manufactures has advanced much faster than its rank in popu-

*A comparison in shipbuilding:

State	No. Plants	Capital	Value Product
California.....	41	\$5,776,518	\$6,736,636
Maine.....	117	2,819,053	3,777,059
Massachusetts.....	125	2,149,291	3,057,454

lation.* It is now the 12th State in the Union in total value of products manufactured. Its returns from manufactures for each man, woman and child are more than in Ohio or Maine, Wisconsin, Vermont, Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, or any other of 40 of the States and Territories of the Union. Only eleven States equal California in per capita product of manufactures. None equal it in average annual wage of employes.† And none of them come anywhere near it in reasonable probability of disproportionate increase in the next decade; for the very simple reason that while the rest may fluctuate in incidental causes for activity or depression in specific lines of manufacture, California alone has now a basic change. Geographic relativity by "effective distance"—that is, time and cost of transport, rather than miles—and price of labor, and such fac-

*The 17 leading States of the Union in order of their rank, in per capita value of manufactured products, U. S. Census, 1900:

State	Value Mfd. Products per capita.
Rhode Island.....	\$429.52
Connecticut.....	388.39
Massachusetts.....	369.01
New Jersey.....	324.76
New York.....	299.33
Pennsylvania.....	291.19
New Hampshire.....	288.32
Illinois.....	261.24
Delaware.....	245.69
Montana.....	234.56
Maryland.....	204.16
California.....	203.95
Ohio.....	200.22
Colorado.....	190.53
Maine.....	183.39
Wisconsin.....	174.39
Vermont.....	167.75
Indiana.....	150.26
Minnesota.....	149.97
Michigan.....	147.44
Missouri.....	124.09
And so on down.	
Average of the Union.....	\$170.90

†Average annual wages paid wage-earners in manufactures. (U. S. Census, 1900):

State	Amount
California.....	\$521
New York.....	482
Connecticut.....	468
Massachusetts.....	458
Pennsylvania.....	454
Ohio.....	445
Rhode Island.....	416
Vermont.....	415

RIVERSIDE CITY PARK.

tors, may vary a little ; but the change is not, and never can be, generic. But it is a generic change which marks California's graduation from a State of costly fuel — enormously costly, by leading Eastern standards — to a State of cheap fuel, equivalent to about \$3 per ton coal. With the transcontinental mileages for a Protective Tariff forever burglar-proof against the vagaries of Congress ; with natural resources unequaled in vastness or in variety by any other State, or by any other two States ; and easily surpassing all in its facility to the greatest foreign markets — it is not a very risky prophecy that the next Census will find California much nearer the head of the class in manufactures — as she already stands in industries wherein she has had such an opportunity as now offers her in this.

EVEN AN INDIAN FOOTBALL TEAM. (From the Government School at Riverside, Cal.)

"HERE WAS A WOMAN".

By CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

NEVER but once, so far as the record runs, in the history of the world has a girl of eighteen held the destiny of a nation in the palm of her hand in such wise as did Jessie Benton Frémont on a May day sixty years ago. Her husband had started on the second of his marvelous Pathfinding expeditions—the one that took him through the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; that opened the eyes of Benton, Buchanan, Bancroft, Webster and other men of power at Washington, to the value of California to the United States; that led directly to the Third Expedition, during which Frémont saved for the nation what he had already disclosed to it.

Photo by C. F. L., Nov. 8, 1895.



He had stopped at the Kansas frontier to complete his equipment and "feed up" his animals. There came into the girl-wife's hands at St. Louis, where she was to await his return, a letter from his superior officer summoning him back to Washington to explain why he was taking a mountain howitzer with him. She knew that this order, obeyed, would indefinitely postpone the expedition—probably wreck it entirely. She did not forward it. Consulting no one, since there was no one at hand to consult, she sent a swift messenger to her husband with word to break camp and move forward at once—"he could not have the reason for haste, but there was reason enough." And he, knowing well and well trusting the sanity and breadth of that girl-brain, hastened forward, unquestioning. While she as promptly informed the officer whose order she had vetoed, what she had done, and why. So far as human wit may penetrate, obedience to that backward summons would have meant, three years later, the winning of California by another nation—and what *that* loss would have signified to the United States none can know fully, but any may partly guess who realize a part of what California has meant for us.

True enough, she could not have foreseen what results were in

From the portrait by Friedrichs, about 1833.
SENATOR THOMAS H. BENTON. (Mrs. Frémont's father.)
The first American statesman really to grasp the importance of the Far West

the way to come from this critical instant of decision — which might easily enough have ruined her young husband's career. But she did well know that her statesman father's vision had long been turned to the West — in her birth-year* Senator Benton offered and pushed to passage a bill making the Santa Fé Trail a national road ; and the year after he proposed to the Senate that the President should take possession of and retain the Oregon country. Nor was she less aware that all her husband's dreams led to the opening of the Westward way ; it was over the discussion of that very purpose that the youthful second lieutenant of the Topographical Corps had become an intimate of the Benton home, before its beautiful daughter had

*1824.

married him* in defiance of parental opposition. (One may fairly say "she married him," since this only quotes the words credited to her father — *si non è vero, è ben trovato* — when, still unreconciled, he wrote for a newspaper an announcement of the marriage of "Jessie Benton to John C. Frémont." To the objection that this reversed the usual order of statement, he thundered back: "Damn it, sir! it will go in that way or not at all! John C. Frémont did not marry my daughter; she married him." Probably never had a reluctant father so good cause for approving his daughter's choice, since never have father, daughter and husband worked together so harmoniously, so successfully and to so great an end.)

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT IN 1861.

Nor was she ignorant of the gravity of her act. Her father — first Senator from Missouri, as her husband was later first Senator from California — had been since before her birth Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Her mother's ill health and the rare balance of her own brain had made her the sharer of her father's life in uncommon degree. Among her early tests was to stand unflinching while a President (Jackson), absorbed in the discussion of some matter of statecraft, would forget to stop twisting his fingers in her curls before the hurting point was reached. The great men of that great day — and their greatest thoughts — were already her familiar friends. Nor, finally, was there any carelessness or lack of discretion in her mental equipment. She had been repeatedly party to the frankest discussion of questions of weighty national and international import — to the formation of plans even beyond the ken of the Administration. And when, two years later, a "leak" was discovered at a most critical time in the office of the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, knowing no Spanish, brought his confidential reports from Mexico to Jessie Benton Frémont and her older sister for translation.

I have dwelt on this event not alone for its intrinsic importance, though that would be sufficient text for a volume, but be-

*October 19, 1841.

Mrs. FRÉMONT ON THE PORCH OF HER LOS ANGELES HOME.

Photo by Strickland.



Mrs. FRÉMONT IN 1870.

When, as Martha Washington, with Admiral Rowan as Washington, she opened the great charity ball in New York. The ball netted \$20,000, and established on a substantial basis an important charity for the summer care of poor children.

cause it displays so luminously some of the qualities that made her a Power. Lacking nothing of feminine fascination — she was among the most noted of "American beauties" and retained her charm almost to the end of her days — she no more had a "woman's mind" than she had a man's. It was simply a *great* mind — and the phrase is picked with careful recognition of its meaning. Clear, logical, unhesitating, fearless, it grasped whole whatever matters came before it, digested them promptly, and drew from them sound and certain conclusions. Her eye was most piercing for shams — she instantly divined that the howitzer formed but a pretext for interfering with the expedition — yet never grew into the cynical habit of expecting them. She had neither the vanity to keep her from seeking and accepting counsel when it was to be had, nor the timidity to restrain her from acting on her sole judgment when suitable advisers were not within reach. She did not palter with halfway measures, nor do nothing and "let Providence decide" — not only did she decline to let the recalling order reach Frémont through her hand, but she saw to it that it should not overtake him by any other. And so far from trying to elude the responsibility for her action, she instantly and with open arms went to meet it.

*Yours truly,
John C. Fremont*

GENERAL FRÉMONT IN 1864.

Into few lives have ever come so many and so striking contrasts of surrounding and condition. And since anything like a biography, detailed and in order, is out of the question here, a few of the more vivid episodes may be just touched on, without attempt at being consecutive. Born in Virginia, on the splendid estate of her maternal grandfather, to whose father it had been granted more than eighty years before for military service,

MRS. FRÉMONT'S HOME, WEST 28TH ST., LOS ANGELES. *Photo by Hugh S. Gibson.*

and dividing her time till she was past twenty-four between this home, the one in St. Louis and that at Washington, her habit of life had been in many respects that of the womankind of Southern aristocracy. The cares of housekeeping had never touched her, even lightly. Servants were plenty and permanent, attached rather by affection and long-time habit than by wages. She travelled nowhere except surrounded by relatives and with every comfort and luxury. But in the spring of 1848 she came to California by the Panama route, alone but for her little daughter, to meet her husband, who was making the dangerous trip overland. Established in the Castro house at Monterey, with two Indian men for servants, she kept open house "after the hospitable fashion of a new country, to all who had been, or would like to be, friends." The Constitutional Convention was then wrestling with the question of slavery or no in the soon-to-be State. One of the strong affirmative arguments was the need of house-servants and the impossibility of securing Free labor for that purpose in those thrilling times. At the Frémont table, many of the delegates — and their wives — "saw for themselves that it was quite possible for the most cheerful hospitality to exist without the usual working force."

The clouded years were crowding about me.
It was a full a beautiful unsexed charming
life. And yet I had my part in its
large usefulness. It is good to remember.

I could say with Portia

Being so fathered and so husbanded
Should I not be a stronger than my sex—

(Strong of heart the opposite pole from
Strong - mind &c.) My crown of honors is
on page 53—

Photo by Alice Elliott.

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH MADE OF MRS. FRÉMONT.

Frémont, like his wife, was a Virginian before he was Californian—though born in Georgia—and of the slave-holding caste. Besides, the use of slaves in working the great placer-gold deposits on their California estate, the Mariposas (bought for \$3,000 before gold had been discovered), would have brought quick millions to them.

But they thought of the others to whom slave-labor would mean closing the door of opportunity which had opened so

MRS. FRÉMONT AT 70. (From the bust by Borglum.)

flashingly wide for themselves — and were among the stoutest opponents of slavery.

Coming to California comparatively poor, and anticipating only moderate gains and the need for economy, the Frémonts soon knew what it was to fill up trunks with gold dust and nuggets from their mines.

More than any other one man responsible for wresting California from Spanish-speaking rule, leading against the native forces in actual battle over and over again, and accepting their final surrender in person, Frémont was soon the American best loved and most trusted by Spanish Californians, and his wife found some of her warmest friendships among their women.

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT AT 20.

(This miniature, painted in Richmond by Dodge, was carried by Kit Carson across the plains to Frémont in California.)

After giving California to the nation, and being appointed its first Governor and Military Commandant, Frémont was relieved from duty by his superior officer in the army, and brought back to Washington under arrest, to stand trial before court martial on charges of mutiny, disobedience to orders, and conduct prejudicial to military discipline. He was convicted—and death was the possible sentence. But the President, while approving the verdict, in the same breath pardoned and restored him to duty. One seems to hear his wife's voice echoing with his own in his immediate refusal to accept pardon for an offense never committed, and his resignation of the rank in the army which he had gained by brevet for distinguished services. What California thought of it was shown when two years later it let

MRS. FRÉMONT IN MAY, 1898.

him choose whether he should be first Governor of the new State or its first Senator. What the nation thought of it appeared six years later yet, when this Virginian and life-long Democrat, as candidate for the Presidency of the new anti-slavery Republican party, carried the six New England States, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, polling a vote which Horace Greeley declared* to have been much larger than the solid strength of the party, "swelled in part by the personal popularity of Col. Frémont whose previous career . . . appealed . . . with resistless fascination to the noble young men of our country." What even the Army thought about it, afterwards, came out in 1861, when he was appointed major-general commanding the Western District — Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri,

*Deliberately, in his History of the War, written many years later.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jesse Benton Fremont". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the date "IN 1868.".

IN 1868.

Kansas, and the Territories westward. From this he was removed—on account of his Emancipation Proclamation (the first) when in a few months he had organized a rabble into "an army that could not have been beaten"—a blunder that amounted to "a national misfortune." I quote Greeley again, in both cases.

Let no one think this mention of John C. Frémont is by way of digression ever so slightly from Jessie Benton Frémont. These things were as much part of the life of this devoted wife as of his own—very likely she felt them far more keenly. And as bearing on this fact a quotation from Frémont's *Memoirs* may well be placed in evidence :

"Her qualities were all womanly, and education had curiously preserved the down of modesty which was innate. There had been no experience of life to brush away the bloom. She had inherited from her father his grasp of mind, comprehending with a tenacious memory; but with it a quickness of perception and instant realization of subjects and scenes in their completed extent which did not belong to his; and with these, warm sympathies—a generous pity for human suffering, and a tenderness and sensibility that made feeling take the place of mind; so compelled was every impulse to pass through these before it could reach the surface to find expression. There was a rare union of intelligence to feel the injury of events, and submission to them with silence and discretion; and withal a sweet, and happy, and forbearing temper which has remained proof against the wearing of time."

This is what she calls her "crown of honor" in the bit of her handwriting which is reproduced elsewhere—the crown of honor

AN EARLIER PHOTO OF MRS. FRÉMONT'S HOME.

of Jessie Benton Frémont, who had won wherever she went (and she had gone to many a corner of the world) admiration for her beauty from the most accustomed, applause for her brilliant wit from the keenest, respect for her broad and inscoring intelligence from the widest statesmen and the shrewdest diplomats—of this woman whom a King of the oldest reigning dynasty in Europe, save one, had delighted to honor at his own table, and who had been bidden to "an informal morning call" by more than one Queen. Her crown of honor, of a truth!

From such wedded love as theirs—chivalric, absorbing, enduring to the end—the veil should be drawn with discretion, though it might well serve as an ideal to be striven after, even if

rarely possible of achievement. But from such fragments of it as themselves have made public, three pictures may be set side by side, which, to those who can interpret, will tell something of what it was and what it meant. The first is of Frémont, just elected Senator from California, riding from San José to Monterey, through a drenching rainstorm, to bring her the first news of it, and back the next day—140 miles in 36 hours. "Only for the joy of *telling* me" is the note in Mrs. Frémont's handwriting in the little book under my hand.

The second is of the "pretty little supper table" in St. Louis "undone each morning to be set afresh for the next night—for eight months!" while she waited for his return from the Second Expedition, delayed till hope had begun to fail.

The third is of the days when for hour after hour and for weeks together—her mother "alarmed at this pull on her daughter," but her father "delighted . . . in seeing the work grow"—she wrote, at his dictation, those "Reports" which would have made him a lasting reputation had no other results of his work appeared. For they did even more than to awaken Congress, the Administration and the Nation to its first faint sense of what lay in the unknown West. They gave Utah to the Mormons.* They probably supplied a greater increment to the information concerning the soil, climate and productions of the section covered, and to the knowledge of its geography, geology, botany and natural history than has ever been credited to another man in the same time. They won for him such recognition as the great golden medal of the Prussian government for progress in the sciences, forwarded by Alexander von Humboldt (the first scientist of his day and among the foremost of all days) with words of warmest personal appreciation; and the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of England. How much more than a mere copyist Mrs. Frémont was in their preparation appears from his reference to their constant and enlightening discussion as the work went on—"a form of discussion impossible except with a mind and purpose in harmony with one's own and on the same level."

But the keenest contrast, and the most pitiful, remains for the last. One of her greatest joys throughout her life was to use the influence she had acquired so rightly and so bountifully in the aid of those who needed and deserved it, to right Governmental wrongs, to open unseeing official eyes, to untie the sluggish knots of departmental redtape. Scores of instances might be given, but one may select the young Frenchman, crippled in

*Brigham Young said, in 1877, "From Fremont's reports, we determined to get our wagons together, form a caravan and travel through the country to the Salt Lake, 1,000 miles from any civilized country."

A BIT OF MRS. FRÉMONT'S HOME IN LOS ANGELES.

Photo by Strickland.

government service, but unable to obtain a pension till 20-year-old Mrs. Frémont interested the chairman of the Committee on Pensions. A memory to warm a lifetime it must have been to her as he swayed on his crutches, weeping for gratitude and saying, "I cannot kneel to thank you — *je n'ai plus de jambes* — but you are my *Sainte Madonne et je vous fais ma priere.*" Or, to take just one more case, the shy young compositor, by name Bret Harte, a bit of whose work attracted her and who remained in California only because she repeatedly secured him appointments at a good salary. He wrote to her once: "If I were to be cast away on a desert island, I should expect a savage to come forward with a three-cornered note from you to tell me that at your request I had been appointed governor of the island at a salary of two thousand four hundred dollars."

Others she saved — herself she could not help. Through forty years no one of all her powerful friends was strong enough, or enough in earnest — or possibly it was but a lack of patience — to extract from the overflowing treasury of the United States the little money needed — in later years needed sadly — to pay for the home bought with her money, taken without compensation by the United States, and to this day held by it — unpaid for. Not two years ago the President of the United States, so soon to die, waved aside the programme arranged in his honor, and drove out to Mrs. Frémont's home "to present not only the respects of himself and Mrs. McKinley, but the affection and esteem of the American people." Yet she went to her grave with that outrageous wrong unrighted, with that money debt — insignificant to the nation, but of great consequence to her and hers — unpaid! What shall one think of the "affection and esteem" of the American people?

FRÉMONT.

FERO, scholar, cavalier,
 Bayard of thy brave new land,
 Poppies for thy bed and bier,
 Dreamful poppies foot and hand.

Poppies garmented in gold;
 Poppies of the land you won —
 Love and gratitude untold —
 Poppies — peace — the setting sun!

—Joaquin Miller, 1895.

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

PATHFINDER — and Path-clincher !
 Who blazed the way, indeed,
 But more — who made the eternal Fact
 whereto a path had need ;
 Who, while our Websters set at naught
 the thing that Was to Be,
 Whipped-out our halting, half-way map
 Full to the Other Sea !

'Twas well that there were some could read
 the logic of the West !
 A Kansas-edged geography,
 of provinces confessed,
 Became potential Union
 and took a Nation's span
 When God sent Opportunity
 and Benton found the Man !

—Chas. F. Lummis, 1895.

TO JOHN C. FRÉMONT.

WHY error, Frémont, simply was to act
 A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,
 And, taking counsel but of common sense,
 To strike at cause as well as consequence.
 O, never yet since Roland wound his horn
 At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,
 Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn !
 It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,
 To flatter treason, and avoid offence
 To that Dark Power whose underlying crime
 Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.
 But if thine be the fate of all who break
 The ground for Truth's seed, or forerun their years
 Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts make
 A lane for Freedom through the level spears,
 Still take thou courage ! God has spoken through thee,
 Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be Free !
 The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull ear
 Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to hear.
 Who would recall them now must first arrest
 The winds that blow down from the free Northwest,
 Ruffling the Gulf ; or like a scroll roll back
 The Mississippi to its upper springs.
 Such words fulfill their prophecy, and lack
 But the full time to harden into things.

—John Greenleaf Whittier, 1861

LOVED I NOT HONOR MORE.

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.



O fast is history made these days! For all this was only a little while ago.

When Emil James came around the bend in the cañon, to the opening where the ranch stood, he reined up his horse and whistled.

"O-Oh!" he said. "My stars alive! Didn't the water come! Spring, pipe-line, water-pen, troughs, corral, saddle-house — all washed away — *vamosed!*

Bet Wildcat rared up and fell over backwards!"

He rode up in front of the *jacal* house.

"You Wildcat!"

Wildcat came to the open door; "Hello Emil — get down. You're just in time for supper."

"You bet. Food is the biggest part of my diet. I see you've moved your ranch down the cañon, and I was afraid I'd find you down there hunting for the pieces. Think you'll like it any better down on the flat?"

"You unsaddle your horse, you old fool, and shut up! I'm pretty sore about this washout. I'm set back about two hundred dollars by it."

After supper was finished, Emil shoved back his plate, lit a cigarette, and said: "You got any likely young horses to sell?"

"Betcher neck. You know anybody that wants to buy."

"Yes, indeedy. McNew said to tell you Old Man Forest will pay twenty-five for all you had that would stand fourteen and a half hands, four year olds and up, sound and broken. Greys, roans, duns and pacers barred. He's going to take down a bunch, and said to tell you you'd better gather yours and drive with him. They're to be delivered at the Nations' pasture at El Paso the 20th. They'll take outlaws all right, but no broncos."

"When's Billy going to start?"

"He'll camp at Lava Gap the night of the 24th, he said."

"By George," said Wildcat, "this here'll be just like getting money from home, and express charges prepaid. I was sure needin' it, too, as the hobo said when he fell in the creek. I can put up about twenty-five head. I'll go over tomorrow and get one of the Morris boys to help me gather my little old ponies, and hit the road. Don't know what's going to happen. Why, last spring you couldn't *throw* a horse away, much less sell one."

"I tell you, old man," he confided to Show Me, his "top horse," the next day, as they climbed the winding trail to the Morris ranch, "we was cutting it pretty fine that time, for cer-

tain. Now, if I can pay old Forest five hundred on that mortgage, the old skeezicks will let me have a renewal for another year for the other half. Then I can sell my steers for enough to keep Buddie in school, and fix up the pipe-line and trough again, and next year I can sure win out. Then when my little bunch of cattle's paid for, I'll go and ask the gray-eyed girl a question. Every time I get the mail, I'm scared to death for fear I'll hear some feller has snapped her up. Tell you what, they can cuss the brown-tailed mares all they want to, but they've sure pulled me out of the hole, this time."

All the way down to El Paso, Wildcat was in fine feather. There were dust, heat, thirst and perverse horses; but they did not affect his cheerfulness. There were days of scant and withered grass, in spots the rain had missed; nights when they had failed of water for the horses, and these had to be herded all night to keep them from going back. Even when they struck the Felipe ranch, only to find the windmill broken, and were forced to run the heavy horsepower, tying a rope to the horn of the saddle and riding tediously around—Wildcat ran the power and diverted himself with hilarious song, as if he were enjoying himself to the full.

It was noon on the sixth day when they drew near Ft. Bliss, and saw a large band of horses rounded up and held near the Nations' pasture.

Wildcat and McNew stopped their bunch, and rode ahead to investigate. The first man they struck was Pat Garrett. Their greetings were cool, for McNew and Garrett were seriously at outs, and Wildcat was a partisan of McNew's.

"Hello, Garrett!" said Billy, "What's all this doings, here? Looks like all the horse men in the country had come down."

"Ye-es," said Garrett, "there's quite a crowd. Forest sent me a bid on my old sticks, and me and McCall come down here and found Frank and Tillman Wayne, Briscoe, Johnnie Woods, and Newberry—and now you fellows."

"Why, what on earth is Forest going to do with so many horses?" queried Wildcat.

"He's got a contract with the British Government for a thousand head. That big stiff in the buggy with him is the officer that's receiving them."

Garrett and McNew rode ahead to the crowd, but Wildcat turned and looked around at the grim, gray mountain which rose abruptly from the plain just west of them.

Unforeseen, unheralded, the crisis was upon him—the hour that was to be the supreme test of his manhood. Five hundred dollars—the price of a jewel, a gown, a night's play—the price

of his soul. It was not the massive rock-ribbed mountain that he saw. It was a lonely, wind-swept street of low adobes, overhung with rushing clouds. A few stars peered out through one clear space overhead. Gusts of rain and hail smote his face, and the swaying cottonwoods moaned together. A door was thrown open, and a broad beam of warm light shot out across the storm. And, in the doorway, her eyes alight with love and welcome, a woman — a woman with gray eyes.

The light went out, and instead he saw the bold, black "scare-head" of a yellow journal:

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S MESSAGE TO THE AMERICANS.

"Tell Them They Are Helping To Murder Us."

It was over now, and the gray-eyed girl would never know. He turned his horse and rode toward the little knot of men by the buggy. There was nothing different, unless a little grey in the lean, hard, impassive face. He sat a little straighter in the saddle, with a slight lifting of his head; and there was a certain compression of the corners of his mouth — that was all. Many men had seen Wildcat's lips tighten so; and most of them had unpleasant recollections connected with it.

"Well, Wildcat," was Forest's greeting, as he drew near, "how many ponies have you got to sell?"

"I don't believe I'll sell," was the response.

"Won't sell?" demanded McNew, in astonishment. "Why, what's eating you?"

"I didn't know they were for the English," replied Wildcat. "I'm a Boer man — me. If I was to sell, feeling the way I do, I would always feel like it was blood-money, and I'd have to sneak round a corner in hell to dodge Judas Iscariot. I know the Boers 'll capture the horses all right, but —"

"Aw!" ejaculated the Englishman, in amazement, and brought a gold-rimmed monocle to bear.

"Why, you idiot," said Billy, "they'll get all the horses they want, of somebody. 'Taint like you was their only chance. And you'd just as well have the money."

"Just so," said Wildcat. "Now I'm claiming to be a friend of yours, ain't I? If you and Pat was to get on the warpath and go gunning for each other, would it be white for me to sell cartridges to Pat, if he run out, because I needed the money, and Garrett could get plenty somewhere else? Don't talk to me — it don't look to me like it was honor, nohow."

"You always was a crazy fool!" snarled Forest. "But just let me tell you one thing, young man. If you ain't right up to the scratch with that money you owe me, down goes your meat-house! 'Honor!'" He laughed derisively. "The honor of a cowboy!"

Wildcat swung his horse in beside the buggy, thrusting a dark face over the wheel. It was easy to see, now, how he came by his sobriquet.

"'Honor' was the word I used, sir — the honor of a cowboy! You may be justified in swearing at it, but, except for your gray hairs, you are hardly wise. Our standard may be lower than most people's — anyhow, it's *different*. But when we do draw the line, we don't step over it. And you — By God, sir, there's nothing in the world you *wouldn't* do for money! You'd sell your grandmother's grave for ten cents! And you threaten me with your dirty old mortgage — you gray-headed old scoundrel!"

The Englishman climbed out of the buggy, scrupulously brushed the dirt from his coat where it had grazed the wheel, screwed the monocle in his eye, and said, regarding Wildcat with a fixed and glassy stare,

"Ah — my good man — if you are such a friend to the Boers, why don't you go and help them?"

Wildcat wheeled upon him, "I'll tell you, me good man," he said, in confidential tones, "I was afraid I'd get hurt — you know!"

"Aw!" Then, after a moment of incredulous staring, "Will you be so good as to tell me exactly the difference between the Boer war and your Philippine war?"

Wildcat threw his leg over his saddle-horn, rested his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand. "With great pleasure," he said. "It's like this. The only way anyone can stand up for either war is to reckon the Boers and Filipinos are just cattle. So, just to oblige you, we'll consider 'em cattle. And even then there's a difference. Like this.

"Now, 'sposing I had a big farm. and was raisin' mighty valuable crops on it. 'Spose me and my brother had had cattle on it once and quarrelled and jawed and lawed and fought about them, till we was most give out — and most broke, too. Then we makes it up and goes ahead and builds fences around our land to keep out any of our neighbor's cattle, and put our own in our poorest fields, and wish to God we could get rid of 'em somehow.

"Then if I was to go 'way off somewheres, and buy a lot more cattle, range delivery, from some one that I knew didn't own them, first whipping him for claiming to own 'em — wild cattle, scrubby some of 'em, all scattered in mountains and brush country — and go to work and pay out twenty or thirty times as much more as what they cost me, for hands and horses and chuck and corn; and after all that, never gathered anything but

dead, and dogies and weak sisters — why that would be just like our war.

"And 'spose you had just dead oodles of cattle — fancy stock, and Herefords, and Polled Angus, and Durhams, and Chihuahuas and old long-horns — all kinds of cattle — more cattle than anybody — and a little old Dutchman was to be raising a little bunch of milk-pan cows; and you was to crowd him, and eat out his grass, and steal his calves, and make him move. 'Spose you made him move *twice*, and you got his ranch and improvements both times. And he went 'way out in the desert, and you was to follow him up and bother him again.

"Then 'spose he was to knock you down, and pull your hair, and pour sand in your eyes, and slap your face, and drag you with your own rope"—

A subdued titter ran around the circle.

"And if you was to call up all your cowboys, and all the men that had your stock on shares, and was to drive the Dutchman out in the brush, and shut up his wife and children to die of neglect and starvation and sickness"—he lowered his face to a level with the other's—"that would be like the Boer war."

He whirled and shook his fist at the crowd, his eyes ablaze. "You!" he cried. "You! How many of you would see one man starve one woman and child to death, and put up with it, much less help him? How does multiplying it by thousands help it? How many of you would let him have your horses to hunt down the Dutchman in the brush?"

The Englishman went very white. Garrett stretched a long arm, stroked his mustache slowly, and looked dreamily out across the plain. "You needn't rub it in no more, Thompson," he said. "I don't want to sell no horses, nohow."

McNew took off his sombrero, looked at it and scratched his head. "I hate to be on the same side with you, Pat," shaking his head gravely—"but I reckon you and me and Wildcat together are Public Opinion in this here neck of the woods. Come on, all you Boer men!" he added, with challenge in his voice, as he joined Garrett and Thompson.

McCall drove the spurs into his bronco. "Guess I'll just side you fellows. Don't have to sell my horses, anyway. My money don't cost me nothing—I work for it." And one by one the rest followed him.

Forest spluttered in impotent wrath, as he saw his prospective profits slipping away. He had exacted no forfeit from any of the vendors, horse men being usually only too glad to sell.

The Englishman walked up to Thompson. "I'm wishing you were a couple of stone heavier, my man," he said. "I should like uncommonly well to thrash you."

Flap! Wildcat was off his horse, and had thrown his gun into a soap weed. "I should like uncommonly well to have you try it," he said, in his sweetest tones. "But — aw — pawdon me, me man, if you were a couple of stone lighter, you would come a good deal nearer doing it." He threw off spurs and overshirt, took the silk kerchief from his neck and knotted it around his waist in lieu of a belt. The others crowded round, turning their saddle horses loose.

Forest danced in an agony of helpless rage. "You're never going to fight him, Major? This scum, this ruffian, this nobody?" he screamed.

"I am quite capable of judging for myself, thank you," replied the Briton, coldly. "This man is no ruffian." He methodically divested himself of coat, vest, collar, tie and cuffs, laid them carefully on the buggy seat, with the monocle on top, and came back.

"It is only fair to say that your man is hopelessly outclassed, you know," he said, addressing the crowd. "I was thought the best man with my hands in Cambridge, my last year there. So he needn't feel cut up, you know, if he gets worsted. As he says, I am not very fit; but even so, there is no disgrace in taking a whipping from me."

Newberry rubbed his nose — it was broken — in reminiscent fashion. "Some of us don't think it any disgrace to take one from Wildcat," he suggested.

"It's very decent of you to warn me," said Wildcat, eyeing his adversary with a respect he had not hitherto shown. "Still, I might sort of promise you'll know you've been in a fight."

Then was seen the singular spectacle of "Bertie" Vaughn, Major of a crack British regiment, a pet of Mayfair and Belgravia, standing up to do battle with an utter stranger.

In weight, reach and skill, the advantage was overwhelmingly with the Briton. Against him were arrayed youth, activity and toughness. The cowboy's wiry muscles, and the staying power due to long years of plain living and hard work, made him a dangerous opponent. Lithe and agile as his namesake, the wildcat, his natural quickness made up for much of his lack of science. Yet from the first it was evident that the soldier had made no idle boast. In the beginning Thompson went to work hammer and tongs; only to find his well-meant blows easily warded off, blocked and ducked by his burly antagonist, while a series of disconcerting, lightly delivered counters and short arm blows interfered sadly with the continuity of his onslaughts; and the Englishman wore a confident and easy smile which he found very exasperating. At the end

of three or four minutes of this kind of work, the Briton was almost untouched, while divers bruises and little trickling streams of blood began to show on Wildcat's face, and into Wildcat's skull had percolated the certainty that if the battle was continued on these lines there could be but one result.

He sprang back and charged, striking with all his force, ricochetting like a billiard ball; circled swiftly round, rushed in again, chin well down, taking a blow on top of the head, and leaping nimbly aside. Round and round he went, darting in and out, giving his enemy no rest, and aiming terrible blows at Vaughn's body, which, for the most part, he succeeded in warding off or at least in breaking their force. In this process the cowboy was severely punished, being twice knocked down; but he didn't seem to mind a little thing like that.

Into the attack, Wildcat was putting three times the energy the Major was expending in the defense; but he was standing it better. For a long time he continued to hammer at Vaughn's trunk, willing to take two blows to give one; and succeeded in getting in a few good licks which distressed the gentleman greatly. The jaunty smile faded from his face, and he fought warily, devoting much more attention to diverting the American's vicious body blows than to offensive measures.

Suddenly Wildcat changed his target. In and back, landing fairly on the nose, receiving a blow in return that closed one eye and staggered him. Back again, a blow in the mouth, with a sharp counter from the Briton that fairly lifted him from his feet and sent him down again. Another rush, and he landed fairly on Vaughn's eye, ducked, drew back, and fainted for the face. The Englishman threw up his guard to protect his one serviceable eye. Crash! Thompson struck him fairly over the heart with every pound of strength in his wiry young body behind the blow, and the victim went down like a log. He rose slowly, weakly, gasping for breath. It looked as though youth and endurance were to win, after all.

Confident of victory, the cowboy rushed in again. But the other realized that if he were to win at all it must be done in the next sixty seconds. Instead of standing to take the charge, he met the American, struck him fairly on the forehead, and, calling up all his reserves, rushed in return. Wildcat jumped back, but the other was upon him, and a shower of merciless blows beat upon his face. Blinded, dazed, bewildered, he lunged fiercely at random, missed and clinched. Back and forward, heaving, trampling, struggling, straining—Vaughn almost exhausted, the other with both eyes closed, fighting desperately in the dark. And then—his left arm closed around the Briton's

waist, his right wrist pushing savagely at his throat, a roar of voices thundered in his ears, the blood surged to his temples, to his stunned and dizzy brain the world seemed swaying, reeling. A last furious effort, calling up all his remaining strength, and he bent his foeman over backward. They struggled, tottered, fell; but as they went down Vaughn's right hand shot upward convulsively, catching the American under the chin.

"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

They went down together, a confused sprawl of arms and legs, the cowboy on top. McCall and Briscoe untangled them and laid the vanquished Thompson, limp and helpless, on the ground. The victor's case was hardly less disastrous. He lay sobbing for breath — utterly unable to rise. Garrett and Johnnie Woods helped him sit up, and gave him water from a canteen. He had struck the back of his head on a rock when he fell, and was bleeding profusely.

"What a — ghastly — fluke!" he panted, as they ministered to him. "Couldn't — have struck — another blow, 'pon honor! Bellows — to mend — you know." He regarded the unconscious Thompson anxiously with his unbattered eye. "I hope he's — not hurt? Plucky beggar!"

"He'll be all right in a little," said McNew, who, with McCall, was laboring over the fallen champion. "We'll fetch him around."

"I say," continued the Major, there's some — old Scotch in — my coat. Give him some — of that."

They poured the liquor down Wildcat's throat. He coughed, choked, and rolled his eyes.

"What a beastly — shame!" the Major began. Then an inspiration came to his gallant heart that would have done credit to Bayard himself. He winked jovially at Garrett. "I'm dead — licked — done for — you know!" he whispered. "Hit my — head on a rock!" And he fell over and relaxed into an inert mass of abject humanity, torn, disordered, plastered with blood and dust and sweat.

Wildcat sat up with McCall's assistance, and propped open his best eye with a trembling and uncertain forefinger. His gaze wandered around until it fell upon the prostrate form of his Perfidious Foeman. He silently surveyed the battered ruins for a while with an air of vague interest, felt soberly for his own head, exactly as if he thought it might be there or thereabouts, but wasn't positive, and, as if he "wanted to count it" when he finally found it. Then he inquired languidly,

"What's the matter with *him*? Mule?"

"Knocked out — struck his head on a rock when you both

fell," replied Garrett, bending over the shamming Briton and chafing his hands industriously.

"He's not hurt," snapped Forest, "He's just —"

Garrett took Forest by one arm and leg, McNew by the other. They jammed him into the buggy with appropriate language. Then they took the Major's apparel out and gave Forest some earnest advice as to his departure, which he took — advice and departure both. As he left, the Major groaned, rolled over, and gazed blankly around.

Wildcat looked very much ashamed. "Let's call it a draw, Major," he said, crawling to the other's side and holding out his hand. "You caught me a sockdolager on the jaw as we fell, and I just this minute came to. You had me fairly licked, and it was just the old Happen-so that you struck your head."

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow," said the Major as they shook hands warmly. "Delighted to have met you, I'm sure!"

They got painfully to their feet, Thompson very wobbly as to his knees, the Major still scant of breath.

During the combat, Nations had ridden down from the slaughter-house, and had been a silent spectator of the proceedings. He now made the first observation that had escaped him since his arrival on the scene.

"Hoss-trade all off, I guess? Well — bring your horses down and put 'em in the pasture. There ain't much grass, but they won't starve. You two bruisers come on down and I'll dip you in the trough. We'll get dinner and then go down and take in El Paso."

There was a murmur of acquiescence, and the crowd started after the horse-herd which had grazed off. A hundred yards away, they halted, wheeled, and Garrett shouted as they all took off their sombreros:

"Three cheers for Major Vaughn!" And the response came with waving hats and revolver shots to accompany it.

"*Hip! Hip! Hooray!*"

Thompson shook his head, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!" he said, and they hobbled on their way.

Tularosa, N. M.





I've never seen a single thing
That ever frightened me.
The only things I'm 'fraid of
Are the things that I can't see.

And as to losing sleep at night:
If one could only find it
By looking for it with a light,
I'm sure one wouldn't mind it.



TO A CHILD'S MOCCASIN.

[Looted from the body of an Indian child killed at Wounded Knee. It was complained that Indian women — some were killed — fought with the braves ; which, indeed, they did.]

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER.

I.

A WILD mother's patterned fancy —
 White beads, green and blue,
 With here, like heart-stained arrows,
 Scarlet zigzagged through ;
 Thy lining, furry rabbit,
 Little shoe !

How joyously she wrought thee,
 The long, blue, sunny day,
 On the wind-stroked grass of the prairie,
 'Neath the willows' shady sway,
 Singing the old song
 Mothers sing alway :

Chaske, my little Chaske ; Chaske, my brave to be !
 Fleet shall he run as the stallion, stand tall as the tall pine-tree,
 As the storm be mighty and valiant — Chaske, my chief to be !*

Stringing the beads in patterns,
 Zigzag red and blue ;
 Sewing with thread of tendon
 The furry edges true ;
 Singing the song of mothers
 The blue day through.

II.

A hill-slope, a desolation ;
 Yonder the cordoned crest
 Of glinting gun and sabre
 Here, like mole in nest,
 Trapped in the hill-crest's hollow,
 The huntsmen's quest.

A solitude of heaven,
 High and sunny still
 Above a breadth of desert —
 Sudden the locust shrill
 Of bullets, then death, and sudden
 The war-whoop's thrill.

And here a wild squaw-mother —
 Something dead at the breast,

*Chaske means, in the Dakotan tongue, first-born male child.

Something live at the shoulder,
 Spitting lead with the best —
 Singing a song
 Of wild-heart's cradle-rest :

*Death ye have taught me to mother ! Death I will mother well !
 With red, red blood I will nourish, I will lull with the rifle's spell !
 For O, ye have taught me to suckle, and I will suckle them well !*

Only a wild squaw-mother,
 Bullet-stung at the start,
 Quiet out there in the desert,
 Something dead at her heart.
 See ! her quaint fancy's beading,
 A mother's art.

Boston, Mass.

THE HOME-COMING OF MARIE-PIERRE.

By C. LINDSAY SKINNER.

MARIE-PIERRE stood at the stern of the "Skidegate" and waved tearful farewells to the dear Sisters Mary Winifred and Marie Therese, who had come from the Convent to see her safely on board the little steamer, which was to take her up the coast of British Columbia to her father in Sticoom village.

Marie-Pierre was fifteen years old and very accomplished ; for she wrote quite nicely in English, and spoke French, and made beautiful lace. She also sang ; and played a few tunes upon the organ. Sister Marie Therese, who was musical, had taught her. Marie-Pierre was also a good girl, and very devout. She had spent eight years in the Convent, and the dear Sisters had given her every advantage, every care. They felt proud of Marie-Pierre.

"Be good, Marie," had been Sister Therese's last words, "and remember that our Holy Mother ever regards you. Pray to her, and she will help you." And Marie-Pierre had gravely promised to remember.

Although Marie-Pierre grieved at leaving the dear Sisters, she had long looked forward to the time when she should go home to her father and her mother. She could remember them quite distinctly — a tall blond Frenchman and his little soft-eyed Indian wife. Throughout all the years spent in the Convent, Marie-Pierre had thought of them and felt proud. Very few of the girls had both mother and father ; particularly those

girls who were half white, like Marie. If her father aroused her pride, it was to her mother that she gave her love—the little mother whose brown bosom had shaped her baby lips, whose arms had sheltered her, and whose voice had crooned to her in a tongue now forgotten. Her name had not been Marie-Pierre in those days. The old name had a soft, clicking, heathenish sound, which could not be breathed in *Sacré-Cœur*; so that the holy water and the sign of the cross had been solemnly adjured to make this child, “Marie-Pierre,” a Christian. The baby name and the baby language were alike forgotten now. She had not seen her parents since the day she entered the Convent; but the human heart clings to its own people, and Marie-Pierre had given all the tenderness of her young soul to the mother of her dreams and the handsome fair-haired father, Armand Lepage.

Marie-Pierre made a pleasing picture as she sat in a sheltered corner, watching the white trail of foam and the circling of the gulls. She was dressed neatly in black, with white collar and cuffs, and a black hat and veil. Her hair was braided into a queue, and tied with a black ribbon. Black was the approved shade at the Convent of *Sacré-Cœur*. Certainly it served to accentuate the creaminess and rose-tint of Marie-Pierre's skin, and the drooping geranium of her mouth. The dark lashes touching her cheek and the heavy black hair lying along her brow made her face seem very white and pure. Filled with undefined alarms she sat, hands folded, and shrank back from the eyes of a big man in fisher's garb, who paced up and down past her retreat and feasted his bold blue gaze upon her simple charms.

During the past three days of slow and uneventful traveling, waking and sleeping, Marie-Pierre had dreamed of the home she was hourly approaching. With the stoical, expressionless demeanor of her race, she gave no sign of the quivering tension within.

On the third day, as the sullen fury of a clouded sunset faded before the wistful twilight's coming, Marie-Pierre caught the first glimpse of home. The “Skidegate” rounded a point of land into the silent harbor of Sticoom, defaming, with shrieking whistle and clanging gong, Nature's sacred hour of solitude and prayer. One by one the lights twinkled forth from the little village, backgrounded with pines and sheltered by its pearl-crowned deity of mountains.

With heart throbbing in such frenzied passion that it seemed about to burst, and burning eyes that saw nothing, Marie-Pierre stood in the bow gripping the railing with a force that ridged

with purple her slender brown hands. Slowly the few passengers were lowered into the landing-boat. When her turn came, Marie tottered unseeingly on the first step of the ladder. In a moment a pair of strong arms clasped her and lifted her gently into the rocking boat. The dazed girl saw no one clearly but sank into her place with a vague, uneasy consciousness that a pair of blue eyes had been unpleasantly close to her own. "Lend a hand, Jim," said a voice; and the big man turned from his contemplation of Marie and bent his great frame over the oars. When the boat grounded on the sand the same strong, unwelcome arms carried the returned one through the three feet of shallow water and set her high and dry upon the beach.

A crowd of dusky creatures—sprinkled here and there with a white man or woman—gathered, chattering and wondering, about the girl who stood there speechless from the emotions that consumed her.

Gradually that soft monosyllabic tongue with its guttural click became coherent sound to her dazed brain, stirring past memories. It pierced to her heart and struck a chord long dormant. One word, the keynote of her babyhood's simple, happy melody, came back to her longing lips. All the tale of her convent years was told in the cry that broke forth at last.

"Tseeka!" (mother).

The spell was broken. Marie-Pierre thrust forward and gazed eagerly, piercingly into the group about her. Dead silence followed, broken only by the lapping of the waves and the far-off wail of a violin. At last one of the women said:

"She is mad. See, she calls for her mother, who has been in the Church ground these five years."

"Yes, yes," said the others, drawing closer and staring curiously, "she is surely mad. Does one call for a mother who has been so long dead?" They edged nearer and glutted their curiosity on the girl's white, stunned face and unseeing eyes. They fingered her dress and her neatly braided hair, commenting and criticising. Presently one old woman said:

"Let the girl be taken to her father. It is late, and my man's supper burns on the fire."

One by one, with clickings and gossipings, the women withdrew, leaving the little stranger alone in the fast falling night.

Jim Basil, the fisherman, who had watched the scene from a little distance, came close to her.

"You're all alone, my girl," he said, "come home with me. Well, then, I'll take you to your father. Come on." He took her hand, and Marie-Pierre stumbled blindly through the loose sand at his side.

The wind beat itself against the pine-boughs; the long waves beat themselves against the rocks; the violin wailed nearer and more madly. And against Marie-Pierre's heart beat one word, and through her brain wailed one word —

Dead! Dead! Dead!

"Here's your home, my girl," said the fisherman, stopping before the door of the last shanty on the beach.

Marie-Pierre looked silently as one coming out of a trance.

On the step sat a man — dirty — unkempt — vile-smelling from long intoxication. With his fiddle on his shoulder and his bow in his yellow hand, he was playing a screeching, whirling devil-dance.

Basil bent down and shook him roughly.

"Lepage, here's your girl come home — *voilà* *filles, comprenez?*"

The Frenchman turned his pasty face and dull, blood-shot eyes uncomprehendingly on the girl, who stood trembling before this new horror. He made some drunken mutter and plunged again into his awful playing.

"No good," said the other, with a shrug. "He doesn't know anything tonight. You'll have to talk to him when he ain't so drunk. You'd best go in the house and sit down."

So Marie-Pierre entered again into the house of her childhood. Her physical endurance gave way at last, and she sank exhausted on the one rough bench in the shack, and flung her arms forward on the table. Her black eyes stared miserably out through the open door across the sea, which was now beginning to silver under the rising moon. The mad playing had ceased, and her father lay huddled on the steps in a stupor. The waving pine-boughs danced fantastic shapes across the floor in time to the wind which whistled uncannily through a dead tree-trunk behind the shanty.

The night stole slowly onward and, worn out by grief and fatigue, Marie-Pierre drooped forward on her arms and slept. As the moon rose higher, its cold rays fell upon the unconscious girl, outlining her soft cheek and curving bosom.

Outside, where the shadow of a gigantic cedar dipped into the well of moonlight, silent as a waiting panther, Jim Basil stood — watching.

Los Angeles, Cal.



"THE DAYS OF 'FORTY-NINE."

THIS magazine has already printed (in the numbers for August and September, 1900) two versions of the famous Argonaut song of above title. Less than half a century ago, this ditty was probably familiar to more Americans than any other one popular song, excepting only "Susanna"—that is, the California parody on that then universal Negro melody (the words of which were also printed in these pages in the August, 1900, number). Today, it is an almost hopeless task to discover the veritable words, or anyone who still retains the old song. So far as I can recall, they are in no book. The little dime-novel-looking "Songsters" in which they were probably printed at the time—as were hundreds of other California songs—are practically all worn out and lost.

Of course these minor historical materials are worth saving; and it is evidently time to begin. When hardly a soul can be found to give the song that within our own lifetime was a favorite of hundreds of thousands of Americans—and not one of the machine-made "popular songs" of today, but almost a Folk-song, of and for one of the chiefest events in American history—why, the saving of that song from annihilation becomes a duty.

Of the two already printed versions of "The Days of 'Forty-Nine" the older was from Saml. C. Upham's "Notes of a Voyage to California, *via* Cape Horn; together with scenes in El Dorado in the years 1849-50." The other was "modern"—from words (apparently an *extempore addendum*) by Joaquin Miller.

Florence Gleason, of Bakersfield, Cal., sends in the following version of "The Days of '49," which he says is the original. It is not at all impossible, through rather unlikely, that Upham's dull and hymn-like stanzas were first in time. They sound very much like what a Tenderfoot might write with nothing better to do. But there is, I think, no question that the following is, in its essential features at least, the famous old song. *It has meat* in it. It may have been written perhaps a dozen years after '49—for poetic license does not need long to Look Back. At any rate, crude as it is, it is Californian. It is the version from which we of the soberer day have caught quotationary fragments in books too Literary to think of such a thing as saving such matter whole. I am convinced of the authenticity of this as the effective original of the once world-famous ditty—though always open to conviction. But I doubt, a little, its completeness; and anyone who can furnish authentic additional verses will be doing a service to history.

Both the versions before printed here were sung to the air of "Auld Lang Syne;" but Mr. Gleason says this wasn't.

I shall be grateful for any further information on this point.
Following is the version recorded by Florence Gleason :

"THE DAYS OF 'FORTY-NINE."

You are looking now on old Tom Moore,
A relic of bygone days ;
A Bummer, too, they call me now,
But what care I for praise ?
For my heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft I do repine
For the Days of Old, and the Days of Gold,
And the Days of Forty-Nine.

REFRAIN — Oh, my heart is filled, etc.

I had comrades then who loved me well,
A jovial, saucy crew.
There were some hard cases, I must confess,
But they all were brave and true ;
Who would never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Who never would fret nor whine,
But like good old Bricks they stood the kicks
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

REFRAIN — And my heart is filled, etc.

There was Monte Pete — I'll ne'er forget
The luck he always had.
He would deal for you both day and night,
So long as you had a scad.
He would play you Draw, he would Ante sling,
He would go you a hatfull Blind —
But in a game with Death Pete lost his breath
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

REFRAIN — Oh, my heart is filled, etc.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,
That was always a-getting tight ;
Whenever Jake got on a spree,
He was spoiling for a fight.
One day he ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Cline —
So over Jake we held a wake,
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

REFRAIN — Oh, my heart is filled, etc.

There was Rackensack Jim, who could outroar
A Buffalo Bull, you bet !
He would roar all night, he would roar all day,
And I b'lieve he's a-roaring yet !
One night he fell in a prospect-hole —
'Twas a roaring bad design —
For in that hole he roared out his soul
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

REFRAIN — Oh, my heart is filled, etc.

There was Poor lame Ches, a hard old case
Who never did repent.

OUT WEST

Ches never missed a single meal,
 Nor he never paid a cent.
 But Poor lame Ches, like all the rest,
 Did to death at last resign,
 For all in his bloom he went up the Flume
 In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

REFRAIN — Oh, my heart is filled, etc.

And now my comrades all are gone,
 Not one remains to toast.
 They have left me here in my misery,
 Like some poor wandering ghost.
 And as I go from place to place,
 Folks call me a "Traveling Sign,"
 Saying "There goes Tom Moore, a Bumner, sure,
 From the Days of 'Forty-Nine."

REFRAIN — But my heart is filled, etc.

Simply to have them together, for more convenient reference, the two other versions are reprinted, following :

STILLMAN'S VERSION.

Fresh laurel-wreaths we bring today,
 To crown the Patriarch,
 Whose hand unlocked the golden ore
 In gulch and cañon dark.
 Old Pioneer, thy name we still
 In all our hearts enshrine ;
 God's blessing rest upon thy head,
 Dear friend of old lang syne !

CHORUS :

Oh, cherished be forevermore
 The days of old lang syne ;
 Those golden days, remembered days,
 The days of 'Forty-Nine !

II.

Hillside, ravine and tule marsh
 Now blossom as the rose,
 And round Diablo's verdant base
 The crystal streamlet flows.
 Now glory be to God on high,
 Let this our pæan be,
 And peace on earth, good will to men,
 Our prayer, O God, to thee !

CHORUS :

JOAQUIN'S "RIDER."

I.

We have worked our claims, we have spent our gold,
 Our barks are astrand on the bars ;
 We are battered and old,
 Yet at night we hold
 Outcroppings in the stars.

REFRAIN —

And tho' few and old,
 Our hearts are bold,
 Yet oft do we repine,

For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
For the days of 'Forty-Nine.

II.

Where the rabbits play,
Where the quail all day
Pipe on the chaparral hill ;
A few more days,
And the last of us lays
His pick aside, and all is still.

REFRAIN — Same as before, except that "And tho' few" is changed to "Though few."

III.

We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
Poor battered old hulks and spars ;
But we hope and pray,
On the Judgment Day,
We shall strike it, up in the stars.

REFRAIN —

THE JUDGE OF HARD-DOWN HILL.

[From the Memoirs of the late Joseph Haskisson, Esq., of California —
Third Extract.]

Compiled by CLARENCE ALAN MCGREW.

SOON as it became evident to us that the Fraser River gold fields were likely to pan out well, we set our hearts and feet in the direction of Fort Yale. There was a general scampering of California hell-hounds after the Victoria quarry, but the pack with which Jim Kay and I went was a somewhat compact organization, held together as much by English Jim's natural leadership as anything else.

There were ten of us at the start. Half of us were shoulder-strikers of the early days, notorious from Truckee to San Francisco and down into the San Joaquin. "Jug" Shaw, one of our members, had gained fame by his escape from the Sacramento prison brig. "Fussy" Barton, another of the crew, was a New York wharf-rat, who had come over the Panama route with a gang of thimble-riggers on the notorious old schooner *Ringleader*. Another was Lee Sing, possibly the only real Chinese highwayman of early Western days — an outcast whom we, in a fit of forgiving merriment, adopted as a member of our sulphurous tribe, instead of following our custom of sending all such to a place as near their Flowery Kingdom as our means would let us. The rest of us were ordinary "gentlemen of the

road," who picked our living from anybody who came along, be he a Chinese vegetable man or a Wells-Fargo messenger. As usual, we of the higher class and more sensitive feelings insisted that we should be kept free from all "Greaser" taint; for all such that crossed our path we cast effective black-balls of lead.

We arrived one night, tired, hungry, lean and snarling, at Plug Valley, the rival of Hard-Down Hill, and a British mining camp whose inhabitants had been so long from civilization that they had not heard of the laying of the Atlantic cable nor of the miraculous exhibitions of that wonderful horse-trainer, Mr. John S. Rarey. Recent proximity to San Francisco and the overland routes had rendered us rather well informed on these and other matters of interest and importance, and we accordingly felt well above the ordinary crowd.

The unanimous vote of the crowd was to "shoot up" Hard-Down Hill, and give its inhabitants a scare that would render them submissive to a degree suitable to our importance as new members of the community. We accordingly constituted ourselves the ruling spirits in the camp already established at Plug Valley, a place then occupied principally by a gang of our own sweet sort—outlaws from the California coast, Canadian rangers, and a smattering of Sydney coves and ticket-of-leavers from Van Dieman's Land. The respectable element had long been awed into silence.

At Pete Fergusson's bar, Jim Kay made one of his little speeches, in which he neatly renewed the jealousy of Plug Valley against its rival, and exhorted the Valley contingent to an invasion with arms and for glory and whiskey. It soon developed, however, that what Plug Valley particularly wanted was revenge on the Judge of Hard-Down Hill, who had passed sentence of outlawry on a number of the disturbing spirits, frightened away some, and hanged the rest. We were quite ready and willing to help overthrow the judiciary.

About nine o'clock that night we swarmed into Hard-Down Hill like a detachment of Huns. Jim Kay led a select crowd of us around to the east to set fire to a grocery store and rob it; while the Plug Valley contingent went after their hated Judge, the intention being to string him up at the Half Way House, between the two camps, to serve as a horrible warning to all who pushed law and order too far.

Both movements succeeded as well as could have been hoped, the only casualty being the death of a Plug Valley shoulder-striker, whose brains splattered the Alcazar Hotel's bar before the Judge's ammunition gave out. We got about \$100 in dust at the store.

The mob already had the Judge at the Half Way House when our squad, under English Jim, got there; the most of us flushed with vile liquor, and all of us prepared for a mock trial which did justice to our rascality. As we entered we all fired our guns at the signboard and gave an Apache yell.

As for the Judge, I expected to see a rum-soaked, tobacco-stained, card-thumping old British whelp—a living parody on justice. How great was my surprise! Instead of a wicked old Tartar, he was a manly young English chap, as straight as an arrow, with light, wavy hair, a complexion browned by the sun and wind, the picture of athletic young life.

They had him bound tight with a Mexican lariat, which cut into his wrists. He stood as proud as a lion and as fearless.

"Prisoner to the bar!" yelled English Jim with a resounding oath. "As long as there's no regularly appointed judicial representative of the government here, I shall take it on my own shoulders, under advices received recently by Atlantic cable from the Home Government. I am good enough to represent Her Majesty anywhere."

We greeted this with a cheer.

"There won't be any time thrown away, gentlemen. The prisoner, according to all good law, is a public nuisance and ought to be strung up as a lesson to all others of his kind. Has the prisoner any letters to write?"

"No," said the young Judge in a clear, sharp voice, "but I want to say that this is blasted poor business for a man who has been at Oxford long enough to be a gentleman."

He paused and looked straight at Jim.

"What do you mean, you little pup?" yelled Jim.

"None knows better than you," was the reply.

Jim spat savagely.

"The young fool is a crack-brain, gentlemen," he snarled. "His Honor—that's me—and Huskisson will now remove the prisoner to the back room while the jury votes to get the rope ready."

We no sooner had the man in the back room than Jim slipped his big knife across the lariat that bound the Judge. Then, to my great astonishment, they began to shake hands. Neither said a word for a minute. It was the Judge who broke the silence.

"Knew I was right, old man," he said.

"If you get out of this," said Jim, "it'll sort of square things a little, Harry. You get out this window, take the third horse on the left—it's mine and the best—and dig like blazes. We'll pretend to chase you and then we'll get away from the other crowd."

"Where'll I meet you to thank you?" said the Judge.

"Nowhere," said Jim, fiercely. "We're going too far."

The Judge choked down a sob.

"Better *steer the outside course*, old man!" he said. "You remember the weeds in next to the bank? It always looked shorter that way, but it wasn't. By heavens! it seems only yesterday. Better try it, Bob—that outside, clear course."

"There won't be any course for us, if you don't go right away," whispered Jim. "They're getting ready."

And Jim pushed him to the window.

All three of us got away without a scratch.

"Where are you heading?" I asked, after Jim and I had got well away.

"Husky, old fellow," he answered, "I'm going to try that Outside Course. Do you want to pull with me for a stretch?"

Berkeley, Cal.

TO CALIFORNIANS.

By LORENZO SOSSO.

MAKE not Authority your creed,
The sceptre does not sway the king;
The growth of one insurgent seed
Means grander faith in everything.

Here, at the outposts of the West,
Your banners jubilant unfold—
That symbolize for men the quest
Of Holy Grail and Fleece of Gold.

Learn to be dominant and free
And multitudinously great,
Like those white surges of the sea
That beat in thunder at our Gate.

Here where the sunset clouds are red,
Or in yon valleys of the morn
Is resurrection of the dead;
Haste! Haste! O men, to be re-born.

Hew out the pathways of your fate
In deeds and purposes sublime:
The swords are sheathed at Eden-gate,
Enter! God's world is in its prime!



EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

IV.—SIR THOS. CAVENDISH, 1587.

IN preceding articles some brief digest has been given of the piratical voyage which brought Sir Francis Drake to California in 1579. The next English freebooter to reach the Pacific Coast of the United States was Sir Thomas Cavendish, or Candish, who barely touched California in 1587. Largely because of Drake's piracies, war had broken out between England and Spain; and Cavendish held a royal commission from the Virgin Queen, so he cannot precisely be termed a pirate—as Drake unqualifiedly was. He was not a privateer, however, in any civilized sense; for he did not turn his energies to attacking Spain, but to burning and looting the helpless towns of Spanish-speaking people on the remote Pacific shores of South America; and plundering and scuttling merchant and passenger ships trading between the Philippines and Mexico. Of course, on his return to England, he was knighted.

Cavendish sailed from Harwich in July, 1586, with the "Desire," 140 tons; the "Content" 60 tons; and the bark "Hugh Gallant," 40 tons; and with 126 men. In Sierra Leone they "Spoyled a town of the Negroes." They entered the South Sea Feb. 14, 1587. May 3rd they "made themselves Masters of Two Rich Ships, laden with Sugar, Melasses, Maiz, *Cordovan* skins, Montego de Porco,* Packs of Pintadoes, Indian coats, Marmalade Hens, &c. One of them, which had the best Lading, would have yielded £20,000 had there been Opportunity to have made a Sale. And of all this they took as much as they could conveniently bestow in their Ships, burning the rest with the Vessels, and setting all the People in them ashore."

May 26th, they reached the little Peruvian town of Paita, "well built, very neat and clean in all parts of it, and contains about 200 houses. The Admiral landed here with Sixty or Seventy Men, had a Skirmish with the Inhabitants, . . . beat them quite out of the Town, . . . till it came to a thorough and complete Route, and seized all their Baggage. Here was plenty of all sorts of Household-stuff, Storehouses full of all sorts of Wares, and 25lb. Weight of Silver in Pieces of Eight. They set the Town on Fire, and burnt it to the Ground; and also to the value of 5 or £6,000 in Goods, together with a Bark lying in the Road." "And so," as Cavendish humorously records, "leaving the Spaniards the Blaze of their flaming Houses and Goods, to light them down from the Mountains at Night," they sailed away to Puna. "A Large Ship of 250 Ton was here riding at anchor;" which they sunk. "The *Casique* . . . had a sumptuous palace, with Curious Gardens adjoining it. . . The *Casique* had Orchards that yield most Sorts of useful Fruits, as Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Pomgranates, Pompions, Melons, Cucumbers, Radishes, &c." May 29, "the Admiral went to a little Island close by Puna, into which the *Casique* had conveyed all the valuable Furniture of his Palace, and other Moveables, necessary both for House and Ship. These stores being all discovered, they took or plundered what they saw fit out of them, and conveyed it into their Ships. They burnt the Church also, which stood hard by the *Casique's* Palace, and brought away the Five Bells that were in it." June 2, they had a fight with the Spaniards and Indians; "and, having

* *Monteca de puerco*—lard.

intirely put them to Flight, they made Havock of their Fields and Orchards, and burnt Four great Ships upon the Stocks as also the Town itself, which they left a mere Heap of Rubbish. This town had no less than 300 houses in it." Here the learned editor (John Harris, D.D., F.R.S., from whose ponderous and famous *Voyages*, 1745, many of these digests are taken) appends one of his few footnotes :

"It had been more advisable to have treated these People well. Their wanton Acts of Cruelty have been the Ruin of all our Expeditions into the South Seas."

July 9th, they took "a new Ship of 120 Ton. . . They took all the Men, the Sails, the Ropes, &c., out of this Ship, and then set her on Fire." The 26th they came to Agatulco, "made a Descent upon them, and burnt both the Town and Custom-house, which was a large and fair Building. Here were laid up 600 Bags of Anise (for the Dying of Cloth) and 400 of Cacaos, every Bag of the former being worth Forty, and of the latter Ten Crowns. These Cacaos serve amongst them both for Meat and Money. They are like Almonds, though not altogether so pleasant; they afford both Food and Drink, and pass in Trade instead of ready Money, 150 of them being in Value equal to a Rial of Plate."

The 29th, "the Admiral went ashore with Thirty Men, marching Two Miles into the Woods, where they took a *Mestizo* belonging to the Custom-house of that Town, and a considerable Parcel of Stuffs with him, and carried both the Master and the Goods away to their Ships." Aug. 24, "the Admiral and Thirty Men went in the Pinnacle to the Haven *Puerto de Natividad*, . . . and burnt the Town, and Two Ships of 200 Ton that were then building there, and so returned to their Ships. . ." Sept. 2, "the Admiral with about Thirty Men went ashore to an *Indian* Town called *Acallan*, which lies Two Leagues from the Road. It consisted of Twenty or Thirty Houses, and a Church, which they demolished, and went aboard again that Night." The 9th, "the Admiral sent out Forty Men, who marching through the Woods and Desert Places, lighted of Two or Three Families, some of which were *Indians*, others *Spaniards* and one *Portuguese*, all which they brought to their Ships. The Admiral made the Women fetch Plantanes, Lemons, Oranges and other Fruits; and, for a Reward, set all their Husbands free again, except one Sembrano, a *Spanish* Carpenter, and *Diego*, the *Portuguese*, whom he Retained."*

They reached "*Massatlan*" on the 24th, and on the 27th betook themselves to an island a league north, where they heeled their ship "and new-built their Pinnacle."

"In this Island they stay'd till the 9th of October, and then sailed for Cape *St. Lucar*,* which is on the West Side of the Point of California, with which they fell in on the 14th of the same Month, observing, that it had very much the same Appearance with the Needles at the Isle of Wight, which had been before taken notice of by Sir *Francis Drake's* People, and has been confirmed by all who have sailed thither since. Within this Cape there is a very large Bay, called by the *Spaniards* *Aguada Segura*; into which Bay there falls a fine fresh-water River, and on the Banks of it there are commonly a great Number of *Indians*, who inhabit there during the Summer Season. Into this Bay they came, watered in the River, and remained there till the 4th of *November*, the Winds continuing all that time to hang Westerly. They waited here for the *Acapulco* Ship.

"*November* 4. the *Desire* and the *Content* went beating up and down upon the Headland of *California*, which lies in the 23° 24' North Latitude;

* It would be hard to find a choicer bit of the unconscious humor of the pirate.

† Cape St. Lucas.

upon which Day, in the Morning, one of the Admiral's Company, going up the Top-mast, spied a Sail bearing in from the Sea with the Cape; which he presently signified to the Company, with the joyful exclamation of, *A sail, a Sail!* The Admiral, having put all Things in Readiness, set forward in the Pursuit of her: and, having chased her Three or Four Hours, in the Afternoon came up with her, and saluted her with a Broadside, and a Volley of small Shot. They found her to be the *St. Anne*, belonging to the King of *Spain*, the Admiral of all the South Seas, and of 700 Ton Burden. Having boarded her, they found all Things in a good Posture of Defence; the Sails were laid close upon the Poop, the Midship, and the Forecastle. All the Men stood close under Fights, which the Captain had raised, provided with Targets, Javelins, Swords, and great Stones, which they threw into the *English* Ship, and at them that had boarded theirs, forcing them to retire with the Loss of Two Men, and Four or Five wounded. But the Admiral, making a fresh Attack with his great and small Shot, raked them through and through, killing and wounding great Numbers, as the Ship was full of Men: yet they stood very tightly to their Business. But the next Broadside reduced them to the last Extremity, boring such wide Holes for Water to pour in, that they saw they must either yield or sink. Whereupon, hanging out a Flag of Truce, they desired the Admiral to save their Lives, and they would yield their Ship, with all the rich Cargo, into his Hands. This he granted, but commanded them presently to strike their Sails, to hoist out their Boat, and come aboard; which was accordingly done by the Captain, the Pilot, and one of the chief Merchants. They told the Admiral what they had aboard, which appeared to be worth fighting for, since there were 122,000 *Pezces** of Gold, rich Silks, Sattins, Damasks, Musk, with divers other sorts of Merchandize, and all manner of Provisions, almost as acceptable as their Riches.

"This Prize thus gloriously obtained, on *November* the 6th, they put into the Harbour *Puerto Seguro*, where all the *Spaniards*, both Men and Women, to the Number of 150, were set ashore, the Admiral having chosen a very fruitful Spot for them to live upon; and, besides, gave them good Store of Wine and Victuals, with the Sails of their Ship, and some Planks, to build them little Houses in the Country. The Owners thus disposed of, the next thing was to share the Booty they had brought; and here this ungrateful Work of Distribution quickly involved the Admiral in all the Circumstances of a Mutiny, every Man having a sharp Appetite to the Gold; but no Man ever thinking he had enough. This Feud and Avarice appeared most violently in the *Content*. But all was quickly and quietly compromised by the candid Behaviour and Generosity of the Admiral. *November* 17. being her Majesty's Coronation day, they discharged all their Ordnance and small Shot in both their Ships, and at Night continued the Celebration of the Festival with Fireworks. The Admiral reserved of the Prisoners in the Spanish Ship, Two *Japones* Boys, and Three that were Natives of the Isle of *Manilla*, a *Portuguese* that had been in *China* and *Japon*, and a *Spanish* Pilot of perfect Knowledge in all the Parts between *Acapulco* and *Nueva Espanna*, to the Islands of *Ladrones*. This *Acapulco* is the Haven from whence they set out for the *Philippines*, and the Islands *Ladrones* are their stated Places of Refreshment.

"*November* 19. the Admiral, having discharged the Captain of the *St. Anne* with a noble Reward, and sufficient Provision against the *Indians*, fired the Ship itself, having to the Quantity of 500 Tons of Goods in her, and saw her burnt quite down to the Water's Edge. And now this great

* Dollars.

Business being happily accomplished, which they had so long attended upon, they set Sail very cheerfully for England."

A great storm arose at once, and they lost the "Content," which was never heard of again;* reached the island of Guam Jan. 3, 1588; touched the Philippine coast near Manila, of whose vast wealth Cavendish gives a great account, but did not dare attempt this "unwalled Town, of no great Strength, . . . inhabited by Six or Seven Hundred *Spaniards*." They passed Java, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena. Sept. 3 they met a Flemish vessel that gave them the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Sept. 9, 1588, they reached Plymouth, having made the voyage around the world in two years and two months — whereas Drake had taken two years and ten months; and Magellan, on the first circumnavigation of the globe ever achieved by man, was three years and a month.

In a letter written that day from Plymouth to Lord Hunsdon (Sept. 9, 1588), Cavendish, recounting his exploits and his plunder, adds naively: "In which Voyage I have either discovered, or brought certain Intelligence of, all the Rich Places of the World that ever were known or discovered by any Christian. I navigated along the Coast of *Chili*, *Peru* and *Nueva Espanna*, where I made great Spoils; I burnt and sunk Nineteen Sails of Ships, small and great:† All the Villages and Towns that ever I landed at I burnt and spoiled; and had I not been discovered upon the Coast, I had taken great Quantity of Treasure."

It is said that Cavendish "brought his Ship into the Harbour of Plymouth under a Suit of Silken Sails." At any rate, three years later he had squandered the immense fortune acquired by looting, except enough to outfit a second expedition. With this he sailed from England Aug. 6th, 1591. He reached the coast of Brazil, plundered and burned a couple of towns, and headed for the Straits of Magellan. Storms, mutiny, the desertion of vessels and men, and the disastrous outcome of his attacks on the Indians, together ruined his hopes of success; and he "died of mere Grief" before getting into the Pacific at all. This miscarriage of Cavendish put a damper on English piracy along the Pacific coast for a long time.

And that meant, so far as concerns this ocean, English voyages altogether — for it was 258 years after Magellan first of all men sailed the Pacific (which Balboa had discovered 9 years earlier yet) before any English vessel ever entered that sea except for piracy. The honor of being England's first peaceful, real explorer in the world's greatest ocean belongs to Capt. James Cook; who in 1778 visited our Northwest coast. The next European voyager to these parts, other than a Spaniard, was a Frenchman, Jean François de Gallap, Conde de la Pérouse, who made a visit of real historic importance to our coast, introduced potatoes into California (from Chile), and was lost with his ships and men among the New Hebrides in 1788 on his way home. But he had already forwarded his journal, which was published in France in three large volumes and atlas of maps. And with about 1785 began the interest of England in our Pacific Coast for trading, fur-hunting, and other operations now recognized as respectable. But long before that time, Drake and Cavendish had been followed — in ethics as well as in itinerary — by a number of less brainy but no more scrupulous pirates; the most important that reached California being Wm. Dampier (1686), Woodes Rogers (1709), and George Shelvocke (1721). Commodore George Anson (1740) did not reach California; and though he burned and looted as well as the best of them, along the Spanish-American shores further south, he had, like Cavendish, the apology of a state of war between England and Spain, and was sent by the English government to ravish Spanish commerce in the Pacific. He was the last of the British Scourges of the Pacific.

*It is a curious fact that the same storm which destroyed the consort "Content," saved the lives of the 150 prisoners that Cavendish had heartlessly marooned upon the desert shore of the Peninsula. Most of these were passengers of the "St. Anne" (Santa Ana); and some of them were women. Among them, too, was Sebastian Vizcaino, later famous for the first real exploration ever made of the coast of the present State of California. The tempest drove the burning "Santa Ana" ashore; Vizcaino and his companions, aided by the rain, extinguished the flames; and thus not only procured supplies to keep them from starving, but a hull which they patched up so that in it they managed to cross the Gulf of California, and thus at last reached settlements of their countrymen. It is a pity the buccaneer never knew of this little joke of Fate upon him.

†And all of them peaceful merchantmen.

of California.

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RED TAPE is a hard thing to wait on, for all concerned. It is now perilously near two years since the Supreme Court of the United States gave Warner's Ranch to the Downey heirs, thereby evicting the Indians who had always lived there; and it is not strange that the successful claimants feel it about time they were given possession. It took six months to get an Inspector out to hunt a new home for the nearly 300 Indians thus dispossessed; and then he made a mess of the job. It took six months—and the overwhelming proof of his failure—to procure the appointment of a competent Commission to do the work right. Thanks solely to the direct interposition of the

President, the Commission's report was adopted only 18 days after it reached Washington.

It took the Commission three days to get into the field; and it worked day and night till its task was done, and done right. The only delay in the matter, at this end of the line, was in procuring the abstracts of title — and that was because many little holdings were included, and some had to go through probate. Furthermore, all were put in order here, precisely to avoid the need of question or delay from Officialdom. And these abstracts were receipted for in Washington November 14. Since that date they have reposed in the office of the Attorney General.

Meantime, the season of the rains has come, and is more than half gone. In California, the man who thinks to raise a crop, this year of grace, has his grain in the ground. Unless he gets it in mighty quick, now, he will not harvest a straw. And here is where two more parties suffer, so the thing is now a three-sided hardship.

The two-score Americans who last May tied up their 15 little farms to the Government for a home for the Warner's Ranch Indians — *they* will need crops somewhere, this year. But where? If they plant where they are, does anyone expect the Government would pay them for this extra, when the transfer is made? Most of them, acting under good advice, have bought farms elsewhere, and made a payment. The next payment is due — and they cannot meet it because the Government hasn't paid them. They cannot go ahead and plant the new farms till they have more nearly paid for them. And there you are. And there *they* are.

The evicted Indians, after waiting as long as they dared, have, of course, in desperation gone ahead to plant the ancient fields from which they are to be removed before they can harvest. It would seem hard enough for them to lose their beloved old homes, without this added aggravation; and it will unquestionably complicate the difficulty of their removal. They will have had all the labor of planting for nothing — for who is going to pay them? And just incidentally, if the removal is delayed past the last day possible for planting — which is very near — it means that the Government will have to feed these 300 people one full year longer than if it had got its business done in time for them to put in a crop this year. If they had been, even by the first of January, on the lands the Commission selected, they would have by this coming fall larger crops than they ever raised in their lives, and would be practically on their feet for good.

As these pages are printing, word comes from the President

and Senator Bard that things have been "stirred up" again. And the Attorney General "hoped," January 11, to have the abstracts through his office "in a very few days." Let us pray that he be not disappointed.

Later—January 24th, the Attorney General passed on the title as perfect. The transaction will be closed at once.

* *

An alleged corrupt "order" to the Mission Indians of the Torres reservation, out on the deserts of the Colorado, to remove from their old home to another portion of their reservation—where the Government is to put down artesian wells for them—has caused sensation in some newspapers; and an eloquent "Appeal of the Indians to the President to Save Them" has naturally alarmed many lovers of justice.

The Executive Committee of the League is sifting the case, and feels safe in predicting that no crookedness will go through, even if it has been planned, as is not probable. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is wholly "with" the League in the intention that the Mission Indians shall not be further outraged. The fact that the "appeal" was evidently written, and is jointly signed, by the leech-lawyer John Brown (who was catalogued in this department of the December number), tends to mitigate the alarm one might otherwise feel at the imminent oppression foretold by it. Even so, Mr. Brown memorialized the President that the Warner's Ranch Commission and Commissioner Jones were Bad Men and generically Unfriendly to Indians.

At any rate, the truth will be known, presently and precisely; and then acted upon, "according." It appears, at this stage of the investigation, to be true that—with the predestination which seems to make Government surveyors blunder whenever they measure for an Indian reservation, and never in the Indian's favor—the reservation was never made to include Martinez village at all; and that Martinez is not only not on the reservation, but belongs to the State of California, and is not subject to the national government in any way. But if this is true, the remedy is, of course, not in the direction taken by Brown—the same "lawyer" who was going to reverse the Supreme Court of the United States for a \$25 fee from the harried and poor Indians of Warner's Ranch. Even the President has as little power to touch California State lands for the Torres Indians as he had to upset the Supreme Court for those of Warner's Ranch. Senate Bill 5212, to exchange Section 16, on which Martinez stands, for lands elsewhere in the State, after which Section 16 could be added to the reservation, failed to pass last year. If it could pass this year—as it ought—the whole trouble would be solved. But the President doesn't pass bills, even on appeal of J. Brown.

* *

In this department will be printed next month a reading and reference list of books on Indians.

C. F. L.

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THE LANDMARKS CLUB COOK-BOOK will be on the market in Los Angeles in a few days, and will meet a recognized need. While it is published for the benefit of the Club, to enable further work in preserving the Missions, it is no catchpenny affair, but a substantial cloth-bound octavo volume of over 250 pages, and as a cook-book one of the most satisfactory ever printed. It is also the only one of its kind — "A California collection of the best recipes from everywhere" (gathered from famous housewives of many lands now resident in this State); and with particular emphasis on the typical dishes of California and Spanish America. A chapter on this distinctive cookery, with recipes for a large number of the most famous dishes of old California, Mexico, Peru, etc., is contributed by Chas. F. Lummis. So far as is known, no other cook-book extant in English covers this interesting ground; and these are not make-believe Spanish dishes, but the real thing. The book is of real value, and will be welcomed by housekeepers not only in California but wherever the need is felt of dishes not only new but good. Perhaps no other volume contains recipes for so large a number of toothsome concoctions that will be novel to so many American housewives.

There is a brief sketch, also, of the work of the Landmarks Club, with many illustrations of the Missions it is saving. Altogether the book will be a "good thing to have in the house," and a good thing to send to a friend. The price will probably be \$1.50 *net*. Printed for the Landmarks Club by the Out West Co., 115 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$5,915.50.

New contributions, \$1 each — Miss Elizabeth W. Johnson, West New Brighton, N. Y.; Mrs. Francis Fisher Browne, Pasadena, Cal.; Edmund G. Hamerly, Philadelphia; Juliette Estelle Mathis, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Smead, Mrs. J. S. Pierce, Los Angeles.

THE LION has never been fierce and forward for statehood to be given New Mexico and Arizona. It is a large question for a small mind ; and after only half a life of study he doesn't feel that he is Quite There. Which rather bears out Senator Beveridge's proclaimed gospel* that the more a man learns a country the less he really knows about it. For the gentleman from Indiana, after knowing the Territories almost as many days as the Lion has known them years, is Dead Sure.

Now, be it said at the outset that Senator Beveridge's report to Congress in opposition to statehood does not merit the abuse it has received in some Western quarters. It shows some work, and an excellent spirit of tolerance. It is entirely logical that one who thinks the Filipinos have no rights to self-government because they are Far and "Furrin," should feel that Americans who are also a Long Way Off from Hooppole township have no home-rule rights either ; but Mr. Beveridge has plainly tried not to be Scared in the Woolly West ; and not to be too hard on his intellectual and oral inferiors. Perhaps this is a sarcastic way of saying it ; but that is for the fault of his kind, and not of Mr. Beveridge, sole. He has really done very well. That he did not do even better is the blame of his environment. And the findings on his argument are as to the Opposition he leads, rather than aimed at him individually.

He justly observes that in considering the admission of a State there are two things to be weighed :

- 1st, the interests of the people in it ;
- 2nd, the interests of the remainder of the Republic.

Also, he is right in holding that the second consideration should have as much weight as the first. It should have more. We decided, nearly forty years ago, that the Republic is more than the State Rights, or even the property rights and the human lives, of almost half of it.

But here our paths part. Mr. Beveridge fears the average morality of the nation's politics and pocket-book would be injured by the admission of New Mexico and Arizona. This may remind the cynical of a certain elegy by Goldsmith :

THE FORKS
OF THE
ROAD.

*See August, 1902, p. 222.

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

Territorial politics are mean enough ; but they would make a white mark on the politics of New York, Pennsylvania, and some other States—not excepting the one which invented "Blocks of Five" (Mr. B.'s own)—and are fully up to the national average. And as to being Seen on the Street Together, Santa Fé or Phoenix might well say to Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago : "Well, if I can stand it, I guess *you* can."

But some who have been really unable to shiver lest the Virtuous States be corrupted, deject and altogether deflowered, by taking two more apprentices into the family—some such have refrained from urgency, because they were not sure of the present benefit of statehood to the people of the two Territories. The politicians, yes, and at once ; the people sometime, as certainly. But just now ?

Yet this is really timid. Statehood is the destiny and the right of American communities. Self government is the American Idea. And the way we learn self-government is by using it. One of the hardest things for the "statesman" to remember who plays his researches in one-night stands, is that the Republic is the Privilege of Misgoverning Ourselves. It isn't Compulsory for us to be "run" by Tammanies and Platts and so on ; but we May if we Prefer. And though the advantage of the nation is paramount, we do not think to clap these maladministered States back into the calaboose of territorialism. If they Like It So, they are Entitled.

IT WORKS

BOTH

WAYS.

It is an edged tool with which the Senator toys, when he maintains that the Territories really have already all the self-government anyone needs, you know ; and that they shouldn't mind being unable to choose their own governors, senators and judiciary. He believes the national government gives them better governors and judges than they would be likely to elect for themselves at present ; and that they are just as well off without senators. Here is one of the last persons extant with whom he can pick a quarrel on either point. But quite as much is true of Indiana. A president—certainly if he were Roosevelt, and tried real hard—could give the Hoosier State rather better officials than it chooses. And this is true anywhere. But in spite of the many obvious merits of an Intelligent Despotism, we haven't adopted it. We still prefer a democracy, ill and unfairly as we oft administer it.

An Automatic Forgettery, and the ability to see in a crowd only the man or fact that can serve you, are always convenient in politics. The people too poor to afford them, sometimes become Statesmen. Nowadays we incline to be surprised and grateful when a Senator seriously knows, or cares seriously to study—or to have his clerk compile for him—something of some one item of the history of his country. Some do; more do not.

HAVING EYES
THEY
SEE NOT.

Senator Beveridge's chief argument—though possibly not his chief concern—is the matter of population. Perhaps the people of the two Territories would look just as few to him if they were reliable for a good majority for the Party. This is not invidious. Every politician gets some color to his spectacles from these things. But in any event, the whole argument is as “preposterous” as the *Springfield Republican* justly calls his position that nowadays a Territory should not be admitted till it has at least 1,650,000 inhabitants. As that dean of New England journals also points out, most of his entire case could have been made just as truthfully, at the time, against the admission of half the States that are now in the Union. The gravity with which he presents his treatise on what are, and what should be, the population-requirements for statehood, becomes ludicrous in face of his innocence of history. For the census is so easy that even a clerk can “dig it out.” Now, for the benefit of such as may need it:

There were Thirteen original States. They were not Admitted, but Just Came In, together. The first census of the United States covered them all. Five of them were smaller in population than New Mexico now is; three were smaller than Arizona.

CONFOUNDED
BY OUR
OWN HISTORY.

Vermont was the first State “Admitted to the Union.” It hadn't nearly as many people as Arizona has, nor half as many as New Mexico.

In all, 32 States have been “admitted.” Twenty of them had, at admission, fewer people than New Mexico has; and a third of them had fewer than Arizona has.

Mr. Beveridge thinks New Mexico hasn't enough people to entitle it to be admitted as a State; but it has almost 50,000 more people than his own State of Indiana had *four years after its admission*. Let us bow in prayer for a moment.

New Mexico has 40,000 more population than Illinois had 12 years after admission; almost 60,000 more than Missouri had 13 years after admission; 90,000 more than Tennessee had 4 years after admission; 40,000 more than Louisiana had 8 years, or Vermont 9 years, after their admission.

New Mexico has more than twice as many people as California had; three times as many as Oregon had; more than three times as many as Ohio or Kentucky had; over ten per cent. more than Minnesota had; twice as many as Arkansas had, when they were respectively admitted.

New Mexico has more people than Florida had 25 years after it was admitted! It has more than Iowa or Colorado had four years after their admission. It has more people than Kansas, or Missouri, or Idaho, or Wyoming, or Nevada had; and almost as many as Texas had; and within 15,000 of as many as Michigan had.

So much for the "admitted" States. As to the Immortal Thirteen, New Mexico has, in round numbers, 10,000 more people than New Jersey had; 50,000 more than New Hampshire had; 110,000 more than Georgia had; 130,000 more than Rhode Island had; 140,000 more than Delaware had, when they mutually erected themselves into a Union of sovereign States.

To sum up, New Mexico has a larger population than had any of five of the original, or any of twenty of the admitted States. That is, 25 out of the total 45 States in the Union did not have as many people when they were crowned with statehood as New Mexico has today.

As for Arizona, the following States had smaller populations when they "got in" than the Territory now has—Kansas, Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi, Tennessee, Florida, Kentucky, California, Arkansas, Oregon, Vermont, Georgia, Rhode Island, Delaware. And probably also Missouri, Indiana, and Alabama. At the next census, from one to nine years after their admission, these had but a few thousand—20,000 for Missouri, in 9 years—above Arizona's present population. Arizona by the way, has within 2,000 of as many people as Delaware had in 1870, when it had been 80 years a State. And no Addicks.

The mantle of Elijah is a reverend garment when it hath fallen upon Elisha; but when Elisha falls upon it, to save the trouble of clothing himself with knowledge, it is a tricky wrap, most prone to fly off and discover his nakedness. And this is true not only of prophecy in words, but of the effective prophecy of acts or of Do-Nothing. Mr. Beveridge of course does not say that New Mexico and Arizona will always remain unpopulous and inconsequent; but that provincial Eastern belief is all on earth the whole opposition means—excepting where it means political partisanship. That is the Tenderfoot of it.

SOME DANGERS
OF "JUST
GUESSING."

For you can't sempiternally Sometimes Tell. When the two became federal States together, Virginia had far more than twice as many people as New York, and

was by 75 per cent. the biggest State in the little Union. To-day, Virginia is 17th in rank, and has but little more than one-quarter the population of New York. The one chief city of the Empire State has nearly twice as many people as the whole area of the Mother of Presidents. Illinois began federal house-keeping with two-thirds as many people as Massachusetts did; but today it counts more than three times as many inhabitants as the Old Bay State. Vermont and Ohio entered the Union only eleven years apart; Vermont three times the more populous. Today, Vermont has less than one-twelfth the population of Ohio. And the provincials of that day would have smiled as pityingly as their successors do, if any one had arisen to foretell the Thing that Was To Be within only sixty years or so.

It is not likely, in the Lion's judgment, that New Mexico and Arizona will, with the imminent century, so crushingly

"Mock the wisdom of the Wise
And the valor of the Brave"

that guess at them afar off, or dare them on a Pullman. But as strange things politically have happened. On the opening pages of this present magazine are quoted the words of two men who were—it is certainly not offensive to say—more learned than any statesman now fighting the admission of the two Territories. No one need feel injured by being put after Webster and Whitney. And the way *they* "missed it" may well be a warning to less entitled guessers at the bean-jar of futurity. If anyone in 1840 had prophesied the finances we know now, he would have been detained as a maniac. There "wasn't gold enough in the world to do it," you know. But irrigation is a far greater upsetting of "orthodox" ideas than the discovery of Sound Money was. No man may reckon its outcome—except that it will be prodigious. And the two Territories will be "among those present."

Furthermore, it does seem that to anyone searching the census rather for truth than for props to a pre-judged case, it might have occurred to investigate how the bald statistics of population "stand." Figures mean nothing, anywhere, until they are compared with other figures; and even a schoolboy might have gone a step beyond the kindergarten discovery of *which* commonwealths have the most population. But there are people who do not know how to "so, Boss!" even when the Cow of Knowledge Comes to them to be Milked. Or perhaps Mr. Beveridge's clerk got Tired too Soon. By keeping awake just a little longer, he could have discovered that Arizona, though its population *is* small, has gained more people in the last ten years than have Kansas and Delaware put together; more than have New Hampshire, Vermont and Delaware, put together; more than has any one of ten political divisions of the Union; and more than eight times as many as has Nebraska. Of poor Nevada, we need not make an

LIKEWISE, OF
GETTING TIRED
TOO SOON.

argument; but the table below* is commended to the attention of several Darkest-Easterners. This, of course, is in actual numbers. As for per cent. of increase in population in the decade, it may be uninteresting to that class, but it is a census fact, that not one State in the Union comes anywhere near Arizona, and only the Territory of Oklahoma leads it. Only three States have half its percentage of increase — and none of these are in the East. Only five States in the East — being liberal, and counting Florida and Illinois as "East" — have one quarter as high a per cent. of increase. Indiana's per cent. is about one-sixth of Arizona's.

WHAT IS,
AND IS NOT,
PERTINENT.

Now it does concern such a study as the Senate Committee was called upon to make, whether the population is stationary or climbing. It doesn't concern it that the Territories have fewer people than most States, or even than some congested cities. People of ordinary sense understand that, beforehand. If the Territories were States already, they wouldn't be asking to be *made* States. Altogether, it is not too much to say that the entire use of comparative statistics in the Beveridge report is rather insulting to the public intelligence; and that its choice of direction and limitation would appear dishonest were it not so palpably ignorant. Most of the States of the Union were, when they came in, smaller and poorer than they are now, and than some of the older ones were then. As for the further plea (the only comparison into which the Senator waded even ankle-deep) that the Territories have fewer people than some cities — why, for that matter, neither has Indiana two-thirds as many as the city of New York. That sort of "parallel" could be used upon many States; but the primary class in arithmetic generally gets over trying to "find the sum of thirteen potatoes and four apples."

TELL ME NOT
IN IDLE
NUMBERS.

With this little answer from our history and from the census of 1900—both of which are so ridiculously easy to be consulted, if anyone is so constituted as to Like to Learn—the question of numerical population may perhaps consider itself taken in and done for. Mr. Beveridge's further argument that this innumerosness—portentous and alarming as he finds it *per se*—is all the more menacing to Free Institutions because the Territories are big in area, needs no long attention. There will be estimable people to read, as solemnly as he wrote, the tables and "comparisons" which index his conviction that the 195,000 New Mexicans are unfortunate and really abnormal in not being

* Increase of population from 1890 to 1900. Figures from U. S. Census 1900:

State	Pop. 1890	Pop. 1900	Increase Number
Arizona.....	59,620	122,931	63,311
District of Columbia.....	230,392	278,718	48,326
Kansas	1,427,096	1,470,495	43,399
New Mexico.....	153,593	195,310	41,717
New Hampshire.....	376,530	411,588	35,058
Maine.....	661,086	694,466	33,380
Wyoming.....	60,705	92,531	31,826
Delaware.....	168,493	184,735	16,242
Vermont.....	332,422	343,641	11,218

crowded into such space as so many Americans bump one another withal in Jersey City. And with these it is waste of breath to argue. It may be suggested, however, that thus there is all the more room for Tenderfeet—or, seriously, that a new State might have worse faults than lands for home-seekers and home-makers.

But when he maintains that because New Mexico has only 1.6 persons to the square mile, and Arizona 1.1, they are therefore too sparsely settled to be admitted as States,—why, again History and the Census wag their heads at him. Even Arizona is more densely populated than Illinois was when admitted; about as densely as Ohio was; almost twice as densely as Oregon or California were. New Mexico is more thickly settled than Ohio, Illinois, Florida, Georgia, California or Oregon were when they became States. Does anyone suggest that *they* were a mistake? Mr. Beveridge wishes all new States to be large in area, but he would that they become, before they may have statehood, almost as thick with humanity as the crowded, tomato-patch-sized States most Westerners have come West precisely to escape the sardining of.

Driven from the redoubt of "numbers," the Opposition at once falls back on its more intimate ditch—"Well, but what *sort* of a population?" And here the Tender Foot shows cloven—not merely the uncomfortable corn of ignorance of history, but the old bifidity of race and religious prejudice, of hatred of the Fellow and the Thing we Don't Know. WE don't know them? Then What Business have they, anyhow?

THE TERROR
OF THE
TENDERFOOT.

Through this very ticklish matter, Mr. Beveridge, in his report, carries himself as a gentlemen and a Senator should. He is fair minded, dignified, considerate. Would that it might be added that he is wise. Or even consistent—for he has been one of the leading champions of our gobbling ten million *other* people who Cannot Talk English.

In very fact, a great deal of Spanish is spoken in New Mexico; and in Arizona, more than a West-from-the-Car-Window tourist understands. Over both noble landscapes still wander many Persons who Pursue Cows, and more that Hunt Holes—and dig 'em, and get Stuff out—and other Desperate Characters. There are many people who cannot write. I believe Abraham Lincoln's mother could not. There are a still larger number who do not wear kid gloves, nor that crowning triumph of intellectuality, the "Plug Hat." Neither did Horace Greeley. There are also saloons and games of chance; and one can fancy the pious shock to a gentleman from Washington at discovering, in the Wicked West, that such things as the two latter can be, to overcome us like a summer crowd without our special wonder. Also the unction with which he sees and says that the openness of them proves the moral unfitness for statehood of communities which tolerate it. The only Truly Moral way, of course, is to put a green screen before these omnipresent vices and to make them a means of support-by-blackmail for thousands of base parasites who are always useful in Practical

HIS
PIOUS
HORROR.

Politics; as is the fashion in New York — and, though not always so shamelessly, in every other large city in the Union.

THERE
ARE

OTHERS.

As to the language, there are not so many people in New Mexico who speak Spanish as there are people in Ohio or Wisconsin who talk German when they can do as they prefer, though there is a greater proportion. The multitudes of Poles and Hungarians, in Pennsylvania and other coal-mining States; the Canadian French in New England, the Italian and Yiddish and Swedish and German one hears in various Eastern communities — aren't the mighty gastric juices of the Republic at work on these? In Cincinnati, surrounded with English-speaking associates, thousands of mighty good American people still talk German by choice when they have a chance. In New Mexico, the preponderance of nativity is all the other way; and then the unhumorous descendant of the People that Have to be Trepanned, wonders why everyone hasn't already forgotten his native tongue in joy of the English! And Senator Beveridge, I believe, is of them that expect to make English the language of the Philippines!

LANGUAGE
NOT YET

A CRIME.

Now so far as a rather extraordinary experience teaches, this outcry against the Territories for their linguistic impertinence comes almost exclusively from people who themselves know only one language — and that, most of them, no better than the law allows. Spanish isn't fatal. Several good men have spoken it and still survived to the appointed span. Even a Yankee may be immune. And I think I can find in New Mexico about twice as many persons who talk two languages as Senator Beveridge can find in Indianapolis; and about four times as many who can get along in three.

"But it isn't American." Sho! Neither is ignorance. Eighty years before English was spoken anywhere in the New World, this other European tongue was talked in what is now United States — to say nothing of the equal historic fact that earlier yet it had reached over most of the habitable parts of the two continents. To this day, it is current over a larger area in America than English is. So it isn't so *Un-American* as some. New Mexico had christianity and civilization before New England had. And without insisting upon other even more odious historic comparisons, New Mexico has taught the nation more about so simple a thing as farming than New England — and Indiana — ever did. When more "Americans" fill up New Mexico, the natives will learn English quite as fast, with relation to environment, as the Germans or French learn it in Eastern States. A Senator ought not to need to be reminded of this.

WHAT THE
NEW MEXICANS
ARE LIKE.

As a sheer matter of fact — and perhaps it is not immodest to doubt if any person now extant is familiar with a larger number of them — the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico are as good Americans as we need. They are a decent, god-fearing, law-respecting, hospitable, gentle people. And an intensely patriotic one. Doubtless it escaped Senator Beveridge's memory that they saved the West to the Union. As Von Moltke saw and said, the "joint in our back-

bone" was the Rio Grande valley. Even the Confederates guessed a little of this. The North was handsfull with troubles of its nearer own, and did nothing. But when Sibley came up the Rio Grande to split the Union, New Mexico sent him home baffled. Glorieta was a good deal more significant and far reaching than many battles wherein a hundred times as many were slain, and battles that people have Heard Of. *Enough* "rebels" were killed; and the South heard of it, if the North did not. And the man who saved that great day was a noble old New Mexican who couldn't talk English — Col. Manuel Chaves.

But we stray from Congressional logic. To return. MONKEYING
WITH THE
CENSUS Mr. Beveridge is peculiarly unfortunate in all his shy flirtations with the census. In mining, for instance, he compares New Mexico and Arizona with the three States that are the world's giants; and rules them out because they do not "stack up." Why not compare them with *Fellows Their Size*? Arizona produces more than eighteen and a half millions of dollars a year from her mines. How about Indiana? How about mining in two-thirds of the States? And possibly it has missed the gentleman's notice that in per capita of manufactured products Arizona is well ahead of Indiana; being above the average for the Union, while Indiana is away below it.*

He has also doubtless forgotten, in enumerating the resources of the two Territories, to mention the trivial fact that New Mexico has just as many square miles of forests as Maine — and if he had been adjudicating Maine instead of New Mexico he might have remembered lumber as an asset — with the hardly less trivial fact that the two Territories together have some 30% more area of forest than all six New England States in a lump.

In its undigested tables of stock-raising, the report SERIOUS
SINS OF
OMISSION. utterly avoids comparison — which might have been interesting. It gives no hint that only two States in the Union have as many sheep as New Mexico — which has nearly 900,000 more than Ohio, the next in rank; or almost as many as the greatest sheep-State east of the Missouri, with all six New England States thrown in. And Arizona has more sheep than all New England. In cattle, New Mexico has more than any one of 28 States, being 20th in rank in the Union. Arizona has more than any one of twenty States. The two Territories combined have more cattle than all New England, whose six States have over seventeen times the joint population of Arizona and New Mexico.

The same sort of a judicial mind shows forth throughout. In agriculture, Senator Beveridge compares the two Territories not with even the average States but with the Whoppers. New Mexico and Arizona don't produce a tithe as much wheat and corn as Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas, etc. So they are evidently too poor cereally for statehood. But at the last census, New Mexico raised more than two and a half times as much corn,

	* Rank in Union.	Val. mfd. products per capita
Arizona.....	17	\$173.39.
Whole Union.....	—	170.90
Indiana.....	21	150.26

and more than six times as much wheat as Maine, which has over three and one-half times its population. Even Arizona raised four and a half times as much wheat as the Pine Tree State. While in Maine the total value of farm property is less than one-tenth of one per cent. above what it was ten years ago, the total value of farm property in New Mexico has gained more than 200 per cent. in the same decade, and the total value of farm products 469 per cent. As for Arizona, whose "great occupation is mining," in the words of the report, he has similarly forgotten to learn—or at least to record—the fact that in the last ten years the value of its farms has increased over 160 per cent. and the value of its farm products 470 per cent. In the same decade the increase of the whole Union in these two items was only 28 and 92 per cent., respectively. The number of farms in Arizona is more than four times what it was ten years ago; while New Hampshire* has increased only 95 farms in fifty years. In ten years, too, the Territory has built 545 miles of irrigating canals, and increased its irrigated lands by nearly 120,000 acres. Incidentally, this land averages to be worth nearly six times as much per acre after it is made irrigable as it was before.

FIGURES
THAT MEAN
SOMETHING.

All this does not look much like stagnation of agriculture in either Territory. The figures in their favor could be spun long, but there is no need. It will suffice to make a casual comparison in per capita value of total farm products in a few States;† mildly showing that herein New Mexico and Arizona lead some pretty respectable commonwealths; and that on the other hand the Senator's own Indiana, though a rich farming State, is Small Potatoes beside some others. The list could be considerably extended—both to the advantage of the Territories and the disadvantage of Indiana. They are not so far behind it—except in malaria. In this per capita, either Territory runs a close second to the great farming State of Illinois, surpasses mighty Ohio, doubles New York, and quadruples Massachusetts. All of which has rather more pertinence to any sober consideration of the case than has the labored proof that the Territories are not so old at twenty-one as they would be at eighty. The point is that they are growing faster in most respects than most of the present States; and that they are already Old Enough to Vote.

* See page 157

† Remembering that "total farm products" include something besides cereals, and bearing in mind the "dairies, fruits and live-stock sold or slaughtered," in some of the States below, the list is extra interesting. Figures (in even dollars) from U. S. Census, 1900.

Per capita		Per capita	
New Mexico.....	\$52	N. Dakota.....	\$169
Arizona.....	50	S. Dakota.....	131
Ohio.....	48	Iowa.....	118
Michigan.....	45	Kansas.....	109
Maine.....	39	Montana.....	96
New Hampshire.....	38	Idaho.....	90
New York.....	25	Oregon.....	77
Connecticut.....	24	Vermont.....	64
Pennsylvania.....	24	Indiana.....	62
Massachusetts.....	12	Illinois.....	55

The entire report is of course based purely on "business." Had Senator Hoar been of the Committee, he might have taken the Eastern view; but he certainly would have inquired if there were any obligations of honor or of treaty involved. Senator Beveridge is by now well hardened in looking only for national "advantage." But the only argument in his whole quiver which is either true or sensible, even as "business," is that if this Congress doesn't let them in, some other can; and that if they were let in, and it proved a mistake, it could not be undone. So soon does the "Tomorrow habit," for which New Mexico has so often been ridiculed, seem to have been contagious! But it is all a little cowardly. The business of *this* Congress is to Find Out, and then Act. One doesn't find out much, however, with so superficial effort as the Senate Committee has satisfied itself withal.

There *are* people in the United States to whom it is not idle to say that American citizenship has a few other metes, bounds, standards and rights, besides those measured by "What's he Got?" and "What's In It?" There are even people who have heard of such a thing as the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and who understand that the citizens of New Mexico and Arizona have a double claim on the nation, such as none of the old States had—not only the inherent right of American communities to home rule, but the added solemn pledge of this Government, in the aforesaid treaty, to the people it took over from Mexico after the war made by the Beveridges of that day. And most of the people who know enough of history to know this, have morals enough to apply it; as have also some others. No nation ever found "advantage"—for long—by being either unjust or ignorant. No nation ever will. It is not the Territories that will lose most, if still denied, but the country. For a time at the outset, in the Lion's unimportant opinion, the people of the Territories would suffer somewhat by Statehood. There are many unchanged scoundrels there—and mostly where the largest apples are found—though none so pernicious as every crowded State harbors. But the way to learn to walk is to Walk. When the interest on this Principle falls due, both nation and Territories will be the richer if the American Idéa be not sacrificed now to the God of Chatham street.

Since these pages were put in type there comes to hand *The Outlook*, of January 24, with a "Defense of New Mexico," by a New Mexican, so vigorous and so truthful—and incidentally showing how the Beveridge Committee "investigated"—that it is worth anyone's reading. Though it sharply raps *The Outlook* for early comments on the matter (many of which comments were so grossly mistaken as to be surprising in that habitually valuable journal) the editors admit that it is the strongest argument they have yet seen for Statehood. But neither that, nor this, nor any other presentment now liable, can exhaust the logical, the historical, the ethical, even the "business" baselessness and absurdity of the fight against statehood. Nor, probably, relieve any large number of certain people of their present lively sense of the Impertinence of the Things They Don't Know.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

as vision of that which is to do broadens. A third is his theory and practice of the use of the pruning-knife. By any one of these yardsticks applied to his latest — and last — work, Frank Norris was a great novelist. For the "Epic of the Wheat" — that mighty trilogy which shall now never be completed — grasps boldly at the huge, elemental forces of nature — the blind "Will to Live," unmoral, without self-consciousness, striding along its appointed way; crushing this man or that community with neither hatred nor relenting; tossing to another the thing it hungers after with equal indifference. It gazes upon the lives of men and women, one after another; follows each in its eager-eyed pursuit of wealth or leadership or love; watches each struggler winning or losing in his own particular game — but always blindly serving his purpose in the great game he does not guess of. Now this is the motive and the inspiration of the immortal Greek tragedies. It is the summing up of religious creeds as far apart on the surface as those taught by the Prince Gautama, Marcus Aurelius and John Calvin. It is at the heart of Hamlet, of *Les Misérables*, of *La Comédie Humaine*. Little men have told it in their little stories and philosophies, without knowing it. Large men tell it consciously and of set purpose. That the drama is shown for the moment in California or Chicago, that a railroad or a Stock Exchange is the tool with which destiny works, that a wheat-grower or a stock-speculator is the atom in its way — these are but the incidents by which the enduring truth is translated into the language of the passing moment.

That Norris saw his subject in its full bigness is evident in both *The Octopus* and *The Pit*. Its outlines, somewhat vague at first, became sharp and definite as he worked, the while his hand grew stronger and steadier. And while *The Octopus* would have been much better for trimming down and cutting out, *The Pit* proves that he had discovered this for himself and profited by it.

Let a student but penetrate deeply enough to the roots of human action, and he will be able to interpret it for himself and others as no mere surface observer, however minutely careful, can possibly do. In *The Pit* are at least half a dozen men and a couple of women who are real creations — not clay models nor stuffed automatons nor embodied virtues or vices, but live folks pretty much like those we know. Only we can know them better than is generally possible from the haphazard and occasional bumping together of people outside a novel. Each one of them proves handsomely worth knowing, too. It seems hardly necessary to add that the story holds one fast from the opening chapters, and that the book is not one to be willingly missed. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

"'ERE'S
RICHNESS
FOR YOU!'"

Hiram Albert Vance, Ph. D. (Jena), Professor of English in the University at Nashville takes himself with mighty seriousness in his function of editor of, Stevenson's *Treasure Island* — a gravity

which will hardly be shared by readers with an adequate sense of the ridiculous. The opening sentence of his "Prefatory Note" strides solemnly forward like this :

The immediate interest, unattended by historical perspective or severe analysis, which this classic must arouse is, I believe a sufficiently sound pedagogical reason for its appearance in this *series* [of English and American classics.]

Imagine the brain so built that it is unsatisfied without a "sound pedagogical reason" for *Treasure Island*! The maddest burlesque could hardly outdo the "Subjects For Study And Comparison" offered by this Ph. D. of Jena. Here are two of the ten :

3. Give your appreciation of Jim Hawkins; also of Dick Johnson.

8. Do the buccaneers all act consistently with Israel Hand's dictum, "I never saw any good come o' goodness?" Make your point clear by an analysis of their conduct.

But it is in the "Notes," which are affirmed to be either explanations of sea-terms or suggestions for the enlargement of romantic interest that the learned Professor of Literature is at his choicest. His knowledge of sea-terms, despite the ocean-trip which he must have taken to win a Ph. D. at Jena, bears all the marks of having been obtained on the banks of the Cumberland River, from a somewhat incomplete dictionary. Except when it is purely a product of constructive imagination—as, for example, his explanation of "on a lee-shore." While, as for "romantic interest," Dr. Vance clearly knows it only by name and in theory. There is no quicker, surer way of utterly destroying a youngster's taste for and appreciation of literature than to compel him to "study" it after this fashion. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. 25 cents.

Rose Standish Nichols's *English Pleasure Gardens* is thoroughly attractive from front cover to back, inclusive. "Stately" is hardly too large a word to apply to it, both as to form and substance. Its title would have been more accurate had the limiting adjective been omitted, since it ranges in time as far back as the days when Assyria and Egypt were the "world-powers," and a-field even unto China and Japan. The author plainly gathered an immense mass of material and selected from it with peculiarly discriminating taste. The illustrations—something like 300 of them—include many interesting reproductions of choice old plates. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$4 net.

Of close kinship in more than one way to the *Pleasure Gardens* is Alice Morse Earle's *Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday*—and a rare good family it is. The title was not alluring, and I did not expect to be interested. In fact, there is not a dull page in the book. It is a most unusual combination of sound and thorough scholarship with a warm sympathy that makes of it a thing alive. For curious information it is nothing less than a mine. Here is a possible scientific explanation of the miracle of Ahaz; there a quotation from Geoffrey Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, written for his ten-year-old son; at one point accurate details concerning the calendar and festivals of the Aztecs; at another recipes for "a Tart of Hips," and a "Conserve of Roses boyld." Yet it is not in the least a patchwork, but a closely woven and harmonious fabric. Nor is one of the two hundred and thirty-odd illustrations superfluous. Even the initial letters at the beginning of each chapter are reproduced from the days when the men who made books loved them and spared no pains to adorn and beautify them in every detail. It is a book to own and to delight in. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50 net.

From the sun dial in the garden up through the rose-bushes to the house is but a step—and so one comes very naturally to the last of this really remarkable trio of books to issue from the same publishers in a single month. This is *Furniture of the Olden Time*, by Frances Clary Morse, a sister of Mrs. Earle, to whom it is dedicated. Its field is narrower, being confined to the United States and for the most part to Colonial days. But it evidences the same patient, delving industry, the same habit of the student loving his work and counting no price of effort or research too high for making it accurate, complete and beautiful. Here again the illustration is both profuse—there are 295 half-tones from photographs—and intimate. Three books so finished, so competent, so thoroughly worth while, on cognate subjects and within a single month, is a notable record for any publishing house—even that of Macmillan, which is more wonted than most to the doing of such things. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3 net.

HOW TO THINK
YOURSELF

Richard Ingalese — whose portrait is very like that of the handsomest, most genial and most successful wholesale cloth-salesman I ever happened to know personally — devotes some 286 pages to the *History and Power of Mind*. It is an eminently practical book, with instructions for winning love, "greater mentality," hundred-dollar bills, a piece of carpet three feet long, or whatever else one's fancy may run to. To get money, for example, one is first to make a mental image of the amount wanted in bills of such size as are required. This is the matrix. Then "say to the Universal Consciousness, 'give me this creation,'" and keep saying it until you get it. Since "the Universe is the materialization of the Divine Idea; the Spiritual plane received the impress of the Divine Mind when creation commenced and the Planetary Spirits seeing the picture, poured into it their own vibratory force and so worlds were brought into existence," it follows obviously that your mental matrix will sometime draw the money to you. If it ever occurred to Mr. Ingalese that one way of getting money was by earning it, he has failed to mention the fact. The Occult Book Concern, New York. \$2.

THE USES
OF THE

To the volume on the *Deer Family* in the American Sportsman's Library, Theodore Roosevelt contributes about half — and a right interesting contribution it is. Mr. Roosevelt thoroughly believes in the life in the open, the exposure, the hard work, and the self-reliance which go with big-game hunting as of the greatest value in counteracting the tendency to softness of fiber which develops in cities. He counts going after the game much more important than getting it; and he names as the chief attractions in the chase "the chance to be in the wilderness; to see the sights and hear the sounds of wild nature," and "the demand . . . upon the qualities of manliness and hardness." This is unimpeachable doctrine, and, as is well known, Mr. Roosevelt evidences his faith by his works. T. S. Van Dyke treats the "Deer and Elk of the Pacific Coast," in his customary informed and agreeable manner; while D. G. Elliot and A. J. Stone are satisfactory upon "The Caribou" and "The Moose." The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

ONE
OF THE
BUILDERS.

This generation is apt to think of George Francis Train, when it remembers him at all, as a harmless old denizen of the Mills Hotel, erratic to the edge of insanity and liable to break loose at almost any unexpected place. It forgets that through the larger part of a former generation he was a Power, a Builder, a man of colossal conceptions, and with the nerve and energy to bring them to pass. Before he was twenty, he was one of the foremost figures in establishing the clipper-ship line around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Before he was thirty, he built the first street-railway in England, paying for it out of his own pocket. At thirty, he organized the Credit Mobilier, raised the money to commence work on the Union Pacific railroad, and in person broke the ground for the first mile of railway track ever laid west of the Missouri. The world could use any number of men afflicted with this particular brand of eccentricity. His Autobiography, lately published, makes very brisk and entertaining reading; and if Mr. Train always sees himself at the center of whatever was going on, never by any chance on the circumference, that is a habit of vision common to many others who have far less justification. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net; postage 12 cents.

THE TROUBLE
WITH
NEW ENGLAND.

The Taskmasters, by George K. Turner, is a rather promising introductory volume to the "First Novel" series. It is a story of a New England manufacturing town, and is concerned largely with the oppressions of employers, the ignorant submissiveness of the employed sometimes swelling into rebellion, and the machinations of ring politicians. The hero is a young enthusiast who sees his mission to lie in reforming things both in general and in particular. He narrowly escapes the accustomed fate of reformers, through no fault of his own. It is a holding story, earnestly told, and if the author lays on his colors considerably thicker than they are found in life, that is a fault not confined exclusively to "first novels." The final philosophizing is interesting for sundry reasons — one of which is the surprise at learning that for a century and a half New England has been "damned with clammy sentimentality; all our thinking reeking with sentimental rot — political, social, religious." McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The latest volume of essays, lectures and addresses by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria—*Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments*, has an added interest by reason of his appointment as member of the Coal Strike Commission. It needed no added weight. Bishop Spalding's thinking is habitually of that clear, direct, undodging sort which commands invariable attention and respect. For myself, the address at the Altgeld Memorial Meeting is fullest of interest. Its tenor may be gathered from its closing phrases:

JUSTICE
TO A
JUST MAN.

I salute, with admiration, respect, and reverence the memory of a genuine and heroic man—the truest servant of the people and the most disinterested politician whom Illinois has known since Lincoln died.

A different Altgeld, to be sure, from the one who was believed by many sincere—but mistaken—gentlemen to be a menace to society and a proper subject to stand up blindfolded against a wall before a firing line. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 80 cents *net*.

There are many good reasons for reading Joel Chandler Harris's *Gabriel Tolliver*, and I discover none for abstaining from it. It is a clean and well-wrought story, in the first place. Then it gives a picture of what "Reconstruction" meant in Georgia, which is of distinct historical value, though masquing as fiction. The point of view is that of the South, yet it is by no means rabidly partizan—indeed, it seems to this Northern reader a moderate and just statement of conditions that must have been almost intolerable. And Mr. Harris neither adds local color nor makes character-studies. His people simply live where they belong and go about their accustomed business—and he lets the reader see them. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

ANOTHER
STORY OF
RECONSTRUCTION.

The Romance of Business is a vein discovered only lately, and the writers who mine it persistently and successfully are still very few. Two of those whose first delvings were most profitable—Frank Norris and Harold Frederic—have passed untimely, and Harry K. Webster is probably the first of those that are left. His *Roger Drake, Captain of Industry*, is both a fascinating story and an illuminating study of the development of a great industry, of the growth of mighty industrial combinations and of the battles of financial giants where mines and railroads and newspapers—and for that matter legislatures and courts—are to be fought over, and bought and sold. Not the least interest in this book is the closeness with which, at some points, it follows the Daly-Clark feud in Montana, where the scene of the story is laid. It leaves one wondering how far the parallelism goes. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

HOW
MUCH IS
FICTION?

In considering the series of "Best Writings of Great Authors," of which *The Best of Stevenson* and *The Best of Balzac* are already published, one is driven to various wonderings. As to whether, for instance, someone will presently undertake to introduce us to the Best of Greek Art by offering for our inspection the heel of the Winged Mercury, the waist of the Venus of Melos, and the contorted face of Laocöon. By no such method, in fact, is it possible to learn anything worth the while about any work of art. Assuming, however, that such a forking up of fragments is to be permitted at all, it is reasonably well done in the present case by Alexander Jessup. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25 each.

AN OFFERING
OF
FRAGMENTS.

The strength and the charm of Charles G. D. Roberts as shown in *Barbara Ladd*—and as has been evidenced in former works—lie in his intimate sympathy with the forest, the river, the meadow, and the wild things that are at home there. As a student of human character or a writer of historical romance, he leaves much to be desired. The present story professes to be of Connecticut in Revolutionary times, but it is a Connecticut quite unlike any of which sober students have found any trace in the records. Nor is the spoiled child who attempts to commit suicide because she has been scolded either convincing or attractive. There is a curiously feminine note throughout the book for one that is from a masculine pen. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

CONNECTICUT
AS IT
NEVER WAS.

In the stories collected under the title *Whom The Gods Destroyed*, Josephine Dodge Daskam has for the most part deserted the field in which she is, if not *facile princeps*, at least *facile inter*

STRAYING
AWAY FROM
HOME.

principes—the study of child-life—to make tempting excursions into meadows where others have delighted to browse. Without being disrespectful, one may imagine Mary Wilkins, Richard Harding Davis and others looking slightly askant at the daring and skillful incursionist, and taking a fresh grip higher up on their hard-won laurels. But after all Miss Daskam shines most brightly within her own particular bailiwick—witness, in this volume, the tale called *A Little Brother of the Books*. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

SOME KNOTTY ETIQUETTE. The purpose of the "Flame Series" is announced as being to discuss "Literature, Politics, Labor and other fundamental and artistic interests of the period" in a manner "free as thought, yet as inoffensive to the charitable mind as the etiquette of judicious language can make them." Here is a specimen of the "etiquette of judicious language" from Lionel Josephare's answer to *The Divine Question*:

Of what Godhood consists, I, unlike those who, having seen him by the River of Chebar or in Heaven's thunder and lightning and speak of him in devastated obscurity, can but drop the futile pen in ignorance. He lives His thoughts, and this all article is a thought of Him.

All of which may be true, if one could but untangle it. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. 25 cents net.

FRESH GLEANINGS FROM AN OLD FIELD. To take a hopelessly hackneyed subject and extract from it a fresh, novel and thoroughly entertaining book is, to put it mildly, a difficult task. A Los Angeles woman, Katharine Hooker (Mrs. J. D.), has accomplished this in brilliant fashion with her *Wayfarers in Italy*. Her success is partly due to a choice of paths not beaten hard by the tourist foot, partly to a fine discrimination in both seeing and telling, partly to a simple, straightforward, yet delicate, style. The illustrations, from photographs by the author's daughter, are as unshopworn and artistic as the text. The book is beautiful at every point. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3 net.

NOT OF THE BASER SORT. John Bennett has chosen for the scenes on which *Barnaby Lee* appears New Amsterdam under the rule of one-legged, choleric Peter Stuyvesant, and Maryland under the governorship of gallant, debonair Charles Calvert. Though it originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*, the story is far too good for those elders who love a stirring and lifelike tale to allow the youngsters to claim a monopoly of it. If it were given to every struggler in the field of historical romance to weave so compelling a story upon so convincing a back-ground, there would be smaller cause for the shrugging of shoulders. The Century Co., New York; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

After a prolonged silence, Pierre Loti reappears in print with *The Last Days of Peking*, being an account of his experience in China as an officer in the French navy. It was originally written in the form of letters to the *Figaro*, and is rather of transient journalistic interest than of permanent value. Yet his style is unblemished, and the book will entertain its readers. The translation by Myrta L. Jones seems competent, and the illustrations are well selected. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.75 net.

A Southern boy sent to the care of a Northern uncle, who is a physician living in a part of Southern Illinois where Confederate sympathy is strong, is the central figure in Mary Tracy Earle's *The Flag on the Hilltop*. The flag is the method the doctor takes of proclaiming his allegiance to the Union cause and his defiance to the threats of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." It is a sane and clean story, but exciting none the less. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer, Los Angeles. 90 cents net.

Ernest Crosby's *Swords and Plowshares* is for the most part a blend of Tolstoy and Walt Whitman. It is offered as a collection of "Poems and Word Pictures." The word-pictures are there in force, but the poems are scanty. "The Bugler in the Rear," addressed to Rudyard Kipling, sounds a high and strong note. Mr. Crosby hates war, and every other kind of oppression, with a deadly hatred, speaks his thoughts fearlessly, and never fails to be worth reading. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1 net.

The Reformer is as thoroughly in earnest as the rest of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's books, and less removed from everyday practicability than some of them. The object of his attack this time is mainly the "double-deck" tenement and the infamously greedy landlord, though the Demon Rum does not escape wholly unscathed. It is a sound and wholesome book. Advance Publishing Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

THE ETHICS OF IRRIGATION.

THE efforts made in the last few years to force living economic questions upon the attention of public men and legislative bodies have been successful in a gratifying degree. The new Governor of California put the subject of irrigation and forest laws well to the front of his inaugural message. This of itself was a great service to the cause, because it marked the rise of new questions upon the political horizon. The Works Irrigation Bill has been generally spoken of by the correspondents at Sacramento as the most important measure to come before the Legislature. These facts are well worth mentioning as a matter of encouragement to those who have labored in public movements and who have sometimes grown weary because the prospect of results seemed remote. The truth is that the California Water and Forest Association has done a great work. This would be true even if, in the end, every specific measure presented by it should fail of enactment. It has raised issues which needed to be raised, and which must somehow be settled if California is ever to come into her own. It has aroused and organized public sentiment and furnished a forum for discussion. In exactly the same way, the California Constructive League has performed a service by inducing the political parties to take up these questions in their platforms and so force them upon the attention of executive and legislative officers. It is not too much to say that the influences flowing from these movements in the past four years have brought us to the threshold of a new era in the history of the Pacific Coast. Consider the matter of their literature alone. If it were all brought together between one pair of covers — speeches, platforms, government reports, magazine and newspaper articles — it would make a volume of great size and dignity. It would be a volume, too, in which the future historian would find the springs of events, some of which have already happened, but more of which are reserved for development during the momentous years to come.

There are some people who are discouraged — some who are

even indignant — because the progress of these movements has been marked by serious divisions of public sentiment. These people have wished that all might go smoothly to swift results. They have resented any assertion of individual dissent from propositions laid down in the official action of these Associations, regarding it as an unwarranted disturbance of the peace. This is a narrow view, founded on a mistaken idea of the spirit of our institutions. We are living through the birth-throes of a new civilization, which is to grow up and flourish in an environment yet novel to our race. It is not only natural and inevitable, but altogether best, that this process should be accompanied by the friction which arises from differing minds and conflicting principles. In his last magazine article, published about the time of his death, Tom Reed reviewed the results of the November election as affecting certain grave economic problems. He remarked that these problems are still with us, but added: "We have escaped the one great danger of all democracies — the settlement of great questions without discussion." The same idea was in the mind of Governor Pardee when I asked him how he stood on the proposed irrigation legislation. He answered that he wanted to see the measure introduced and thoroughly discussed. Whether the bill should be passed or defeated in the end, he seemed to regard as of secondary consequence. He appreciated the fact (and it is good to have a Governor who does) that irrigation is one of the very big questions of the future, and he wanted the debate to begin at once; for he was confident that out of the fires of discussion would come in time measures essential to the growth and greatness of California.

THE YARDSTICK
TO MEASURE
PRINCIPLES.

In response to the Governor's request, I am going to make my contribution to the irrigation debate in these pages. I would like to lift the discussion to its highest plane. Let us look at it first in its elemental aspects rather than in its details. There is such a thing as the Ethics of Irrigation, for *ethics is the doctrine of man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others.*

This definition is surely a good enough yardstick whereby to measure the principle on which the irrigation institutions of California and the West ought to be firmly established. It must be frankly conceded, of course, that the water laws we now have are the growth of more than half a century, and that we are not in a position to proceed as if we had a clean, blank page on which to write our views. Nevertheless, we must not forget that California is in its infancy. With all our talk about big things, we have been living through an era of little things.

We have turned the small stream, built the small reservoir, and drained the small swamp. The mighty streams, the mighty reservoirs, the mighty swamps — these remain to be dealt with by the statesmanship, the engineering genius and the social forces of the future. If we have done the little end of our development in the wrong way, are we to make the vast development of the future conform to the wrong methods and principles which grew up imperceptibly in consequence of our ignorance and inexperience? Or, rather, are we to consider our great problems from the standpoint of right and justice, then proceed to build in accordance with correct principles, and even aim at the gradual reorganization of existing institutions in conformity therewith? It seems to me there is but one answer to the question. We shall be shamefully false to our obligations to posterity if we perpetuate the wrongs which were fastened upon our economic life by those who failed to appreciate the significance of what they were doing in shaping our early laws and customs.

What is the true doctrine of "man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others" in connection with the water supply of an arid region? Is it the doctrine of private ownership of water apart from lands?

THE SETTLER
IN HUMID
LANDS.

In humid countries there is no question of the artificial diversion of water from its natural channels. The settler acquires a piece of soil, and inseparably associated with it are the three other elements — air, sunshine and moisture — essential to its prosperous cultivation. He is, therefore, a free man. He is ready to go into a partnership with nature to support himself and his family and to make comfortable provision for old age. No man may say to him:

"See here, my friend, I appropriated the air before you bought this land. The land is worthless without the air. I will sell you as much of my air as you need at so much per cubic foot."

Neither may another man come to him and say:

"I knew this land would some day be in demand and so I stepped in and appropriated the sunshine (they were giving it away at that time), and as your land is utterly without value unless you can have the use of a reasonable amount of sunshine, I will sell you what you need at so much per quart."

Still better this settler on humid land cannot be approached by a waterlord who will say:

"My dear friend, I came here a little earlier than you did and looked over the country to find a good speculation. I was shrewd enough to perceive that these valleys would some time sustain a dense population engaged in tilling the soil. I noticed

that the rainfall was not sufficient to permit of intense cultivation on small areas unless supplemented by irrigation. I went up to the mountains and found a treasure-house—the accumulated snows of the winter—and I found places where the waters which flow therefrom might be conveniently stored. I looked up the laws and found I could appropriate these waters and file upon these reservoir sites, thus acquiring the individual proprietorship of the great natural element without which your land is worthless. Now, you are just the man I have been waiting for. You have bought this little farm. You cannot make your home here without using the water that I own. I will sell you what you need at so much per miner's inch, and hereafter you and your heirs and assigns, to the remotest generation, will pay tribute to me and mine."

The man who has made his home in humid regions does not encounter any of these proprietors. He owns the land and with it gets air, sunshine and moisture, and, therefore, he is free—secure in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Would he be in the same situation if the air were owned apart from the land, if the sunshine were owned apart from the land, or if the water were owned apart from the land? These are of those automatic, self-answering questions that require no elucidation. The man who owns the air, the sunshine or the water essential to another man's existence is the master, while the other man is his tenant, his subject, his serf. This being so, is it not perfectly plain that "man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others," in the matter of irrigation, is to see that land and water are inalienably united in a single ownership?

THREE

CONSERVATIVE
OPINIONS.

It will be said that these views are ideal and suited only to abstract discussion. Further, it will be said that they are the views of a radical, and part and parcel of "the teeming communism of the day," to quote the words of one comfortable Lord of the Melting Snow. Hence, it is highly important to show that such is not the case. Some of the wisest and sanest men who have ever considered the problems of aridity in anything approaching a disinterested and philosophical spirit proclaimed these ideas long ago.

The first scientific explorer of the arid region was Major John W. Powell, who became founder of the United States Geological Survey. He served in that capacity until his voluntary retirement a few years since. It is worth while to note that he belonged to what in these days is the party of conservatism, though it was born out of the throes of glorious radicalism—the Republican Party. He was appointed and reappointed by Republican Presidents. Therefore his title to patriotism and

sanity is unassailable. Neither was he shallow in an intellectual sense. He was really a great man, as every one admits. He studied the arid region when it was in its first blush of corporate development. And then he put upon record these solemn words:

If, in the eagerness of present development, a land and water system shall grow up in which the practical control of agriculture shall fall into the hands of water companies, evil will result therefrom that generations may not be able to correct, and the very men who are now lauded as benefactors to the country will, in the ungovernable reaction which is sure to come, be denounced as oppressors of the people.

Let us have another quotation from a good conservative Republican source. Nelson A. Miles is General of the Armies of the United States. He served long in the arid regions. He is sane and patriotic. He saw what was going on, and his mind dwelt irresistibly upon the issues of the future. He was utterly disinterested, being neither owner of water nor attorney of water-selling corporations. And he put these words on record:

Private or corporate enterprise cannot be trusted with the water monopoly in the arid regions of the West.

Finally, we have the ever-memorable declaration of another good Republican — experienced in the life of the arid region, disinterested, sane and patriotic, like Powell and Miles — the declaration of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States:

"Private ownership of water apart from land cannot prevail without causing enduring wrong."

What are we going to do with these solemn statements of opinion by great men who are admittedly sane, patriotic and conservative? Possibly we might brush aside the views of other thoughtful students of the subject, who have not the same eminence or who do not belong to the same political party. But when the Founder of the Geological Survey, the General of the Army, the President of the United States, unite in declaring that water should not be owned apart from the land, to be sold to the masses of our producers, I hardly see how this view of the question can be ignored, even by our most conservative and substantial fellow-citizens, whether college presidents, government experts, eminent attorneys, or judges upon the bench.

Let us go now from the realms of abstract to that of concrete and practical economics. Wherever there has been large and abiding prosperity in the arid region, water and land have been united in the same ownership. For instance, there was a convention at Riverside in December to voice the unanimous protest of Southern California irrigators against the Works Bill. In that convention, and in the move-

THE VOICE
OF
EXPERIENCE.

ment growing out of it, between thirty and forty water companies were represented. Every single one of them was a landowner's company. That is to say, those who own the water and the canals, also own the land supplied by them. There is a sharp distinction between such companies and water-selling corporations. A law which would benefit the one would be injurious to the other. Riverside, Ontario, Corona, Santa Ana, Pomona, Anaheim, and the rest, are irrigated in this way. Redlands is to some extent an exception, as it was supplied by a speculative company owing the water apart from the land (the Bear Valley Company), and a sad experience it had. The famous Riverside Colony began with two classes in its citizenship — one owning the water, the other owning the land. Grave abuses and widespread dissatisfaction ensued. There was strife and friction for several years. Peace came at last — when the landowners acquired the water and canals. Most of the canals in the San Joaquin Valley are owned in the same way, though in that locality some of the landowners are possessed of enormous estates, and their water systems are large in proportion. On the other hand, localities could be cited all over the arid region, where a corporation owned the water supplied to large numbers of small farmers. In such cases there has seldom been lasting prosperity, either to the settlers or to the water owners.

American irrigation began in Utah. There the farmers own all of the ditches, and the waterlord is unknown. The famous settlements in Colorado were built on the same foundation. Our experience in this field has been identical with that of other countries. To illustrate, Elwood Mead, in his discussion of California irrigation, makes the following reference to Spanish experience :

In Valencia, the most beautiful and prosperous section of Spain, irrigated agriculture dates back to the Moors. Water rights are founded on customs which are older than records. Water and land are inseparable. Every writer who has visited Valencia is of the opinion that the thrift, the skill, and the success shown by farmers comes from the peace and security which go with the control of both elements of production in an arid region — water and land. In the same province the results of the separate ownership of water and land are as completely manifest. In the district of Elche, water was originally controlled by the landowners, but land and water were not made inseparable. Gradually water rights were bought up by outsiders. Now the farmer buys water from these owners of streams just as he buys fertilizers. The water tolls have been raised, farmers impoverished, and all progress and prosperity banished. In the province of Murcia, water is attached to the land, and farmers are prosperous. In Lorca, land and water are separated, and the result, says a recent report, is "large profits for the waterowner, poor farmers, and languishing agriculture."

HERE WAS
THE
PROMISE.

In the summer of 1900 the Water and Forest Association began an aggressive campaign looking primarily to the reformation of California water laws,

but ultimately to the storage of the floods and the saving of the forests. Those who were guiding the movement thought it essential that a special tribunal should be appointed to adjudicate a multitude of conflicting rights, that water rights should issue from the State, and that some form of administration should be appointed over the appropriation and distribution of water. Some one had to go out before the people to explain the work, and I happened to be selected for the service. When I began, the Association had a meagre but distinguished membership — less than one hundred all told, but most of them Brigadier Generals in a social and professional sense. What was wanted was some plain people to make up the rank and file. I got them, to the extent of several thousands. And upon what terms were they enlisted? The evils of existing water laws were clearly pointed out, and the need of reform was strongly urged. The keynote of my addresses and writings in the interest of the movement was the following: "What is the great natural law of irrigation? It is this — that in an arid land each man is entitled to receive as much water as he may apply to a beneficial purpose, but not one single drop to hold out of use to speculate on the necessities of his fellowmen." The public responded to that sentiment. They were ready to assist in building the State in accordance with that principle of water-ownership. Occasionally I found that the statement offended individuals. These were generally individuals who had more water than they could apply to a beneficial purpose themselves, and were not averse to holding it out of use in order to speculate upon the necessities of their fellowmen. Sometimes these people complained at headquarters, but I kept on preaching the gospel to the end of the chapter. A few months later I learned that some of the officers of the Association had been apologizing for my statements and giving private assurances that the movement was not undertaken for the purposes I described. At the first opportunity I addressed the people of Fresno at a farmers' institute, telling them there were evidently two views in the Association, and that we should endeavor to find out at the next annual convention which was the official one. The next annual convention rolled around after some months. Two platforms were prepared, representing two different views. One of them prevailed.

I now invite the earnest attention of the Governor of California, of the members of the Legislature, of the members of the Water and Forest Association, and of all who have the slightest interest in the Works Irrigation Bill, to the following emphatic declarations of the platform adopted at San Francisco, December 20, 1901:

We congratulate President Roosevelt upon his espousal of the cause of forest preservation and Irrigation development. . . . (His) recommendation in favor of national construction of storage reservoirs, and of large main canals as a means of reclaiming and opening to settlement the arid public domain, meets with our hearty approval. We agree with him when he says:

"Great storage works are necessary to equalize the flow of streams and to save the floodwaters. Their construction has been conclusively shown to be an undertaking too vast for private effort."

And we further agree with the statement contained in his letter to the Irrigation Congress of 1900:

"It is not possible, and, if it were possible, it would not be wise, to have the storage work done merely through private ownership."

We hail with satisfaction these declarations by the President of the United States that works of irrigation are essentially public utilities and ought to be constructed, owned and administered by the people and for the people.

With equal heartiness we commend the following quotations from the message, showing the President's familiarity with conditions in the West and his conclusions based thereon:

"Whoever controls the stream practically controls the land it renders productive, and the doctrine of private ownership of water apart from land cannot prevail without causing enduring wrong. The recognition of such ownership, which has been permitted to grow up in the arid regions, should give way to a more enlightened and larger recognition of the rights of the public in the control and disposal of the public water supplies."

"In the arid States, the only right to water which should be recognized is that of use. In irrigation this right should attach to the land reclaimed and be inseparable therefrom. Granting perpetual rights to others than users, without compensation to the public, is open to all the objections which apply to giving away perpetual franchises to the public utilities of cities."

"We are dealing with a new and momentous question in the pregnant years while institutions are forming, and what we do will affect not only the present but future generations."

"Our aim should be not simply to reclaim the largest area of land and provide homes for the largest number of people, but to create for this new industry the best possible social and industrial conditions."

If it be unwise to permit private capitalists to construct storage works for the reclamation of lands now publicly owned, but hereafter to pass into the proprietorship of millions of American citizens, it follows with unerring logic that it is equally unwise for private capital to build storage works in the great interior valleys of California, in the Coast Region and in the South, for the reclamation of lands already owned and occupied by private individuals, but destined to be subdivided and disposed of to thousands of new citizens when irrigation is supplied.

If it be true, as the President says, that on the public lands "the doctrine of private ownership of water apart from land cannot prevail without causing enduring wrong," it is equally true that "enduring wrong" would follow the application of that dangerous doctrine to private lands which must look for irrigation to a source beyond their own control. Hence, it follows that "the recognition of such ownership should give way to a more enlightened and larger recognition of the rights of the public."

As a means of carrying out the recommendations of the President, and of shaping the laws and institutions of California in conformity with those which his administration proposes for all of the arid States of the West, we favor the following course of action: (Then follows a provision for the appointment of a Commission to prepare a new code of water laws and a recommendation for a generous appropriation by the State "to be expended in collaboration with the United States Geological Survey and Irrigation Investigations of the Department of Agriculture").

We are opposed to any attempt to store the floodwaters of the State by means of private enterprise, because such a policy would foster and entrench the system of private water monopoly which, in the language of President Roosevelt, "cannot prevail without causing enduring wrong."

. . . . The construction of large storage work under any plan on streams already in active use, will unavoidably conflict to some extent with exist-

ing canals. While we declare our unalterable conviction that in all such cases the public interests must be treated as paramount, we nevertheless favor the fullest protection of vested rights now recognized by our laws and judicial decisions.

This was the declaration which the California Water and Forest Association published to the world as the solemn expression of its Third Annual Convention, after it had had ample time to ripen its convictions by thought and study and debate. It appointed a Commission to carry this declaration into effect by "shaping the laws and institutions of California in conformity with those which his (President Roosevelt's) administration proposes for all the arid States of the West." It was expected that the Commission would favor reformation of irrigation laws, particularly looking to the adjustment of conflicting titles and the orderly distribution of water in accordance therewith. But the paramount object of its creation was to provide some means for the storage of floods in reservoirs which, the declaration said, "are essentially public utilities and ought to be constructed, owned and administered by the people and for the people."

AND HERE
THE PITIFUL
RESULT.

So far as the report of the Commission sought to provide for the adjudication of rights, it was feeble and futile. So far as it sought to provide administration of the streams, it was preposterous and dangerous; for it gave us nothing but the vicious principle of private police to serve water-selling corporations. But these were mere details. The one great object of the whole undertaking was completely subverted.

The Association had declared that it was "opposed to any attempt to store the floodwaters of California by means of private enterprise." Its Commission then proceeded to frame a bill which made no provision whatever for storing the floodwaters by public enterprise, and which was designed to leave our irrigation development wholly to private enterprise. This necessarily involves private ownership of water apart from land, because the works that must now be built are far beyond the reach of such coöperative organizations as have dealt with the problem in the South, and nothing is left except to call upon great corporations. The Works Bill would turn over to such corporations, without compensation, the priceless franchise for the storage of floodwaters. It would create a system of tenantry not essentially different from that which has made Ireland one of the most unhappy and unprosperous places on the globe. For ownership of the soil does not confer economic independence, if the soil be worthless without water, and if the water be owned apart from the land by those who rent it to the actual producers. In Ireland the proprietary interest is represented by the land-

lord; in California it would be represented by the waterlord. There is no economic and no moral difference, since in both cases a great natural element essential to human existence becomes the subject of monopoly, and those who must have it in order to make a living from the soil become mere tenants who are called upon to divide the products of their labor with the great proprietor.

Study the platform which the Water and Forest Association published to the world as its declaration of principles in 1901, then consider the provisions of the Works Bill, and you must agree with me that there was never a sadder instance of the complete miscarriage of a worthy effort to build a new country on sound lines.

STAND FIRM
FOR THE

RIGHT.

It is always unpleasant to disagree with anybody, particularly with eminent citizens with whom one has enjoyed agreeable associations in public movements in the past. It is not pleasant to be criticized—still less so to be misunderstood. But these things are trifles compared with the desertion or betrayal of great principles in which one believes with all one's heart and soul. A man who is a man will do right as God gives him to see the right. Nothing was ever so clear to my mind as that the ethics of irrigation—"man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others"—demands that land and water should be joined in the same ownership. The farm may be small or large, but water should belong to it as inseparably as the air and sunshine. This principle is often realized by individuals acting alone, and more often by communities organized in coöperation. But we have now outgrown the day of little things. We are standing face to face with tasks of mighty dimensions. Either we must turn them over to corporations, a course which the President says, "is open to all the objections which apply to giving away perpetual franchises to the public utilities of the cities;" or we must have a splendid system of public works, constructed by State or Nation, or by both in coöperation.* After us will come millions and millions of people. Shall we bequeath to them the evils which Major Powell foresaw and predicted as the certain consequences of "giving practical control of agriculture to water companies," or shall we lay the broad foundations of a true Republic of Irrigation?

One distinguished citizen recently said to me: "It is true, as you allege, that the Works Bill does encourage and protect

*Another article will deal with practical measures looking to this end, and will, perhaps, have peculiar value from the fact that it will be written after full discussion with many leading men representing various shades of public opinion.

private speculation, and does favor ownership of water apart from land, but that is not an innovation. It exists today in California." Certainly it does, and so did slavery exist yesterday in the South. That did not make it right, and that did not prevent its overthrow. The apologists for that ancient wrong are well-nigh forgotten. The men who drove it from the face of the earth are immortal. The day will come when we, or our children, will look with amazement upon the history of a bill founded on the principle of private speculation in the rains and snows of an arid land. Fortunately, not all the abhorrence of this principle is standing far forward in the dim aisles of the future. I believe there is enough of it here and now to prevent the consummation of this wrong. I confidently assert that the Water and Forest Association itself, if it could be assembled in a great convention, would vote overwhelmingly against it. The actual users of water throughout the State are arrayed in protest. Some of the strongest names in Western History—names like Powell and Miles and Roosevelt—cry out against it. And those who in this struggle are thinking only of the interests of mankind may well say to their opponents, as William Lloyd Garrison said to his when fighting a similar battle in an earlier generation:


"I will not retract, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch. AND I WILL BE HEARD."

WM. E. SMYTHE.

TRUE SOURCE OF WATER SUPPLY.

By SAMUEL ARMOR.*

THE SANTA ANA RIVER IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA USED TO
ILLUSTRATE THE SUBJECT AS TYPICAL OF OTHER STREAMS

 CONSIDERABLE misapprehension arises in the minds of some people about the source of the water which flows seaward from the interior. What produces it? Where does it come from? These questions may not arise in sections where the source of the supply is manifest to all in the frequent rains; but in the arid regions of the West it is often cause for wonder that water will continue to flow in some of the streams eight or nine months without replenishment from the rains, and even two or three years, in exceptional cases, with a very scant supply.

*[The author of this paper is President of the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company, as he has been for many years. He has, therefore, had the best opportunity to observe the conditions of which he writes. He combats the widely-accepted theory that water used for irrigation upon the upper course of a stream very largely returns to the channel and may thus be used again. In assuming this position he opposes the conclusions of both scientific and practical men in all parts of the arid region.—W. E. S.]

Quite recently an otherwise intelligent man pointed out some prominent rocks far up the mountain as "water-making rocks," which he said produced the water in the Santa Ana river. An article in the *California Cultivator*, from the facile pen of Wm. M. Bristol, of East Highlands, Cal., seriously advocated the theory that a portion, at least, of the underground water in the basin of the Santa Ana river comes through under the San Bernardino mountains from the Mojave desert, or even from the remote Rocky mountains. A number of eminent engineers, finding considerable water entering the river in its middle and lower course after all had been taken out for irrigation higher up, jumped to the conclusion that the water entering below was the identical water taken out above. All of these theories are more or less wrong, as will appear during the progress of this discussion.

The first theory, that the water in the river is the product of certain "water-making rocks," is absurd, the vagary of an ignorant and superstitious mind. An examination of these rocks discloses nothing unusual about them, no chemical action taking place and no sign of water anywhere near them. It is strange that such a theory should be invented and still stranger that any one would believe it.

The second theory, that water comes through under the mountain range, is not much more reasonable than the first. Think of it! That mountain range forms a rock dam many miles in thickness and more than a mile high. The weight of such a mass of matter, in the upheaval and contraction, would compact and solidify the underlying strata until every vestige of a crack would disappear. If it were possible to conceive of "millions of crevices many miles in length" being produced by any cause in such material, the first seismic action with such a superimposed weight would close up every one instantly. From the excavations already made in the mountain side it is learned that the seams and fissures near the surface, caused by the action of the atmosphere and descending water, entirely disappear and the rock becomes almost too hard to pick or drill toward the center of gravity of the mountain. Even where the water has excavated caves and crevices near the surface, the first earthquake closes them up, as did one at San Jacinto three years ago, when several acres of land near the base of the mountain settled from three to seven feet. Besides, the silt in the water from the surface washings would soon close up the "million devious crevices," as everybody sees that it has done in the clay seams found in rock taken from any quarry near the surface. A

piece of two-inch pipe twenty feet long under a driveway with good fall and considerable pressure has been known to fill up solid more than once with the silt from the soil above the pipe. In view of these facts and illustrations it is reasonable to conclude that it is a physical impossibility that any of the underground water in the basin of the Santa Ana river should come through under the San Bernardino range of mountains from the Mojave desert or elsewhere.

While the third theory, that the water in the middle and lower course of the river is return-seepage from the irrigation above, has more merit than either of the other two, it will not do to press it too far or rely on it very much. In a few exceptional cases, where there is clay or hardpan near the surface, like the plains of Fresno or some of the mesa west of Riverside, irrigating water will be arrested in its downward course through the soil and be deflected toward the stream by the dip of the impervious substratum, until the lower edge of the mesa and the bottom land become saturated and a small quantity of water reaches the stream. But in the great majority of cases, where the soil is deep and underlaid with a loose formation, none of the water used in irrigation on the mesa away from the stream ever finds its way back to the river again — at least not without being reinforced by the winter rains, when water becomes a drug in the market. This fact is demonstrated by the wells along the lower edge of the mesa which is drenched winter and summer by the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company's canals. In these the water rises and falls according to the rainfall, the wet and the dry years, but it is never affected by the irrigation immediately above the wells. The only reasons given for this return-seepage theory are that, notwithstanding the diversion of all the water from the channel above, a large stream appears below and that the stream is greater now, since the practice of irrigation, than it was before. In answer to the first reason, it may be stated that it is usual for a stream to have additions to its volume along the whole length of its channel, whether its waters be diverted for irrigation or not. If the first supply be diverted, the additions will take its place to continue the stream; but where these additions come from is another story, as Rudyard Kipling says, which will be told best in figures later in this article. In answer to the second reason, it may be denied that the stream is greater now than before the practice of irrigation, on the testimony of those familiar with the Santa Ana river for a generation. Even if it were so, the

explanation would be found in the greater proportion of the rainfall that now sinks into the cultivated fields and shaded orchards of the valley, thus allowing less run-off and evaporation, rather than in return-seepage from irrigation.

The supernatural and imaginative theories to account for the water in the Santa Ana river having thus been disposed of, it now remains to explain the real source of the supply and to show that the stream is replenished in the usual way by natural causes. The drainage-basin of the Santa Ana river includes, in addition to the mountain slopes of its tributaries, all the portion of that great inland valley east of Pomona, which extends from the San Bernardino mountains on the north to the range of hills on the south separating it from the lower valley facing the coast. The surface of this inland valley slopes toward the river, which passes through it, and also toward the hills on the south, finding its lowest level below Rincon, where the river breaks through the range of hills on its way to the ocean. The winter rains descend each year with varying quantity upon the entire surface of the drainage-basin of the river, furnishing all the water, surface, subsurface and artesian, within such basin; the part that does not immediately run off or evaporate sinks into the soil to supply the underground reservoirs and to ooze into the stream along down the channel. Andrew C. Lawson, professor of geology in the University of California, expressed the opinion that the cañon through the hills below Rincon is an erosion of the river and that there is no other exit, surface or subterranean, for the water from this inland basin. The deep borings for oil along the hills corroborate this opinion. A record, therefore, of the rainfall within the exterior boundaries of the drainage-basin of the river would be a pretty accurate measure of all the water that could be counted on to supply the stream, wells and evaporation in said basin.

The following figures, which cover the widest possible range of the territory involved, are authentic and fairly represent the facts and conclusions which they purport to show. The rainfall at San Bernardino is the actual record of that place for thirty years, commencing with the winter of 1870-71. The rainfall for each of the other places is approximated for thirty years by comparing the actual record of each, as far back as any exists, with the record of San Bernardino for the same years and then adding to or subtracting from the San Bernardino rainfall the difference between the two. The record is in inches and is the annual average for the periods indicated.

RAINFALL OF INLAND VALLEY, MAIN BASIN.

San Bernardino for 30 years.....	15.69
Ontario from 1892 to 1900	12.16
Ontario for 30 years.....	15.59
Pomona from 1877 to 1900.....	18.15
Pomona for 30 years.....	17.93
Chino from 1893 to 1900	12.05
Chino for 30 years	16.55
Corona from 1888 to 1900	11.77
Corona for 30 years	12.71
Riverside from 1880 to 1900.....	9.99
Riverside for 30 years.....	10.00
Redlands from 1888 to 1900.....	15.48
Redlands for 30 years.....	16.42
Average for seven above towns, main basin, for 30 years.....	14.98

RAINFALL OF MOUNTAINS, UPPER BASINS.

Holcomb Creekfrom 1891 to 1898.....	17.81
Deep Creekfrom 1891 to 1898.....	28.28
Upper Holcombfrom 1891 to 1898.....	13.25
Green Valley.....from 1891 to 1898.....	33.38
Little Bear Valley from 1891 to 1898.....	28.74
Morse'sfrom 1891 to 1898.....	48.48
Grass Valley.....from 1891 to 1898.....	31.08
Squirrel Inn.....from 1891 to 1898.....	32.59
Bear Valley.....from 1891 to 1898.....	53.70
Average 9 above stations for 8 years	31.92
Average 9 above stations for 30 years.....	33.84

Inasmuch as the area of the basin of the Santa Ana river is subdivided into mountains, hills and valleys, and as there is no known record of the rainfall in the hills, it is assumed that 20.00 inches would be a fair average rainfall for them. The average annual rainfall, therefore, for the three classes of territory embraced in the drainage-basin of the river above Rincon, would stand as follows :

Mountains for 30 years.....	33.84 inches
Hillsfor 30 years.....	20.00 inches
Valleysfor 30 years.....	14.98 inches

The territory, included in the drainage-basin of the Santa Ana river, has been classified by J. B. Lippincott, resident hydrographer of the Federal government, as follows :

Mountains	557 square miles
Hills	382 square miles
Valleys	525 square miles

Total..... 1464 square miles

If the water, which actually falls upon the drainage-basin of the river each year could be collected into one body, it would make a yearly average of nearly two million acre-feet, computed as follows :

MOUNTAINS —	Cubic Feet Water
33.84 inches of rainfall on 557 square miles will produce...	43,789,718,016
HILLS —	
20.00 inches of rainfall on 382 square miles will produce...	17,749,248,000
VALLEYS —	
14.98 inches of rainfall on 525 square miles will produce...	18,280,563,840
Total	79,819,529,856

And 79,819,529,856 cubic feet of water equal 1,832,404 acre-feet.

It is customary for engineers to discount the rainfall 50% for evaporation and run-off; but, on account of the steep, bare slopes of the mountains and the dry atmosphere of the interior, it is thought best to discount the mountain rainfall 75%, that of the hills 66⅔%, and that of the valleys 50%. Applying these discounts, turning the water into running water and distributing it over the entire year, the following results appear :

MOUNTAIN RAINFALL—

Discounted 75%, equals	10,947,429,504 cubic feet.
Turned into running water, equals	547,371,475,200 inches per sec.
Distributed over the entire year, equals..	17,345 inches.

HILL RAINFALL—

Discounted 66⅔%, equals	5,916,416,000 cubic feet.
Turned into running water, equals	295,820,800,000 inches per sec.
Distributed over the entire year, equals..	9,374 inches.

VALLEY RAINFALL—

Discounted 50%, equals	9,140,281,920 cubic feet.
Turned into running water, equals	457,014,096,000 inches per sec.
Distributed over the entire year, equals..	14,482 inches.
Total available water within the basin, equals	41,201 inches.

It will thus be seen that, after a very liberal allowance for evaporation and run-off, there is still more than enough of the average rainfall (41,201 inches of perennial water) to account for all the water that has shown up in the basin of the river, without conveying more through the mountains or using any of it the second time. If it were otherwise, and there really were more water in the basin than the figures would indicate there should be, then the allowance for evaporation and run-off is too large. Since all of the water in the basin is supplied by the rainfall and none of it escapes by secret passages, there must be a correlation between the total rainfall and the aggregate quantity of water in the basin including the evaporation and run-off.

Then, again, the valley and half of the hill rainfall, which would drain into the channel below where the stream is all diverted by Riverside, would furnish more water (19,169 inches of perennial water) than now shows up below that point; hence there is no need of inventing a return-seepage theory to account for the appearance of such water in the lower channel. While undoubtedly there is more or less return-seepage, the quantity is insignificant in comparison with the amount of water supplied by the rainfall.

Still another conclusion may be drawn from the records of the rainfall. While the rainfall is ample to account for all the water in the basin of the river, nevertheless it is limited, and this limit should be recognized in every plan for water development. The chances for successful development, too, are very much less at any particular point than the aggregate rainfall in the entire

basin would seem to promise, because only a small part of such rainfall ever reaches that particular point by percolation, and that, too, very slowly. Artificial reservoirs are generally too small and expensive to be of much service in proportion to the outlay; but the storage capacity of the catchment basin of the river can be greatly increased. Cultivation of the soil and the growth of vegetation throughout the valley section would facilitate the absorption of the rainfall and retard the surface drainage. The planting and protection of trees and shrubs over the watershed of the mountain section, with their leaves, roots and humus, would help to hold back the water for summer delivery. The government has set apart 1,152 square miles, or 737,280 acres, as a forest reserve in the San Bernardino mountains, including the sources of the Santa Ana river and its principal tributaries. If the channel of the river could also be withdrawn from private ownership and be encouraged to grow up like a jungle, it would prevent evaporation and obstruct the rapid flow of the water. Most irrigators dread the advent of the power companies upon the streams used for irrigation. They believe the hurrying of the spring freshets from the mountains through pipes and conduits to the valleys below will leave little water in the streams for summer and fall.

The foregoing conclusions are the certain consequences of the facts disclosed in the records of the rainfall. Their lesson is, that to get the best results from a stream for irrigation, the users of the water must assist nature in conserving the rainfall, and not drain the natural reservoirs and denude the surface of the water-shed for the sake of temporary gain.

Orange, Cal.

MAIN BASIN OF SANTA ANA RIVER.

A—Intake of Anaheim Union Water Co. B—Intake of Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Co.

STATE COMMITTEE.

Will S. Green, Colusa.
 Marshal R. Beard, Sacramento.
 H. P. Stabler, Marysville.
 Harvey C. Stiles, Chico.
 John Kirby, San Francisco.
 N. J. Bird, San Francisco.
 Frank Cornwall, San Francisco.
 John S. Dore, Fresno.
 John Fairweather, Reedley.
 E. H. Tucker, Selma.
 A. Hallner, Kingsburg.
 A. H. Nafziger, Los Angeles.

S. W. Fergusson, Los Angeles.
 Walter J. Thompson, Los Angeles.
 A. R. Sprague, Los Angeles.
 Charles F. Lummis, Los Angeles.
 E. T. Dunning, Los Angeles.
 Chas. A. Moody, Los Angeles.
 Scipio Craig, Redlands.
 Elwood Cooper, Santa Barbara.
 W. H. Porterfield, San Diego.
 George W. Marston, San Diego.
 Bishop J. Edmonds, San Diego.
 William E. Smythe, San Diego.

A WIDER MEMBERSHIP.

ARRANGEMENTS have been perfected whereby all annual subscribers to *OUT WEST* may be enrolled as members of the California Constructive League upon request. No expense attaches to membership unless local clubs find it necessary or desirable to raise a fund for their own needs. Any reader of this magazine who wants to be a member of the League, and who has not already joined some of its thirty local clubs or other organizations already affiliated with it, should notify the Secretary of the Constructive League, at 606 Hearst Building, San Francisco, or 115 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

"Can women join?" Most decidedly?

OBJECTS OF THE LEAGUE.

The California Constructive League grew out of an article published in these pages in December, 1901. The article was entitled "A Program for California." Its fundamental proposition, which really comprehended all others, was the following:

To compel the political parties to deal with living questions of constructive character.

It is notoriously true that the politics of California—as of most other States—has little or no significance in connection with economic development. In California we elect a Governor once in four years, and a Legislature once in two years. These elections are usually little more than an ignoble scramble of small politicians. When there is an issue in the campaign, it is usually some national question with which our State

officers have nothing whatever to do. The years come and go, and the procession of office-holders marches past into oblivion, while nothing worth while is done to lay the foundations of a civilization, or to shape its noble superstructure. And so it must ever be until we shall indeed "compel political parties to deal with living questions of constructive character."

The magazine article which brought forth this movement suggested four specific measures for discussion, as follows :

1. Public works of irrigation.
2. The New Zealand system for dealing with large estates and abolishing land monopoly.
3. A wider and more scientific development of coöperation among producers in the purchase of supplies and sale of products.
4. The adoption of some system of compulsory arbitration aiming at the gradual abolition of disastrous strikes, with a recommendation for the study of the methods with which New Zealand and Australia are now experimenting.

All these features were discussed in the pages of this magazine during the past year, and also in half a hundred addresses delivered by the President of the League over a large portion of the State between February 15th and July 1st. With a single exception, all were received with a very great degree of public interest. The exception was the fourth feature, suggesting compulsory arbitration. This met vigorous opposition at the hands of employers and labor unions alike, and was therefore dropped from the program. That we shall sometime discover a better method than the resort to force in the settlement of labor difficulties, most thoughtful men believe, but the time is not yet.

LOCAL CLUBS AND LITERATURE.

About thirty clubs were formed as the result of the lecture-ship last year. Some of them accomplished a great deal. New clubs ought to be formed, and this can usually be done wherever there is a live man who will work the matter up among his neighbors. There can be no better basis for a debating society, and it may have as many pleasant social features as the members care to undertake.

The present membership of the League cannot be far from 15,000. This is largely composed of other organizations which have affiliated with it through the official action of their officers or membership. For instance, the Unity Club of San Francisco, presided over by Benjamin Fay Mills, joined in a body. This represents about 600. The Economic League of San Francisco, with its 3,000 members, and most of the Single Tax League, numbering about 5,000, also signified their desire to be considered component parts of the League. Several very large coöperative organizations have done likewise. Through the new arrangement, by which readers of *OUR WEST* are permitted to join, it is hoped 10,000 more may be brought within the fold

during the present year. While strong local organization is desirable, it is by no means necessary to accomplish results. There are a certain number of us in California who recognize our comradeship and want to work together to create better conditions of living for the State which is our home and the object of our devotion. The Constructive League raises its flag and invites all who care to do so to stand beneath it. We will keep in touch with each other through the pages of this magazine, which of itself constitutes a better and stronger "organization" than many a more pretentious official machinery.

As to literature, the 20th Century West Department of this magazine is supplying it regularly. For instance, the fundamental thought underlying public works of irrigation is dealt with this month. Some very extensive plans are on foot looking to a full presentation of the Problem of Coöperation during the present year. Later, it is likely that a very full and interesting study of the Problems of Great Estates will be brought out. We even dream of a Constructive Library, composed of a number of useful books to be published in such a way that everybody can buy them without feeling the cost. Thus with our magazines, clubs, lectures, books and big membership we shall gradually realize that little five-word motto of the League—*To Bring Things To Pass*.

POLITICAL RESULTS.

Although the movement was very new and lacking in cohesion, it really accomplished a good deal on the field of politics last year. It did compel both political parties to deal with at least one living issue of constructive character. This was the matter of irrigation, which occupied large space in party platforms, ranked high in the inaugural message of Governor Pardee, and is now the most conspicuous question before the Legislature at Sacramento. It may be said truly enough that the League is not responsible for all these results. Still, those closely in touch with events will freely give it credit for a major portion of the achievement, so far as actual work in politics is concerned. There are many organized influences contributing to the agitation of irrigation and forestry questions. There is one only which makes any effort to bring these matters into politics. That is the California Constructive League. Who can doubt that in the next four years, and the next ten years, it will accomplish very great results through the influence of its membership, individually and collectively.

At any rate, we are well started and we are going to keep at it. If you want to have a hand in bringing things to pass by turning your influence into the common stream, send in your name and let us work together from now on.

SAN DIMAS, LA VERNE AND CHARTER OAK.

By C. H. BIGELOW.

THE poet, the novelist and the descriptive writer have taught us to reverence California as our American antique. We picture sunlight poured upon the earth like a boundless benediction. We imagine valleys green as the emerald. We conjure up visions of mighty mountains radiant with color, every spur and projection softened by distance, and all enchanting as a dream.

We come to modern California and our expectations of Eden-like beauty are realized. We see the result of evolution from savagery to civilization, from sage brush desert to flowering garden, but give little thought to the metamorphosis itself.

Where many of our present cities or towns are now located, once roamed the herds of the early Spanish settlers of this Golden State. They were the original pioneers who extended the right hand of fellowship to the Anglo-Saxon, and welcomed him with their boundless hospitality. They looked upon their vast domains with pride, and never for a moment imagined that some day these same people would transform the verdant valleys into beautiful orchards and progressive cities. However, regardless of what was to be, the Spanish grandees were ever glad to take their blue-eyed brothers into their respective firesides, and share the benefits with them.

So today we see the growing villages of San Dimas, La Verne and Charter Oak in the San Gabriel Valley where once were the possessions of three

A FOOTHILL RANCH NEAR SAN DIMAS.

descendants of the patrician blood of Spain, viz., Don Ygnacio Palomares, Don Luis Arenas and Don Ricardo Vejar.

They were the owners of that princely estate, the Rancho San José, on a portion of which these towns are situated. This ranch with its fertile

A SAN DIMAS FAN PALM.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

valleys and beautiful surroundings, comprised 22,340 acres; it was a Mexican grant conferred upon the above mentioned by Gov. J. B. Alvarado in March, 1840. In 1859, Don Luis Arenas disposed of his valuable holdings to Henry Dalton, and some years later Don Ricardo Vejar sold to Schlesinger et al, who sold to L. Phillips. Don Ygnacio Palomares retained his interest, which was after his death distributed among his heirs, who sold to other parties, and still retain some valuable holdings. Some years later it was deemed necessary to obtain a complete abstract of the Rancho San José at the request of the attorney for the Palomares heirs, and it took six men ninety days to make the translations of the Spanish documents into English and properly complete the work. It is one of the longest abstracts in the world, and fills 38 volumes, which are on file in the Court House of Los Angeles County.

In 1877, the United States Government confirmed the original grant and issued a patent to Palomares, Dalton and Vejar. Francisco Palomares, a



IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED.

Photo by R. W. Lewis.

son of Ygnacio, in 1879, was the owner of 5,000 acres of land, comprising La Verne, part of Lordsburg, and a portion of San Dimas. At this time land in the upper San Gabriel Valley was of little value. It is related that Francisco, some years previous, had mortgaged his 5,000 acres for \$7,000. The date of foreclosure drew near, and after repeated efforts to sell or borrow, in Los Angeles, he determined on a trip to San Francisco, hoping to find some one "foolish" enough to speculate in Los Angeles county property. He visited banks and real estate dealers, offering his mortgage for sale. The almost invariable answer was, however, "we do not handle mortgages in Southern California."

At last he succeeded in interesting a Mrs. de Soto, who purchased 600 acres for \$4,800.

This sale marked the beginning of a new era for the San José ranch.



SAN DIMAS PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

While from 1880 to 1886, the development consisted of only a few hundred acres planted to wheat and barley, yet slowly, but surely, its latent possibilities were beginning to be appreciated.

The portion of the Upper San Gabriel Valley known as San Dimas, La

A SAN DIMAS CHURCH.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

A LORDSBURG HOUSE.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

Verne and Charter Oak is a typical Southern California ranching section. The aim of this article is to truthfully picture a developing California farming district.

After the boom of '86-'87 a few stragglers were left on the San José ranch. Some because they could not realize enough on their holdings to get away and a few because they believed in the valley despite the scarcity of irrigating water.

The San José Land and Water Co. had succeeded in developing a small amount of water in the San Dimas cañon — a few inches also being avail-

SAN DIMAS CAÑON.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

able from the "Mud Springs." All told, however, there was not enough obtainable to provide for 500 acres of land. As a result, La Verne was depopulated and San Dimas existed as little more than a name on the Santa Fé time card.

In 1887, H. C. Mace planted an orange orchard in Charter Oak and hauled irrigation water, in wagons, from the springs two miles distant. About the same time several ranchers attempted the cultivation of deciduous fruits and olives. None of these ventures met with permanent success on account of the scarcity of water.

At this time the prospects of the old San José ranch might have been very fittingly summed up in one word — "None." Some four years later a

THE "FURROW" METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

Photo by Schwichtenberg.

few indomitable spirits determined to make one last effort to secure water for irrigation. They procured a well-drilling outfit, and the result of their labor was water in abundance at a depth of 80 feet. From that day until the present the development has been steady and substantial.

There are four distinctive features of this valley which merit mention.

1st. Absolute freedom from frosts.

2nd. Abundance of water.

3rd. Soil suited to either lemon or orange growing.

4th. A population made up of educated progressive people.

The first of these is worthy of more than passing note. The winter of 1901-02 was one of the most severe that California has known for 20 years, yet scarcely a leaf was curled in La Verne, San Dimas or Charter Oak. In fact, so favored has this strip of country been that it is known as "The Frostless Belt." When water was first discovered by drilling, the possi-

berg.

ORANGE TREES IN THE LATH-HOUSE, SAN DIMAS CITRUS NURSERIES.

mists said, "Only a pocket." The reverse is, however, the case. One of our western rivers, with the bottom on top and the top on the bottom is undoubtedly the source of supply. That the fountain-head is not local is proved by the fact that in spite of three consecutive dry years the flow has not decreased. The oldest wells have been lowered, in some instances a few inches, in some three to four feet, in others not at all.

The following incident will help throw light on the nature of this supply. About four years ago a number of ranchers determined to drill a test well to a depth of 300 feet. At the 70-foot level they encountered water gravel and continued in practically the same formation for the remaining 230 feet. Today this part of the San Gabriel Valley has one of the most abundant and cheapest supplies of water in the West.

The major portion of the ranches are owned by people of comparatively little means. One particularly striking feature of California ranch life is here most admirably featured, i. e., the social side. A number of literary

A FEW YOUNG ORANGE TREES, SAN DIMAS NURSERY.

and horticultural clubs provide for the studious hours, while tennis, amateur photography, etc., offer relaxation to mind and body. In this part of the world the farmer has time to play. Did you ever arise at 3 A. M., go out and waken the stock in order to feed them? Did you ever shuck corn with the thermometer trying to crawl into the bulb? Did you ever have to break ice in the old washpan just outside the kitchen door before you could wash your face in the morning?

If you have done these things — and repented — you will appreciate the difference between ten hours a day on a California ranch where the air is always soft and balmy, where old dame Nature is always smiling, and the 16-hour farm day "Back East," with half of the year a round of rain and wind and sleet and snow, and the other half fierce, blinding, stifling heat.

Although comparatively new as a citrus region, 500 cars of lemons and

THE CITRUS GROWERS' PACKING HOUSE.

oranges were shipped last year. These figures are not startling. "Significant" is the better word, because not more than one-third of the acreage already set out is in full bearing. Then, too, there are many acres of practically raw land awaiting the plow and grader.

One striking feature of this region is, that while land is comparatively cheap and much remains to be put in orchards, the ranchers as a rule seem to believe that it is better to do a little well than much ill.

Right here a few facts regarding methods of marketing fruit are not

amiss. Ninety per cent. is handled coöperatively. San Dimas supports a Citrus Union and a Lemon Association, with a combined membership of 126. A certain sum was raised by sale of stock, packing-houses built and equipped, and the net profits divided pro rata. Charter Oak also has a coöperative packing house conducted on a like plan.

San Dimas and Charter Oak divided the honor of receiving the highest price per box (\$15.50) paid to any California grower last year. I say divided, because, although raised in San Dimas, the Valencias in question are close enough to Charter Oak for the lighter winds to waft their fragrance over that particular district.

Some one has said "every town in the Southwest lays claim to having the biggest something in the world." The upper San Gabriel Valley is no exception to the rule. Their "biggest" is the San Dimas Nursery. This year 400,000 citrus trees have been or will be marketed before summer. When one considers that this stock is raised entirely in the open with the exception of "seeds" (young trees in the lath-house), we must believe in the verity of the "Frostless Belt."

Two transcontinental railroads traverse the valley — the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé. Distant but 28 miles from Los Angeles, with an electric railway in process of construction, San Dimas never expects to become a large city. Ideally located as it is, however, the grim old Sierra Madres on the north, the green San José hills rolling away to the south, and the giants of the San Bernardino range on the east, the San José ranch is destined to become more beautiful with each passing year. The gray patches of undeveloped land will give way to the green and gold of orange groves. Additional and more pretentious country homes will be erected. A few years and Governor Alvarado's gift will be known the world over as one of the most lovely spots in the "picture State."

The San Dimas Citrus Union will be glad to answer any inquiries concerning this district.

ON THE LINE OF THE BAY COUNTIES POWER PLANT.

OAKLAND.

By CHARLES J. WOODBURY.

THE third city of California in size, the fifth in the same respect of the entire Pacific Coast of North America—and yielding the palm to none of them for possession of the things which make life best worth living—this may fairly be called a great city. But Oakland has been overshadowed by the towering fame of her great neighbor, much as Brooklyn was by New York until the two were wedded, so that to hundreds of thousands—even to some Californians—it is the Place where there is a Pier from which one takes a Ferryboat to go to San Francisco. Yet Oakland is not only one of the most thriving, prosperous and important cities of all the West—it is certain beyond any cavil to stride rapidly forward to even greater achievements than those of which her citizens are already so justly proud.

What are the factors which make this sure? They are four in number—shipping, commerce, manufacture, and, last, but far from least, exceeding desirability as a place for homes. Note, first, Oakland's magnificent harbor.

Modern business methods eliminate unnecessary movement in handling traffic. Prompt dispatch is demanded. The only effective combination of railroad, and steam-craft is at tidewater. Delays for transshipment are the fatal increments that lose business. If California is to hold alien commerce as against the shorter Northern routes, Oakland's harbor must be utilized. Here already are the most extensive shipyards and marine railways and the largest coal bunkers of the state. Here is launched annually a greater amount of tonnage than the aggregate of all other shipyards on San Francisco Bay. Last year they gave steady employment to 660 men, and the aggregate of new work completed amounted to nearly a million and a half of dollars.

The largest California ships have been built here, and here, following

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

the lines of largest population, should be the exchange of cargoes between the United States and Oriental nations. The present method of transferring freight from and to the east, while satisfactory in by-past days, is no longer abreast with the situation. The only natural and normal plan now is to weld land and sea-route here at the water-edge. It is only on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, using the ample water front of Oakland and Greater Oakland, that California's share of the vast business of the Western Ocean can be transacted.

THE OAKLAND WATER FRONT.

In fact the demand for ocean front for wharf and dock facilities becomes continually more urgent. Oakland handled freight in 1874, 154,300 tons; in 1900, 4,800,000. San Francisco's deep-water exposures have become substantially absorbed. Only lately its Board of Public Works recommended the preservation and improvement of Islais Creek, extending within the bounds of that city, for harbor appropriation. On Oakland's harbor line, however, there are fifteen miles of water front, with belt of railway, capable of making a commodious haven as soon as the scheme of improvement now contemplated is complete. The navigable channel to deep water will be 26 feet deep at high water, suitable for ordinary classes of seagoing vessels at present. Larger appropriations, however, and more extended work than have as yet entered into the calculations of those friendly

to Oakland Harbor are needed. Improvements will by and by be necessary. The dimensions of the great sea-freighters are keeping pace with the tremendous increase of railway power and capacity. The first Pacific Mail Steamship between New York and San Francisco, the "California," was 200 feet in length and drew 20 feet of water. The last, "Oceanic," measures 685 feet and draws 44 feet. Continually deeper, wider and more

AN OAKLAND WHARF.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

direct harbor entrances are demanded. In all the main seaports the channels have been deepened. What the tonnage of Oakland will aggregate when the necessary dredging has been completed and the ocean-freighters can dock and clear regardless of tide movements may be estimated from the facts that the amount of tonnage handled in 1895 was

ANOTHER WATER FRONT VIEW.

Photo by H. C. Norris, Jr.

2,600,000 as against 154,000 in 1874 when small steam-craft alone plied the San Antonio water, and the annual tonnage movement of Oakland reached, by the last tables at command, more than half that of San Francisco, which in 1895 was placed at 2,500,000 register, probably equivalent to 4,000,000 gross.

As to Oakland's future commercial importance, one need only observe that the greatest agricultural valleys in the State converge here so far as the shipments of their products and the transit of passengers to and fro' is concerned; also the longest distance electric power line in the world. Two transcontinental railways also have their terminus here, and a third has lately received a charter to enter the city.

The vantage held by Oakland as a manufacturing point appears on the most casual observation. Her shipping facilities alone are enough to

AMONG THE CONTRA COSTA HILLS.
(In the suburbs of Oakland.)

Photo by E. R. Jackson

enable her to dominate the situation — who does not know that manufacturing establishments are wont to gather at points to which the raw material can most easily be brought and from which the finished product can most readily be shipped? The high price of power has been in the past a barrier to extensive industrial development, but the cheap and exhaustless supplies of oil have gone far to remedying this for the whole State; while for Oakland in particular the conduits along which electricity flows across Carquinez from the distant mountains are of great importance. In fact, no other year of Oakland's history has witnessed such industrial progress as the one just past. Mills and factories have multiplied apace and thrived exceedingly. A single fact will startle those who are not already familiar with it—Oakland's industrial wage account during 1902 was more than nine million dollars. And this, of course, takes no account of the prodigious steel, sheet-iron, tin-plate, and corrugated iron plants, each to cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000, and all now under construction; nor of the many other projects of only less importance

LAKE MERRITT. (Oakland's unique water-park.)

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

The reminiscences of Oakland are dramatic. In 1852, with a dozen buildings, a school-house, the only church a tent, and 250 inhabitants, it received its town charter. In 1850, the first American came. In 1854, it was incorporated as a city, and its first white child born. In 1865, its population was 8,000; in 1870, 17,000; in 1880, 35,000. In 1898, its boundaries were extended to the Berkeley line. In 1900, it numbered nearly 70,000 souls. Today the census declares 82,195. During the last thirty-seven years, the United States has doubled its population; California has trebled hers; Oakland has multiplied its inhabitants by the sacred number, seven. In values of properties the ratio of increase is even greater. Note the following table:

1870.....	\$ 6,000,000
1880.....	28,000,000
1885.....	30,000,000
1890.....	39,400,000
1895.....	46,500,000
1902.....	estimated 55,000,000

During all its history, Oakland has never experienced a bank failure.

Its eight banking institutions show today deposits amounting to over \$18,000,000, \$13,670,000 of which are savings funds.

[Generally the conditions that create business are aloof from those that produce hygienic home-life. The factory and the mart seek their own natural *habitat* regardless of any other considerations, and men who would succeed must dwell where that is. Indeed, of localities, it is certain that the money-makers are generally the health-breakers. One pays a premium in vitality to inhabit them. Disagreeable to the point of danger are the penalties and conditions commonly exacted for business profits. It is where the waters are rough that the angel of prosperity enters, and there existence is a struggle. A notable exception to this induction is found in this city at the limit of the continent.

Great as are its manufacturing and maritime advantages, it is principally

AN OAKLAND GARDEN SCENE.

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

as a home, a residence town, that Oakland has grown to be the third largest community in the State and contains over half the population of the county. It has attracted to itself some 6,000 of the business and professional men of San Francisco. They do their business there, but will live only in Oakland. Three ferry systems, soon to be four, connect it with San Francisco. Abundant trains distribute through the main arteries of the city, whence 130 miles of street car lines radiate to San Lorenzo, San Leandro, Haywards, Melrose, Fitchburg, Elmhurst, Emeryville, Lorin, Berkeley and the island Alameda. Its intra-urban and suburban system of rapid transit is now being extended to Richmond and San Jose. All these lines render easy of access most attractive localities for abodes. Nearly one thousand new houses have been erected during the past year, and they are all upon healthful sites. Building lots and rents are cheap, and houses are sold or rented as fast as they are built. There are no malarial areas within the city's eighteen square miles. It inhabits picturesquely sea and

hill, and the gradual rise from the sea-foot and estuary shore to the elevations creates a natural drainage and sewer system, the most sanitary that domestic science has yet found. On and amid the amphitheater of the hills are situated the finest localities and habitations. Pleasant to the sense are many of these names: Piedmont, Mountain View, Linda Vista, Vernon Heights, Arbor Villa, Rose Crest.

Oakland was built in an oak grove, and took its name from the forest of "Live Oaks" (called *live*, as the Greek language is called dead, because both are deathless) with which it was surrounded. Some notion of its appearance at birth can be obtained from the unbroken and undulating uplands beyond San Leandro. Imagine this oak oasis at the end of the desert, on the rim of the sea. The Live Oak is an adorable tree. With branch and foliage it personates mother-

ANOTHER GARDEN VIEW.

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

hood and fatherhood. So the early Spanish padres regarded it, and forbade its destruction. And the noble hills and mountains (using that word in its eastern acceptance) of Oakland, are a blessing inestimable to any town, for these highlands and eminences continually lift life from its monotonous level. It was the lack of hills that caused the Greeks to build their Parthenon and the desert dwellers their Babel tower.

From any one of the inviting acclivities cresting the town one may see the great bay, Yerba Buena, Alcatraz, the Golden Gate and the long arm of the estuary, with its wharves, and forestry of masts, and countless verdurous islets with their reedy guards holding the restless tides in check. Midway from the arm extends the open thumb and palm of Lake Merritt, that jewel lake spreading over 170 acres, set with lapidary's skill on the breast of the city. This is but one of the city's parks, there being eight others scattered through it.

Oakland is as celebrated for its drives as is Victoria for its walks and equestrian by-paths, and the exuberance of nature everywhere is amazing.

A WINTER CORNER IN OAKLAND.

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

SACRED HEART CONVENT, OAKLAND.

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH, OAKLAND.

CLUB HOUSE IN AN OAKLAND SUBURBAN PARK.

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

I think it is the first thing that impresses the sojourner. Such profusion of foliage on every hill and valley ; such wilding tangle of vine and flower ; such shaded, slumberous recesses and cañons where the apparelled skies gloom, and whose shrunken streams, hiding fern, strange lichens and

ACROSS LAKE MERRITT.

Photo by E. R. Jackson

PIEDMONT PARK, OAKLAND.

Photo by E. R. Jackson.

stranger dark roses, alternately tempt and dissuade. And, about the villas, what tumultuous growth of roses and violets and flowers, exotic everywhere else, with their victories of color. What palms and magnolias and sea-side pines, brotherhood of the Sierra. But, most of all, one delights in the winter wild grass. It seems so impossible, like an apparition, carpeting the roadsides and shoulders of the hills with its tender, willowy green and continually wandering away among the thyme and chaparral and broad big Oaks, the sisterhoods of Poplar and Manzanita and Eucalyptus with their fallen brown flags. Whence is that ecstasy or living which all comers find here? Is it from the pungent air of the sea? I know not. Oakland possesses the climate of winterless Palestine, but is blessed, as

HOME OF THE EBBEL CLUB, OAKLAND.

Palestine is not, with the omnipotent breath of the ocean. Mountain air, sea air and the seaward currents of the dry interior plains conspire to produce it.

"One cannot live on climate," it is said, but can one really *live* without it? The winter-chill and summer-fever of the East, by them how much time (which is life) is rendered absolutely ineffectual lost. Does not a clement climate actually mean *more* life? It means an average of an hour every working day. In generous California every day is a day of life, abundant, joy-giving as nowhere else. It is seen in the nobility of all physical growth. It is only under the rich nurturing of these skies and this virile sun that the largest rose-gardens in the country exist, and the laws of floral development familiar to less favored regions are broken until the wise horticulturist produces from strange nuptials wonderful, unheard-of flowers.

People come here from the frozen East prostrated with its heat, pinched

THE NEW CARNEGIE LIBRARY, OAKLAND.

with its cold, half prepared to resent while they deeply enjoy an atmosphere they hear so much praised, but the kindly-tempered skies make friends of them all, and, when they return at all, they tell of the land in which whosoever lives never enjoys another.

Statistics are rather instructive than interesting, but Oakland's unparalleled climate is quite clearly demonstrated from the daily records noted at Chabot Observatory. Since January, 1876 (the beginning of the recorded observations), the annual average temperature has been 55°. The average

temperature of its coldest weather, 48° ; that of its warmest, 62° , and its average humidity, 80° . The average temperature last year was 50° ; temperature of the warmest day, 70° ; of the coolest, 39° ; greatest variation in twenty-four hours, 33° ; least, 6° ; days in which rain fell, 83; days of frost, 22; number of clear and fair days, 268. The greatest monthly variation of temperature was in October, viz., 43° ; the least in January, 26° . The average daily range of temperature for the year was 17.33° . The rainfall in inches during the year was 23.92. Separating the period into seasons corresponding with those in the East, the mean temperature of the Spring was 58.85° ; of the Summer, 59.83 ; of the Autumn, 54.87 ; of the Winter, 49.27 . The difference between the warmest and coldest months of the

A "BORAX KING'S" OAKLAND HOME.

Spring was 6.65° ; of the Summer, 2.9° ; of the Autumn, 11.5° , and of Winter 5.7 .

The average monthly and annual temperature for twenty-seven years was as follows:

Mean temperature January.....	47.5
Mean temperature February ..	50.0
Mean temperature March	52.5
Mean temperature April	55.3
Mean temperature May.....	58.0
Mean temperature June ...	61.6
Mean temperature July	61.8
Mean temperature August	61.3
Mean temperature September	61.1
Mean temperature October	58.5
Mean temperature November.....	53.8
Mean temperature December.....	49.2

These tables are compiled from statistics from June to June, and comprise 1901 to 1902.

Snow is an uncommon visitor to Oakland. Who does not remember that wonderful week of Christmas, 1882 with its powder of snow? How the astonished geranium hedges and calla lillies, half smothered, laughed through their samite livery into our very eyes! It was fleeting, gone with the day; and the like has never come again, ephemeral reminder of the desolate winters left forever. Less changing and more free from extremes are the meteorological records of Oakland and Alameda County than are those of any other locality even in this favored State. And its comparative death-rate shows that Oakland is one of the healthiest of cities.

So much for those material features which are the basis of the best home-life. What hospitality is there for the Ideals in Oakland? What of its climate, religious, educational, humane?

Oakland is conspicuously a church attending and supporting community.

U. S. SENATOR PERKINS' OAKLAND HOME.

It believes in a solvent religion preached in solvent churches. No church of Oakland is in debt. The finest architecture in the city is exhibited in its ecclesiastical buildings, the most recent edifices representing the Catholic, Protestant and Christian Science communities. The number of Protestant churches is twenty-seven. Among them is the largest and most influential Advent organization, save one, in the United States; the largest Presbyterian and Congregational bodies in the State, the latter ranking third in the United States.

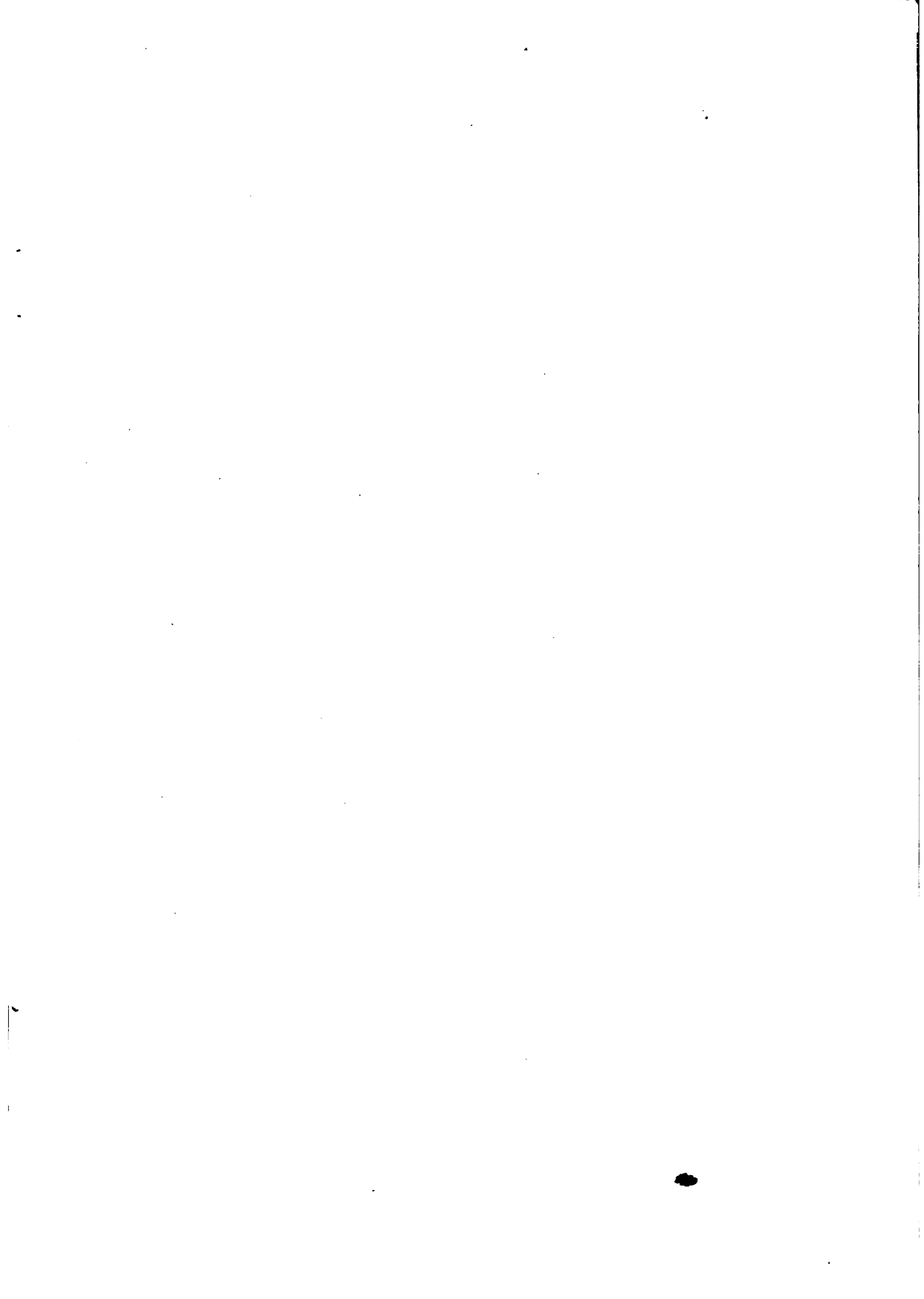
The Schools of California rank among those of the first half-dozen States of the Union; and the second largest and best equipped High school of the State is established in Oakland. The city contains twenty modern public-school buildings. From the proposed new bond-issue of \$2,000,000, the Board of Education has required \$468,000 for new buildings and equipment. The University of California had its original home in

Oakland, and is now its nearest neighbor. The foremost seminary for women in the West, one of the best known schools of individual education, and the oldest college in California are Oakland institutions.

A noteworthy adjunct to the prominent and continually advancing educational activity of Oakland is the Free Public Library, established in the new Carnegie building. The structure itself is an education in architecture.

But the unique distinction of Oakland is outside of both clericalism and education, and finds expression in a multitude of organizations among which the most notable are the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, the Starr King Fraternity, the Ebell Club, the Oakland Hospital and Aid Association, the Children's Protective Association of California, the Associated Charities, the Red Cross, the King's Daughters, the Home for Girls, the Ladies' Relief Society, the Woman's Exchange, and the West Oakland Home. Then there are various acknowledged Reform Clubs, such as the Ruskin, Oakland, New Century, Human Interest and Mutual Benefit. Beside these are many Literary and Social Clubs, such as the Athenian, the Berkeley and the Outlook, and all the fraternal organizations.

The name "Athens," so often attached to Oakland, is taken to denote certain exceptional acquirement in learning, encouragement of the arts and literary culture. In its appreciation of intellectual enterprise and religious idiosyncracies, Oakland is conspicuously if not essentially Athenian. Its constant desire is "to see and hear something new"—so much so as to suggest that Oakland's definition of culture is an encouragement of cults. The new voice, the new message, are certain of welcome. Curiosity is accompanied by sympathy, and any earnest, magnetic man or woman can get a following in Oakland any day. In the strenuous seeking of truth, which is philosophy, and the worship of her tenets when found, which is religion, Oakland is almost *sui generis*, and its society is neither dogmatic nor provincial in its sympathies.



THE WILD POPPY FIELDS IN MARCH. ("Instead of moss, we gather flowers,"--See page 271.) Photo by Pierce.

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine.

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

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MARCH, 1903.

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

X.

IMPERTINENT as it must seem to us self-satisfied ephemera, who can feel the earth teeter under our masterful tread — who forget that Yesterday was, and Tomorrow shall be; and who realize, even of our maggot moment, little more than how much We outweigh the coach-wheel — it is nevertheless an irreverent fact of History (the sticky paper to which adheres what little is left of a thousand other fly-times), that

Civilization began only when Man began to Move, and has progressed only upon condition of his removals. No people ever yet rose to a high culture in its geographic cradle; no country was ever yet made eminent by its first inhabitants.

Throughout the record of mankind, not its indigenes but its invaders have wrought the chief (when not the only) fame of every land that was ever famous; the serious ascent of every tribe or nation up the scale of Progress began with, and hinged upon, that tribe's Migrating. The savage is the only unalloyed Conservative. No tribe that ever removed much, remains savage; and conversely, if you wish to find savages, seek a tribe still persistent where it originated. In a word, it is the immemorial lesson of evolution that Man, to Grow, has had to Get Out. The individual may colorably resist this law of nature; and so may the generation, or even the sequence of generations; but all are paying interest on the debt, and the

generations must sometime settle the principal. Violations of hygiene are as ineluctably punished in the social as in the physical body. What happens to nations that once civilized themselves by demigration, but have since Stayed Too Long unvarying, India and China are tolerable hints; there are others, in a graduate scale of the hopelessness of immobility. As for the relation between Conservatism and Progress, they walk asunder in the inverse ratio with any nation, and with approximately equal-steps. As a mere passing and trivial—but typical—"modern instance," let us say Russia, England and the United States. What is the descending order of their conservatism; what the ascending rank of their advancement?

Doubtless no faithful workman will ever "defy" anyone to prove him wrong. If he be really fit to saw boards, or paint signs, or burrow in history, he knows that his best benefactors are not they that maudle in vain praise over his botcheries, but the fellows that show him wherein he blundered—even the fellows that do it in a nasty way, as it is somehow easy for poor human nature to present its criticisms. And I shall be very grateful to anyone who will prove, never so unkindly, that this rather large postulate (which I do not remember to have encountered flatly in type) is not a generic truth of history—namely, that Man, in the long sense, Has to Move or Stagnate. I will even be grateful for reminder of one single national exception that can be established by modern science.

In their Genesis, the Hebrews were a pest to Egypt and a burden to themselves; it was with their Exodus that they began to be a People ineradicable from history; and that with their immigrant fists they made what the whole world still calls the Holy Land. Who knows anything about the aborigines of Palestine? Who doesn't know that it is the country "made" by the Wandered Jew, while he rested there before further self-making by further wandering?

Greece? The name sounds familiar. A year's subscription (which is two rotund American deities) free to any one that will offhand name one autocthonous tribe of that matchless archipelago. But when the likes of Cadmus drifted in, there began to be a land which has set the world's standards forever in sculpture and in literature—to say nothing of the notch of the best educated people in history.

Were a stage-robber to demand your Instant Definition or your Life, pray what would you hand him out as to the Hernicans and the Auruncans? But you *could* find fobs from which to disgorge at least a nickel's worth of testimony to having

AN ASSISTED IMMIGRANT.

Photo by Pierce.

Foliage of the Pepper Tree. (Brought from its home in Peru to California, where it grows twice as large.)

"THE WINGS OF THE DOVE."

Photo by Pierce.

heard of Rome after the Pious Trojan and his sort arrived; and after immigration had devolved amid the lean Italian tribe-vocabularies the mother tongue to which every great modern language is incomparably beholden. If Italy had been burglar-proof against outside brains, not so much as a ghost of what we call Latin should have walked the universal earth; and if there had been no Latin as we know it, there might, indeed, have been an English language — but you and I couldn't read it. Latin is the Preferred Creditor of the leading tongues of christendom; and there wasn't any Latin until Immigrants got in to teach Latium what its jargons really could be made.

OLD ENGLAND IN LOS ANGELES.

Photo by Pierce.

The freshman, still unwiped of the college plum-bloom, can doubtless tell us the name of some one tribe of the barbarians between whom All Gaul was Divided when a little, bald-headed soldier and scholar discovered it to the world; the rest of us must refresh ourselves from the encyclopedia. But of France, and of its language (which was imposed by its invaders), even those of us who are more rubbed retain some vague concept.

England? Its civilization and its language are the sum of its immigrations. We all know what a howling wilderness it was of naked, brutal, raw-dieted, tongue-tied troglodytes, when it was discovered by the succession of peoples with Marrow enoughⁱⁿ their Minds to Stir them. We can easily guess what it would be today, if Vikings and Romans and Normans and

AN ADAPTATION OF MORESQUE SPAIN. (Altadena, Cal.)

Photo by Firce.

various other stocks that have varied its savagery had never run across it and stamped their heels all over its face.

And even the conglomerate English People of today, the blend of so many Angle and Saxon and Norse and Teutonic and Norman and other elements; where do you fancy they are "doing best" for Progress — in the tight little island, or over here whither a few of them have Moved?

We still recognize the Irishman as a lively immigrant — but it was in the same capacity that he settled upon the Ould Sod. The Celts and Milesians did not originate in Ireland, but came thither from afar. The Teuton was an immigrant to Germany, not an aborigine; and has not yet forgotten how to move, to his own betterment and that of the land he adopts. When we

ANOTHER ADAPTATION OF THE MORESCUE. (Los Angeles.) Photo by Pierce.

"talk Spanish," it is no aboriginal speech of the one-time queen of nations, but the superb instrument forged by her Roman, and polished by her Moorish, conquerors; and our attempts (generally felonious) upon "Spanish architecture" are a following after the style which overran Spain from Africa. And so on, for as long as one cares. Even the marvelous aboriginal cultures of Mexico and Peru — which the scientist does not classify as "civilization," but which were in some respects higher — were exotic. The Incas and the Aztecs did not originate where they made their astonishing record — they Moved there. And by Motion they Grew.

Perhaps it were wanton to remind ourselves that what is now the United States was not wholly developed by its aborigines; or even that its present people have some cause to be glad that they are here rather than back where they or their great-grand-fathers came from.

PORT LOS ANGELES. (4700 foot wharf, said to be the longest in the world.)

Photo by Pierce.

A FIELD OF PINAPPLES.
(In the Cahuenga Valley, near Los Angeles.)

Photo by Pierce.

Migrations are the milestones of the whole world's Progress. Civilization is the product of Emergence, of Getting Away both geographic and intellectual — and one is hard without the other, reading either way you will. Even those who are least fanatic in adoring Civilization and all its works; who most doubt if what we call "Progress" makes its devotees any happier or any better, have to realize that it is the attraction of gravitation of humanity, thus far unsuspended. It is the standard by which everything is judged, nowadays. So it is neither unfair nor unimportant to judge it, in its turn, by some other things. Particularly as it is so prone to Forget the Pit whence it was Digged, and the Rock from which it was Hewn. One of its commonest symptoms, when it becomes acute, is to see as dangerous, if not actually depraved, the very thing that created *it*. It turns pale when it meets its own mother. No one of transcontinental acquaintance and experience is unfamiliar with the queer (and generally unconscious) admixture of disapproval, misgiving and almost dismay they that Go Forth are regarded withal by them that Stay Put.

— PLANTING ORANGES.)

Photo by Pierce.

That warning gospel of Conservatism, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," is as true now as when it first scared the first youth that ever Wanted Out; but still, as a million years ago — and still in every land and in every town — there are some who can think of better ambitions than to grow Mossy. Even the uncomprehended Vagrom Man has had his uses in the world's development; and the true Migrant, who goes out to See and to Win — he has been the spinal column of the race. Nature gives us our way in self-making, and ultimately fits our clothing to our habit. To keep from being stepped upon, the greyhound has gradually elected legs; the turtle, a shell. In

FAR-WANDERED ARCHITECTURE.

Photo by Pierce.

(In Los Angeles the snow-shedding roof is merely for ornament.)

Nature, all things must Grow somehow; but some things *In-grow*.

M-a-y-be all this Means Something; History occasionally does. And if it ever meant anything, anywhere, it means everything to the West and to the very problems we are now reckoning with. It is the Key to our Riddle — that Impenetrable Enigma over which the East wags its solemn head altogether, and which we ourselves have not yet reasonably answered. Maybe, also, the big-enough historian will some day look out from his closet long enough to see — and we have still historians who *could* see, if they emerged and looked far enough — and give us the great book the theme and our bareness merit.

Mankind no longer flows and ebbs in vast racial waves as in the earliest floodings of Europe and Asia. Nowadays it mostly leaks rather than bursts its native reservoir. Still, there have been several pretty serious tides of migration within times and

WHERE WE HARNESS THE SUN.
(Solar Motor in operation at Pasadena Ostrich Farm.)

Photo by Graham.

geographies particularly interesting to us "Americans." Among civilized shiftings in modern days, that marvelous precipitation which promptly followed the discovery of America was easily first. The Spanish exploration, conquest and colonization of two-thirds of all the New World that is even today populated by civilized persons—the inrush from 1520 to 1650—has no tolerable rival if we weigh the area covered, developed and populated in so short a time; the addition to the world's anthropological and geographical knowledge, and to the world's wealth; the danger and difficulty of the conquest; the proportion of college men and great men in the total immigration; the linguistic potency (which stuck the conquering tongue forever upon more people, in any one country of Spanish America, than English has been imposed on people altogether, by England and by Us); or the records scholars have of the transition. But that, of course, is merely scientific. The human thing about it is that never before did so many well-educated people go so far in miles-at-a-lick, nor so fast, nor with a tenth so much contribution to literature.

The first English invasion of the New World was slow if sure, and has not as yet covered anywhere near so much territory, though within my lifetime it has buttered part of its territory much thicker. If New York city hadn't within 20,000 of as many people in 1800 as Puebla, Mexico, had in 1678, it has caught up since. At no time up to within the half-century had immigration to the United States been of the calibre to count in the class now in mind. As for the post-bellum hordes at Castle Garden, neither do they count here, because, while numerically tremendous, the wave has carried more than its share of spume.

The most heroic, the most precipitate, and the most epochal migration in what *we* call "American history" (*i. e.*, history of the United States) was beyond comparison the East-to-West shifting of population in 1849-59. In that one decade some 300,000 Wide-Awakes had moved farther, and at more cost of hardship and danger, than so many so comfortably civilized persons had ever moved—or ever have moved—in the world's history. Never before nor since have so many ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, deacons, carpenters, shoemakers, farmers, judges, millers and other persons of sober and secure occupation, "walked so far afoot," if so far endured a voyage to which the most hardened sensation-seeker could hardly find a parallel now. Never before nor since did so many respectable persons leave respectable families behind—nor, perhaps, so often forget to return for them or send for them. Never before nor since have so many persons accustomed to the Comforts of

LOS ANGELES COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

Photo by Pierce.

Home (in modern terms) so utterly surrendered these comforts and so thriven without them. And incomparably, never before nor since have anything like the same number of human beings so radically and so lastingly remade the business habits of the whole world. Nationally, that was our nearest approach to the ancient racial supersessions.

The very wonderful colonization and development of our vast Middle West and Northwest, imminently following our Civil War, and achieved largely by its disbanded soldiers — but made possible and attractive precisely by the California which furnished the money and credit for that war — that was another of the national milestones History will sometime draw bigger than we of today have the proportion to. Numerically it was great; economically it was enormous. Legitimate child of California, it is already old enough and big enough to feed its

A LOS ANGELES HOSPITAL.
(St. Vincent Sanitarium.)

Photo by Pierce.

A TWELVE-FOOT POTATO PLANT.
(Southern California)

Photo by Crandall.

ONE OF FRÉMONT'S OLD TRAILS.

Photo by Brewster.

grandparents — the Conservative States which have not moved much since 1850, nor been recipients of much motion — save such as comes from Canada and Europe ; which is now not the cream, but nearer the skim, of human kind.

The older, heroic, but relatively innumerable, pioneering of what we may call the immediate backwoods of the Atlantic fringe of States — the gallant episode of Kentucky, Ohio and their historical mates — all this was of another, and a scientifically smaller category ; less significant as to speed, numbers and world-weight. "National politics" and "centers of population" are not always so mightily important as they look close at hand. Mostly, if they Came Home fifty years later, their own Mothers wouldn't know them, so woefully shrunken in stature. Five Presidents have, indeed, procured themselves to be born in Ohio — but the Presidency has long been a compromise in geographies, not an index of regional cultures. Only three New England Presidents have been elected ; and it is almost half a century since a born Yankee sat in the White House, save the incidental Arthur, who was not elected to the office, and who had graduated to New York. The selection of "central" candidates, in general deference to considerations much more formidable to politicians than to scholars — or to the people — is already a habit which will not be easily broken. Yet one might almost remark that the farther West it came for its Presidents the better the country has fared. In geography it never but the once ventured so far westward as Illinois — and got Lincoln. In spirit, it has come as far on several occasions. Washington was emphatically a Westerner of his day ; and Jefferson had the Western horizons that gave us Lewis and Clark. Roosevelt, of course, will rank for Western anywhere. Even to mention Grant, he formed his character in California. It can hardly be said that the farther East it went for its Presidents, the worse the country came out ; but certainly even the admirable Adamses were not the giants of our record ; and as for Pierce it is not worth while to comment. Except on the perhaps curious fact that New Hampshire furnished the President who was the foremost official Champion of Slavery ; and that California furnished (besides even weightier contribution) the first presidential candidate of the party born in and for Freedom, whatever we may think it has diminished to. It is also a coincidence that no President from New England was ever re-elected. Of course this is not intended for argument ; but neither is it wholly fortuitous as concerning the relation between Emergence and Progress.

But California has had *two* epoch-marking and epoch-making

A FRUIT OF THE SECOND MIGRATION.
(Hotel del Coronado; I saw this a barren sand-dune.)

Photo by Fitch.

landslide immigrations ; each paralleled by nothing else in our national history — nor by much in any other — and so unlike between themselves that almost the only comparison is by contrast. Except that both were much more rapid than the peopling of most other States ; that both were distinct and wilful Emergences from hardshell Conservatism, and that both are remarkable in history for the “continuous mileage” of the migrancy — wherein, of course, the Pacific Coast altogether leads the world’s record — these two great sweeps of population were so unlike one another that it seems incredible that they were moods of the same peoples, and only forty years apart. In physique, in mental and ethical attitude, in first motive, in experience, in methods, in interests, in performance, and in the nature of their immediate results, they were ages asunder. Their differences, while perhaps not so glibly to be catalogued, were really deeper-seated than those between the first European settlements of Mexico and New England. It is easy to see which was the more sensational ; but hard to decide which was the more wonderful. As to their relative import, and pregnant forecast to the race, I have a decided opinion. As to which was the saner — and therefore, in our modern excitation, the more unexpected — there can be no real question.

The first was Sheer Adventure (with its usual historical twin of Fortune-seeking) and one of its most magnificent chapters since man’s genesis ; the second was Reasoned Migration. The first was of men ; the second, of families. The first came specifically to skin California and carry home its golden pelt ; not to build a State but to eviscerate a natural treasury ; and the great constructive work these Argonauts presently *did* out here was because of what California taught them, and not the lesson with which from the East they started so pat and pell-mell to school. And the largest, the pleasantest thing the West taught them was that they Didn’t *Have* to Go Home. The latter is the very thing that the second immigration learned before it came, and came because of learning. Adventure and greed entered hardly at all into their motives ; and returning from California, not at all. They came precisely to stay ; and they are as inveterate in fixity as their surviving predecessors. Instead of rampaging off to California to find somewhat to Fetch Home to the Family, they fetched the Family and the Home along, and set them down in the very lap of riches manifold, whereof the Gold-Hunters had jingled but the small-change. They form the least heroic migration in history, but the most judicious ; the least impulsive but the most reasonable. They brought far less muscle than their predecessors, and have

**"PLANTED GOLD AND THE CROP CAME UP."
(Oranges and flowers here: eight feet of snow yonder.)**

Photo by Pierce.

developed far less, but in "sinews" they were far better supplied. In fact they were, by and large, by far the most comfortable immigrants, financially, in history. Instead of by Shank's Mare, or prairie schooner, or reeking steerage, they came on palatial trains; instead of cabins they put up beautiful homes; instead of gophering for gold, they planted gold — and it Came Up, in tenfold harvest. And for all their comparative sedateness, they have made a record of development and progress the far harder, far braver and far more interesting Pioneers did not approach. As to number, more of these New and Velvet Immigrants came in the five years ending with 1890 than in the Golden Decade of 1849-59; and the tide has never since ceased. There are 12 States in the Union which have gained more people since 1880 than California has gained; 38 (including territories) which haven't gained as many. All New England, leaving out Massachusetts, gained 90,000 less. Virginia, which in 1880 had more people than California has today, shows a gain nearly 290,000 less. Kansas, which had in 1880 nearly 200,000 more inhabitants than California, now has not so many. Not one State in the East has equalled California's *per cent.* of increase of population in the 20 years; and only Florida in the South. Except Florida, all the States that have increased in more rapid proportion are Out West; and except Minnesota and Texas, not one of them has yet one-half the present population of California.

Naturally, I am not arguing that the Pullman Conquest of California was *in numbers* one of the landmarks of history. Even in our own nation, it surpasses in arithmetic only three-quarters of the States. Still, this brief comparison may serve to indicate that neither was this migration exactly insignificant, even in numbers. But its distinction — the quality which makes it interesting to study, and unique in the record — lies not in its Mass but in its Class. Different in kind from the vast majority of human migrations, it differs no less in degree from the few that suggest its parallel. Generically speaking, there is a standing and very essential difference between the immigrations which populate the East and those which are settling the West. Of course there are no higher single peaks of character or of culture in the West, and perhaps none so high, and certainly nowhere so many. But the Average Altitude is very much greater indeed — and for the almost absurdly evident reason that we have No social Swamps. The pauper and the criminal classes find it more comfortable to stay where they can lean on or prey upon populations not only larger but also more of the sort that themselves find it Easier to Stay Put. The

A MODERN ADOBE IN SANTA BARBARA.

Photo by Leach.

parasitic classes — and these are not all poor — have lost the power of detaching themselves from the great trunk which they are sapping, and which yields them up barely enough juice to maintain whatever "life" a parasite may be said to have. Furthermore, distance and railroad rates are not only a High Protective Tariff for Western manufactures, but a remarkably effective Restriction of Immigration — of the sort we are now nationally trying to restrict. And as a matter of fact, in almost any Western community whatever, the average of education, morals and property is higher than in almost any sizable Eastern community whatever. Of course there is some flying scud of criminals and paupers; we have too many specimens of both. But as compared with the East, the West has nothing to be called a Pauper Class, nor a Criminal Class; and the Laboring Class is of a mighty different sort from that with which the East is now most familiar.

In high average of education, social "respectability," and "comfortable circumstances," the Second Invasion of California has no precedent. Never before have so many people of that category — nor with so few of lower grade to pull down their average — in a like period migrated so far, paid so much for transportation, paid such whopping prices for land, built such a class of homes — in cost, taste and comforts* — nor so numerously changed their vocation, or at least added an avocation. Never elsewhere has so great a throng of mature, well-to-do non-farming migrators turned to the soil for pleasure and business combined — nor found so much of each. And never elsewhere have the unacquainted newcomers (for, unlike ordinary migrations, this was not collective and by localities, but individual and selective from Everywhere) so soon and so well learned to Harness the communal Energies. There is nothing in the East, nor in the Old World, like such communities as, for instance, Riverside and Redlands. Not alone the wealth and the intelligence they brought, but the Associative Effort they have learned only here, have made these as fascinating and pro-

* Number of telephones per 100 population, 1902 :

City	Per 100 pop.	
Los Angeles	12.3	or 1 tel. to every 8 persons
San Francisco.....	9.2	or 1 tel. to every 12 persons
Detroit.....	4.2	or 1 tel. to every 24 persons
Cleveland	3.4	or 1 tel. to every 29 persons
Boston.....	3.2	or 1 tel. to every 31 persons
New York.....	2.4	or 1 tel. to every 41 persons
Chicago.....	2.3	or 1 tel. to every 44 persons
Philadelphia.....	1.8	or 1 tel. to every 55 persons

Los Angeles has a greater number of telephones than Baltimore, a city five times its size.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.

A REDLANDS RESIDENCE.

phetic to the student of human developments as they are visibly bewildering oases of beauty to the tourist amid the bare land they were once like.

But here we come to another of those curious perplexities which so often crop up in sober consideration of this field. It is not the State of California, with its enormous area and literally incalculable natural wealth, that has so grown in population, but Patches of it. Enough California to blanket all New England, and tuck it in on both sides, has practically no more people today than it had in 1880. In the twenty years the gain of population for the whole State has been 620,359. Of that total, 348,663 (or far more than half) was confined to the seven counties which are what is commonly known as "Southern California"* and the metropolis of San Francisco.

Geographically and by area the southern half of the State comprises 13 counties, so the accepted term "Southern California" is arbitrary rather than descriptive. Counting by latitude, the total gain of population of the State for this term has been divided roughly as follows:

13 southerly counties	One-half.
San Francisco city and county.....	One-sixth.
43 northerly counties.....	One-third.

This is remarkable enough; but not all. If we omit the immediate Bay of San Francisco, close about which are grouped the only six counties in California† (except Fresno and San Diego in the south) which today *contain* one-quarter as many people in all as Los Angeles county has *gained since 1880*, the disproportion is still more startling. The gain of these six northern counties, stimulated by the irrelatation to the greatest harbor in 5,000 miles, is, since 1880, 236,403; that of the seven counties of "Southern California," 239,840; making a total of 476,243. This leaves only 144,117 to be shared among the 44 other counties.

No one who knows anything of the case will accuse me of "sectionalism." That isn't what is the matter. No one has more cheerfully proved that the northern half of the State excels in "natural advantages." It is beyond question more beautiful in verdure, incomparably better forested, better mineralized, much better watered, much better be-rained. And that is partly what IS the matter. The northern Californians haven't fully discovered, as yet, that they "*Have To*." We of the more arid south found it out early, and it has been the making of us. The superstitions of the East count it a misfortune to be obliged to

* Counties of Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino, San Diego, Santa Barbara and Ventura; area 44,901 square miles, or about two-sevenths of the entire area of the State.

† Alameda, Sacramento, San Francisco, San Joaquin, Santa Clara and Sonoma.

RIVERSIDE, THE CITY OF ORANGE GROVES.

Photo by Pierce.

irrigate ; in scientific fact, it is the greatest material godsend that ever overtook Agriculture or Humanity. But we cannot enter upon this now. It shall have its turn.

Let us rather begin to focus our glasses on the most extraordinary example and center of this new immigration.

When I walked into Los Angeles, a little over 18 years ago, it was a dull little place of 12,000 people, with perhaps six buildings of three stories or better ; and with a few doleful miles of such bobtail horse-cars as still serve parts of New York city. I used to shoot quail and jack-rabbits where is now the center of such a residence district as no other American city has quite the likes of. For a year there was no change to mention ; but then

A COUNTRY BY-WAY.

Something Happened, and the Miracle began, whose explanation must await another chapter. But we may at least indicate that there *was* a Miracle.

Not one city in the United States which was no larger than Los Angeles in 1890 is larger now ; not one city which was no larger in 1880 is larger now. In other words, not a single city in the Union has overtaken Los Angeles in rank by population. But in these two decades, Los Angeles has outstripped 99 American cities which were numerically larger in 1880 ; and in one decade has passed 19 cities that were numerically larger in 1890. In 1880, Los Angeles was the 135th city in the Union in population. In 1890 it was the 56th. In 1900 it was the 36th. There are now 35 cities in the United States larger than Los

THE PLAZA CURCH AND "SONORATOWN." (Los Angeles about 1884.)

Angeles; but only 13 cities have gained as many people in the ten years from 1890 to 1900.*

In this last decade, the city of Los Angeles has gained over 5,000 more people than the whole States of Maine, Vermont, Nebraska and Nevada, put together, gained in the same period. In 1890 their aggregate population was 2,098,179—or over 41 times the population of Los Angeles; their aggregate increase in the ten years is 46,890; that of Los Angeles, 52,084.

The State of Kansas, with a present population only 15,000 less than the total present population of California, increased, between 1890 and 1900, by 10,711 less people than did the city of Los Angeles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* These 13 cities are the only ones in the United States which equal Los Angeles, Cal., in actual numerical increase of population between 1890 and 1900:

City	Rank in Union	Pop. 1900	Increase since 1890
New York	1	3,437,202	944,611
Chicago	2	1,698,575	598,725
Philadelphia	3	1,293,697	246,733
St. Louis	4	575,238	123,468
Boston	5	560,892	112,415
Baltimore	6	508,957	74,518
Cleveland	7	381,768	120,415
Buffalo	8	352,387	96,723
Pittsburg	11	321,616	82,999
Detroit	13	285,704	79,828
Milwaukee	14	285,315	80,847
Newark	16	246,070	64,240
Indianapolis	21	169,164	63,728
Los Angeles	36	102,479	52,084

In the decade from 1890 to 1900 Los Angeles overtook and outstripped in total population the following 19 cities, all of which were larger in 1890:

City	Pop. 1890	Pop. 1900	Increase
Memphis, Tenn.	64,495	102,320	37,825
Scranton, Pa.	75,215	102,026	26,811
Lowell, Mass.	77,696	94,969	17,273
Albany, N. Y.	94,923	94,151	dec. 772
Cambridge, Mass.	70,028	91,886	21,858
Atlanta, Ga.	65,533	89,872	24,339
Grand Rapids, Mich.	60,278	87,565	27,287
Dayton, O.	61,220	85,333	24,113
Richmond, Va.	81,388	85,050	3,662
Nashville, Tenn.	76,168	80,865	4,697
Hartford, Conn.	53,230	79,850	26,620
Reading, Pa.	58,661	78,961	20,300
Wilmington, Del.	61,431	76,508	15,077
Camden, N. J.	58,313	75,935	17,622
Trenton, N. J.	57,458	73,307	15,849
Lynn, Mass.	55,727	68,513	12,786
Troy, N. Y.	60,956	60,651	dec. 305
Charleston, S. C.	54,955	55,807	852
Lincoln, Neb.	55,154	40,169	dec. 14,985
Los Angeles	50,395	102,479	52,084

Forty-Inch String Beans.

Photo by Crandall.

THE "DAU" IN POMO BASKETS.

By CARL PURDY.

IN a series of articles on "Pomo Indian Baskets and Their Makers" which appeared in *OUR WEST* of Dec., 1901, and Jan., Feb., and March, 1902, I omitted all mention of some very curious phases of basketry embodying religious ideas. My information on the subject did not satisfy me at that time. During the past winter, studies which had been previously carried on independently by Mr. S. A. Barrett, of Ukiah, and myself, were continued in collaboration, and made to include a study of the language, customs, myths and industries of the Pomos, the work centering on the Calpella Pomo dialect, but touching four or five others. The work so carried on lacks much of completion, but includes a vocabulary of some thousands of words illustrated by sentences, many myths taken verbatim in Indian and with both free and literal translations, and a body of other information. While these studies must be put in systematic form, compared and verified carefully before ready to be submitted as a scientific publication, I am satisfied that the matter which I submit to the readers of *OUR WEST* is strictly authentic.

The Pomo Indian was a pantheist. He not only believed that man's spirit is immortal, but that all animals had immortal spirits, that their prototypes, animal spirits embodying the

The accompanying illustrations show different basket weaves, the "Dau" being usually indicated by the letter D.

idea of deity, preceded and paved the way for all life, and that every inanimate object had a spirit. The creator of all was a spirit called the coyote spirit (*duwi namo*). He, who in their myths is described as the all-wise spirit and the knowing spirit, created or superintended the creation of the world, and at different times it would seem (for creation myths are abundant) planned and created races of men. With this preamble we will proceed to give the myth telling of the origin of the "dau."

THE MYTH OF THE DAU.

When the world-maker, the coyote spirit, had concluded his work of creating the world and man, he seated himself to rest, congratulating himself upon the many good works he had done. At this juncture the Pika Namo, or basket spirits, came before him and petitioned him to give them a village or home to be theirs always. The coyote spirit graciously acceded, and said to them, that there, on the surface of baskets, they might have a home which should be theirs always, and then addressing the basket spirits, said, "You basket spirits, young men and young women, old men and old women, children all, here is a good

home for you all, to be yours always. If you die, you will lie in the ground four days here, then you will ascend to the upper sky to live forever, where there is no sickness, where it is always day, where all are happy.

"The door (dau) of the basket will always keep swinging for you to escape through when you die."

But the basket spirits were discontented and kept crying out as if in pain.

"What are you doing down there?" the coyote spirit asked. "We said nothing," they said. "We talk good; we speak discourses to the dead ones. Now we basket spirits are going to do good; you have spoken wisely to us and we will remember it.

We will stay in this home you have given us until we die and can go to the sky home."

This myth shows clearly that they believe a particular race of spirits inhabited the baskets, and that they needed the dau, or door, to escape through when the basket was destroyed. As to what this door, which should always swing open, is, our illustrations best explain. In baskets in which the design is circular, there is an intentional break in the continuity of the design. Follow the circle and there is a design or alteration of designs repeated again and again, but at the dau an altogether different design is inserted. A dau may be very small or inconspicuous, so much so that the untrained eye fails to note it; but it is usually very plain, and often the most beautiful part of the de-

sign. Where the design is in a number of circles, there is not always a dau in each circle, and if the design is spiral, there is no need of a dau. If a basket has a number of designs, each forming a circle, there is not always a door in each circle, although there may be. It has been suggested by some students of basketry that the dau originated in the fact that sometimes a repetition of a design did not form a complete circle, but left a gap which the weaver filled in with some sort of figures; and that the myth or superstition was a second thought. It is easily to be shown that this supposition is absolutely groundless. In the first place, christianized Indians make baskets without daus, and still more pertinent is the

fact that a woman may make a small dau, a very large dau, or none at all, in the successive circles of one basket, showing that she is complete master of the situation.

Many Indian women are Catholics or Protestants, and some are quite intelligent; but there are few who will omit the dau from a basket. The following myth explains this. To one who believed it, it must have carried a terror sufficient to preserve the custom.

THE LEGEND OF KALTOI.

There was a woman in Gravelly Valley, near Kaltol, who had failed to make a dau on a basket. To her appeared the spirit of the basket, saying, "You have always neglected to make a door for our spirits to escape by. You shall never go to the home above over there, I say to you. Good women never

fail to make daus, I tell you. I will myself cause you to die ; this instant shall you die."

Then the Kaltoi woman said, "O, my basket spirit, spare me now, and after this I will never fail to make daus in my baskets. When I die I will meet you in the sky-home above, where we will always be good, where day always stays, where you and I will live together. O, basket spirit, my heart is good now. My brain will stay good. If I die now, you will come to me afterwards and we will live friends forever."

Then the world-maker said, "It is good. I accept this woman's life as a sacrifice, and you may live in the sky home together."

Then the woman, weeping, accepted her fate and died.

These myths, as is the case with all Pomo legendary lore, are recounted from time to time by the old medicine men to the younger generation, and serve as a most forceful reminder of the sacred obligations to the basket spirits assumed by those who choose to make baskets. And it may be added that these are obligations which are seldom broken.

Ukiah, Cal.

THE ROCK COLUMBINE.

By FLORENCE EVELYN PRATT.

'TIS a little fairy dancer
In her skirts of gold
Flutters where the wind is piping
Music faint and old.

Vis-a-vis a butterfly
Balances and bows,
Gorgeous in his brown and yellow,
Come to pay his vows.

In a little brown arroyo
Many miles away,
Dance, my lady Columbine !
Dance, my roverlgay !

New York.

THE DEATH VALLEY PARTY OF 1849.

By REV. JOHN WELLS BRIER, a Survivor.

[On the 4th of last month a rather wonderful little reunion was held at Lodi, Cal. There three old people, who had not seen one another for 53 years, met to celebrate the anniversary of the day when they and their comrades, the pitiful, starving remnants of the Jayhawkers of the historic Death Valley party, staggered forth from the last defile of the grisly desert on which they had wandered lost for months, and were safe in "God's Country." It was Feb. 4, 1850, that the 16-year-old scout, sent ahead by the despairing and perishing immigrants, found at last a human habitation, and brought them to the noble hospitality of the San Francisco rancho, where they were tenderly nursed back to life. The ruins of the old adobe ranch-house can still be traced near where the Southern California village of Newhall, and the railroad station of Saugus, are today.

The boy scout is now a gaunt and grizzled veteran — Capt. J. B. Colton, of Kansas City. He has been record-keeper of the Jayhawkers ever since; and has filled a stack of bulky scrapbooks (some of which he showed me the other day) with all sorts of matter concerning, and relating to, that famous journey. With the single exception of the "Donner party," it was the most fearful overland trip in our history. Much concerning it will presently find place in these pages. Thanks to Capt. Colton, too, the survivors of that heroic episode have been kept in touch. This Lodi meeting was the 31st reunion he has held of the dwindling and far scattered survivors on the anniversary of their great deliverance. Only seven of the 36 original Jayhawkers are still living; but every year Capt. Colton gets to the remote home of some one of them: and perhaps one or two others are able to come from afar; and the rest send letters.

The Lodi meeting was at the home of Mrs. J. H. Brier, that wonderful little woman who, with her husband, and three little boys, the oldest nine, the youngest only four years old, shared the indescribable horrors of that wandering; thanks to her magnificent pluck, and to the manly devotion of the Jayhawkers — who admitted the Briers to their party when the big caravan broke up soon after leaving Salt Lake. The husband — who preached the first Protestant sermon in Los Angeles, soon after their miraculous escape, and was for years a famous Methodist pioneer missionary in California — died several years ago. Mrs. Brier, at almost 90, is still active and alert. The six-year old boy who trudged beside her that deadly way, and rested on her heroic breast, is now Rev. J. W. Brier, who wrote for me, a year or two ago, the following reminiscences of what was so sharply burned in upon his childish mind. — ED.]

REV. JOHN WELLS BRIER.

THIS is a record of such events of an awful four months, journey from the Mormon village at Salt Lake to the Spanish pueblo at Los Angeles as stamped themselves so

deeply on the memory of a six-year-old lad that they stand out clear and vivid after more than half a century.

September 30, 1849, our party of 105 wagons left the rendezvous on the bank of a stream flowing into Utah Lake, and took up the trail across the wild flax fields, with the Wasatch mountains on our left, and a broad plain, whose broken bounds and barriers appeared only faintly and occasionally, stretching to our right. Captain Hunt, who had contracted to conduct us to Los Angeles within nine weeks for a thousand dollars, was our leader. While the teams were fresh and the credit of Capt.

Mrs. Brier Columbus Brier Rev. J. H. Brier
Kirke White Brier John Wells Brier
THE BRIER FAMILY.

(From a daguerreotype in Marysville, Cal., in 1852.)

Hunt was unimpaired, we were in excellent spirit. At length, however, the guide began to miscalculate; and, on one occasion, his uncertainty cost us a week of time and travel. The train had been loaded for expedition rather than comfort, and no provision had been made for leisure. The leading thought had been to make it as easy as possible for the teams; and when they began to wear a jaded look, when seven weeks of the nine had passed with no more than a third of the distance covered, the spirit of discontent grew towards open revolt.

The Captain was taciturnity itself. If he possessed the knowledge of a guide, he seemed to be wanting in the tact of a leader. This may be the fancy of a child, for I confess that I was afraid of the silent man, and wondered if he ever loved anybody, and if he slept on horseback.

We had journeyed down into the Great Basin, and every day the scenery had become more and more unattractive. A party came into our camp near the Iron Buttes, who were on a forced march to California, guided by a chart furnished by the Utah Chief, Walker. This route lay due west and entered the valley of Owen's Lake. It was a most inviting trail, dotted at convenient intervals with springs; and as we were assured that a fortnight would take us to the en-

Mrs. J. H. Brier.
(From a photo made 25 years ago.)

chanted shores of Owen's Lake our affections were immediately alienated from Captain Hunt and the Spanish Trail.

There were, perhaps, five hundred people within the circle of our wagons. In mass meeting, the new departure was discussed, and my father was one of its most enthusiastic advocates. The guide very consistently opposed it. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed with characteristic brevity, "All I have to say is, that if you take that route you will all be landed in Hell!"

As the result of the conference, Captain Hunt was left with a following of five wagons, while we pushed on without a guide, without a chart, without a particle of authentic information and without the faintest conception of the true character of the wilderness we were about to penetrate. As early as the second day our trail began to swerve too far to the south. We should have reached the Mountain Meadows, but, when night came, we halted on the brink of an impassable cañon, traversed by a tributary of the Vegas. The only man who could descend to the stream was a Canadian voyageur, and those who drank of its water were compelled to pay at the rate of one dollar per bucket.

Clearly we must find a way of escape or turn back. Mr. Rhinierson, a man of cautious judgment, resolved to return to

Photo by C. F. L., Jan. 29, 1903.
CAPTAIN JOHN B. COLTON. (See page 326.)

the guidance of Captain Hunt, and I believe that more than half of the company followed his example. Meantime explorers had gone out, and my father was able to report that from the top of a pine on a hill he had seen open country toward the west, with a mountain intervening around whose side, bristling with dwarf cedars, a road must be cut for the train. Men were at once sent forward, and that night we camped among quaking bogs at the edge of a dark drain of the Mountain Meadows.

The day following we advanced, by a long and easy grade, to a summit whereon was an old Indian cornfield. The air was sharp, and the sky was overcast. The men circled about the greasewood fires and sang the old songs, some of which were

SALT GROUND IN DEATH VALLEY.

Photo by C. Hart Merriam

parodied in a manner to turn regrets into laughter. I well remember the chorus of "Carry me back," and that of "Oh, Susanna," accompanied by the strains of Nat Ward's fiddle.

By a sweep to the north and west we entered a north-and-south valley, bounded on the west by Timpanute mountain. We should have doubled this mountain on the north, but our magnet drew us southward. Our course lay for miles among conical stacks, containing the seed of a species of bunch grass, gathered for food by the natives. The scene was exceedingly picturesque; and the grain would have proved most serviceable to us in the days to

Photo by C. F. L. about 1885.
REV. J. H. BRIER.

come. We respected the rights of the red man, but he was not equally considerate. Two riding animals were missed on the morning of our departure, and their unhappy owners had the misfortune of seeing them pursued by naked savages along the base of the distant mountain. Before disappearing from view the exultant natives made their adieus by executing a grand salaam in reverse order.

We journeyed fifty miles with the Timpanute, and descended into the first real desert I had ever seen, and saw here, for the first time, the mirage. We had been without water for twenty-four hours, when suddenly there broke into view to the south a splendid sheet of water, which all of us believed was Owen's Lake. As we hurried towards it the vision faded, and near midnight we halted on the rim of a basin of mud, with a shallow pool of brine. From this point I remember little of our westward course across the great desert until we rested at the mouth of a deep-walled fissure, and two Indians were brought into camp, captured at the extremity of the cleft. Questioned by signs as to the direction of the great water, they pointed to the southwest, and one of them led two of our young men to a beautiful mountain spring. During the night both escaped. Before this our party had been growing smaller. Eleven young men had "packed their backs" soon after we left Captain Hunt. At the Amargosa they separated, Savage and Pinney steering for the White Mountains, and the nine crossing Funeral Mountain and entering Death Valley. Savage and Pinney were found by Indians, who gave them food, and conducted them as captives

AMARGOSA DESERT, FURNACE MTS. AND PANAMINT RANGE (farthest).
(Death Valley lies between the two distant ranges.)

Photo by C. Hart Merriam.

to Owen's Lake. Pinney delighted the Indians by his dancing, his great size and the redness of his hair. They called him the "Big Chief," and in the spring led him and his friend to the inland plains. The skeletons of those who had entered Death Valley were discovered some years after. I have an impression that the parties diverged to the south before we reached the Amargosa; and the Jayhawkers entered Death Valley not far from the bend of the Amargosa. We overtook them on the bank of a saliferous stream, where they too were compelled to abandon their wagons. Finally a small party left us at Furnace Creek, and another in Panamint Valley.

From the escape of the captives to the abandonment of our wagons my memory is utterly at fault. The latter event is vividly recalled—the drifting sand, the cold blast from the north, the wind-beaten hill, the white tent, my lesson in the Testament, the burning of wagons as fuel, the forsaking of nearly every treasured thing, the packing of oxen, the melancholy departure. (Twelve years afterward Gov. Blaisdell found the things we had abandoned, in a remarkable state of preservation.) The walking, now made necessary, was hard upon the women and children, but the short rations were more trying for all.

After many days of bitter travel, we reached the Amargosa and camped in its dry channel, counting ourselves fortunate to find a muddy pool of water. The end of the next day found us, with our canteens empty, at the summit of a pass where there was no water, no grass, no fuel—nothing but a low, tubular plant, mottled with pale red and purple, that rattled desolately in the north wind. Early the next morning, from the top of a neighboring crag, my father looked across the furrowed hills into a deep valley reaching westward to a lofty mountain range, and in it, seeming scarcely two leagues away, a beautiful oasis of grass and springing water. All that day we hurried toward it, hardly able to keep pace with the eager animals down the well-beaten Indian trail, and it was midnight (of Dec. 24, 1849) before we reached the oasis. For the last six miles my father carried my younger brother.

The place was evidently a resort, and deep trails had the appearance of having been cut through the barriers of soft, though solid, rock. A lavatory in so hot a region was a luxury, especially as the spring flow was copious and of every degree of temperature. It was carried off in the channel of Furnace Creek and discharged into a saline swamp of the valley below. The best we could do for Christmas was to slaughter an ox free for all. The men wanted something to remind them of other

days, and my father gave them a lecture on education. It was grave, humorous and reminiscent.

During the day, reconnoitering parties explored the inlet to the unknown valley beyond. They found the Jayhawk wagon tracks, and we decided to follow them northward. Nearly opposite our encampment, a trail mounted to an elevation of the Panamint range, where a valley, rich in grass, offered an easy descent to Wild Rose and Darwin cañons, and opened up a near way to Watkin's Pass. But of this we were ignorant.

On this day two of the men came upon an old Indian in a depression, with the sand packed about him, but his head left exposed. One of them mistook him for a wolf, and was about to shoot him, when the other exclaimed—"My God! it is a man!" He was released from confinement, and we watched him catch beetles for food, and visit the near branch for drink, though his eyes may have been dead for a quarter of a century.

We passed into Death Valley, along the margin of a coruscating basin of salt and soda. That day we overtook the Jayhawkers, and, as our own company had been reduced to a small fraction, by the departure of Captain Town and party, we united our fortunes with theirs. They endeavored to persuade us to remain at the Springs, promising to return from California to our rescue. My mother, who had never been a burden to any one, heroically refused, and the Jayhawkers gallantly pledged her their undivided loyalty.

Steering north of west we drove across the shifting dunes for twenty miles to the pass between the Panamints and Telescope Peak, from the summit of which we were in plain view of Mt. Whitney and the Minarets. We were only two days' journey from Owen's Lake; but we turned to the south, and prolonged our journey by hundreds of miles. All this I can distinctly and accurately recall. Twenty miles across the naked dunes, the wind driving the sand like shot into the face and eyes; a raging thirst, for we had found no potable water in the Valley of Death; the bench lands, thickly strewn with basalt boulders; the snow-line, to which my father mounted, returning with all the snow he could carry, which we melted for man and beast; the field of snow that we crossed, the cattle eating it to assuage their thirst; the majestic view of Mt. Whitney and the Minarets; the midnight march down the long and irregular ravine; the arrival at an Indian village among the mesquite groves, in which only one of the villagers remained, an aged squaw, who scolded us in a language we did not understand.

We entered the rectangular thatched huts, and found a number of hair ropes and bridles, but little furniture. Midway the village was a vast heap of offal, and the bones of horses were scattered about freely, showing that the natives were accus-

tomed to visit the great ranges of California for their regular supply of meat. Our attention was drawn to an escarped pool—a lure for aquatic birds, always willing in this arid region, to alight upon any considerable body of water. As it might be dangerous to pass the night in the deserted village, we moved down to another spring and made our camp.

Here the few left of our original party baked up the flour that was left to them, and, with many regrets, left us. We had beef—such as it was—in plenty, but no bread. The Jayhawkers were equally destitute, but one of their number was rich in the possession of a tallow candle, and this he ate in solitude—having fallen to the rear for the purpose—while we were crossing the Mojave desert.

By this time the physical condition of the party had become about as bad as it could be. There was not a vigorous man among us, and two or three had reached a stage beyond which there was nothing but death. My mother came of a Vermont stock, fit alike for adversity and prosperity. My father had always been active, enterprising and irrepressible. He had spent his manhood in self-sacrificing labors, and had never known what it meant to be discouraged. Now, however, we could see that he was failing, while, under an acute disorder, it was hard for him to perform the ordinary duties of the camp. Still he continued to explore, as he had always done, until his infirmity forced him to the rear.

In company with others, he crossed Panamint Desert to find a passage through the range. There were two ways, the more southerly seeming, in the distance, to be the more inviting. A small party of us selected this way, and the body of the Jayhawkers preferred the other. Toward evening of the second day we approached a narrow fissure, with perpendicular walls a thousand feet high. Its floor was of level sand, and rose steeply at the upper end. As we approached the end of the dreary chasm the thirsty cattle sniffed the air and broke into a trot. But the water proved to be only a slow trickle, which, in a hour, yielded enough for a ration of coffee before sleeping. In the morning we found that Mr. Fish was unable to proceed. A number of the oxen had escaped during the night, and while two of the young men returned for them, a third remained to take care of the feeble old man. The rest of the party could not delay, but pushed on to the summit of the pass, from which we descended by the track of a water-spout—the most devious, precipitous and dangerous trail imaginable. At the end of a most discouraging afternoon we suddenly emerged upon a scene as wonderful as it was unexpected—a great body of water shining only a few miles across the desert. Again it was the mirage, but we did not discover this for many hours. Long past midnight we came up to it, and found only a basin of slime, strongly impregnated with borax, on the banks of which were camped the Jayhawkers from whom we had parted days before. They had brought a little water with them, however, and generously shared with us. Here word was brought to us, by the man we had left behind, of the death of Mr. Fish, and of a younger man, Mr. Isham, who had sunk exhausted by the way.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHITTIER AND FRÉMONT.

BY an oversight, only one of Whittier's tributes to the Pathfinder was included in the presentation of *Frémontiana*, last month. It is proper to print here the more familiar "Rise up, Frémont and go before" of that American poet who did more for Freedom than all other American poets put together.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

All night above their rocky bed
 They saw the stars march slow ;
 The wild Sierra overhead,
 The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
 The gray bear from his den,
 Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
 Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,
 Their leader's sleepless eye,
 Where splinters of the mountain chain
 Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow : at last, a glow,
 A gleam of sudden fire,
 Shot up behind the walls of snow,
 And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men !" he cried, "yon rocky cone,
 Today, please God, we pass,
 And look from Winter's frozen throne
 On Summer's flowers and grass !"

They set their faces to the blast,
 They trod the eternal snow,
 And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
 The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
 By many an icy horn ;
 Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
 And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs
 To flap his baffled wing,
 And downward, with the cataracts,
 Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,
 Another task remains,
 To break from Slavery's desert land
 A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
 Yet, flashing through the night,
 Lo ! icy ridge and rocky spear
 Blaze out in morning light !

Rise up, FRÉMONT ! and go before ;
 The Hour must have its Man ;
 Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
 And lead in Freedom's van !

PAHAWITZ-NA'AN.

By MARY AUSTIN.

HAIWAI lies in a hill-dimple at the foot of Tonopah, and eastward, straight away as the crow flies, rises the high ridge which divides that country from the valley of Bitter Springs. Over that ridge, called Waban, go all the Indian inhabitants of Haiwai at the time of the first hoar frost, to the piñon gathering. The broad, low-heading trees grow thickly, midway of the east slope of Waban, and, in the dry flats where no trees are, grow *chia*, wild cabbage, and foodful roots. High on Waban, among the tamarack pines, are deer for the killing, and quail troop at all seasons on the downward slopes.

The piñon season makes a little exodus at Haiwai. There is work to be done at good wages, white men's work on the farms and about the mines; but when the quail begin to flock and the frosts to nip, a call comes out of the hills that no Paiute can deny.

The strong men go to the hunting of deer, the strong women to beat down the round, brown cones from the unwilling trees, old men to tend the fires for roasting, and old women to keep the camp.

As for the children, they are incredibly busy, getting themselves nicely varnished over with crystal-clear resin, and growing so fat on the oily kernels that it is a wonder how they keep on seeing out of their small, beady eyes. With the tribe goes their flock, goats and sheep two score, up by the way of Waban Pass to feed in the high meadows; and, because he was accounted fit for nothing else, Limpy was set to watch them. Any Paiute of Haiwai would have told you that the child should have been glad that he was able to do so much for his keep, but to Limpy it was the very badge and trumpeter of his affliction. It was a post of no labor and much lying in the sun; the meadows were small, well fenced by barrens over which the sheep had no desire to stray, and, for help, a dog that had the flock upon his conscience.

At the foot of Waban begins the Soshone country, and time was when the Paiutes harvested piñons at peril. But in these pacific days there is little traffic of any sort between Paiutes and Soshone, except that they steal from each other with the greatest good-will if occasion offers. And though Limpy dreamed dreams of holding his flock in the face of their warlike hordes, he knew he was quite safe against any such chance. Mornings and evenings Chopo helped him from meadow to camp, that was seldom too far for a long cry to reach. When the

small children could be spared, he coaxed them with him for company, and the wild things of Waban showed him many a wonder. But because he could not, Limpy longed to be breaking his back with the heavy baskets, and wearying his legs with trotting to and fro with the pitchy, shiny cones. Limpy, however, had learned the logic of necessity, and tended sheep; and since there was no one who belonged to him in particular, there was no one to find out how sore a heart he had. In truth, Limpy would have been of little use at the piñon gathering, for one-half of his body was paralyzed, stiffened and shriveled into all but uselessness. He could stoop with difficulty, and lift and carry not at all. Moreover, the boy was a public charge in the Campoodie, where nobody loved him and nobody was unkind. Because they pitied him, the Paiutes took no notice of his infirmity, and because he had the heart of a man, Limpy made no moan, but, being a Paiute, felt the primitive shame of physical deformity, and the desire to do great things and win a man's name. The name he was known by he had accepted from the Whites for whom he did errands, they needing something to call him by. Those of his own people who understood it thought it a good enough name, being true; the more so since there is no need of one having a particular name who has done nothing in particular worth naming. Small chance of that, thought the Paiutes of Haiwai, since there was to be no more fighting with Whites or each other, though no lack of causes to fight for. So Limpy minded sheep, hopping about with incredible spryness on his peg leg, and made merry at the piñon gathering.

The young men had gone to the high passes hunting the deer, and only old men and women kept the camp at Hidden Waters, on the sunrise slope of Waban. Limpy was having a particularly good time, having coaxed the younger children to the herding-meadow by a tale of a woodchuck that came out of its hole and spoke to him. The woodchuck had not spoken that day, but it might have, and there was the fun of expecting it; so they brought home the flock merrily through the slanting light, garlanded with wild flowers, and laughing an echo to the laughter of the women coming it with the baskets.

The flock was shut in the wattled corral at the end of the swale, and by moonrise the camp at Hidden Waters was sleeping the sleep of the well-fed. Meanwhile Limpy's hour approached.

The first that was known of it was when Chopo loosed the flock and cried out that two were missing — two he-goats of the flock — and never a dog had barked, nor an owl hooted louder than its wont.

Limpy knew, and the boys that were with him knew, that

they had all come in from the feeding-ground. Chopo laid his eyes to the ground, squinting along the trampled grass; meantime the old men wagged their heads with surmisings. Chopo neither wagged nor spoke. The hair of his head stood up; his nostrils were drawn and lifted at the outer corners; his eyes narrowed to fine points of fire. He was following a trail. He slid out of the golden patch by the springs into the twilight pines. The old men went about to gather sticks; they would have a council fire; perhaps they would make medicine. They shook with excitement, their old eyes glittered beadily; but they did not talk. Limpy hopped about on his peg leg, helping. He knew better than to question his elders, but as guardian of the flock he felt that somewhat devolved upon him. The women were forbidden from the harvesting.

"It would be well," suggested Limpy to old Tuyo, the arrow-maker, "if the young men came home from the hunting."

The arrow-maker was not sure. Young men were needful if there was fighting, but this—Ah! Ah! and he fell to mumbling and shaking his head. What, oh, what is it? Limpy questioned with his eyes. The arrow-maker leaned over to him. They were very good friends; perhaps there was also a matter of secret sympathy between them, for the arrow-maker was not valued of his tribe as he had been.

"*Pahawitz na'an*," he said with his lips to the boy's ear. Limpy's own eyes glittered. He left gathering sticks, and made a little council for himself, back of a brown boulder by the spring, with the other boys ready to hear a wonder. *Pahawitz na'an!* He that was reputed to be the father of Paiutes, believed by some to be an evil spirit, going about in the form of a beast with the thoughts of a man. *Pahawitz na'an!* But none of them dared say it above a whisper, lest the man-bear should hear.

They had heard tales of him by the winter fire, but it had been long and long since the bear that walked like a man had been seen of any Paiute. Hunters who came not back from their hunting were supposed to have met with him. One, Chico, reported having seen the tracks of him five winters ago, when the snow was deep on Tonopah, and had come away in a great fright; but this tale was not much believed. "He would have run away from the tracks of a real bear just the same," explained the arrow-maker. But now the arrow-maker had seen also. All the camp at Hidden Waters kept close and went softly; the fear of *Pahawitz na'an* was on them all. It wore off as it drew near noon; it was so bright and clear a day, the late flowers made a pleasant glow in the sun, the sheep bleated cheerfully in the corral, and the pleasant smell of roasting cones

hung in the air. Limpy took a blackened stick and began to draw upon the rocks. He drew the *Mahalas* gathering cones, the young men hunting the deer, white men as he remembered them.

"Now," he said, "I will draw *Pahawitz na'an*." Sallie's Tomee, who stood as high as Limpy's shoulder and was as broad as long, broke into a howl of terror.

"Ho," cried Limpy, "who's afraid of *Pahawitz na'an*?" Tomee stamped with rage and fright.

"Don't you say that name some more," he cried.

"Coyote," jeered Limpy; "look, there is Chopo! The bear has not eaten him."

In fact Chopo and the man-bear had not come together. The Indian had followed the trail until he lost it in a stony place. But *Pahawitz na'an* it was. He had come into the camp and gone out of it on all fours, but through the pines he stood up and walked like a man, driving the goats. Did ever a bear the like? Moreover the dogs had not barked.

That night the arrow-maker made Medicine. He burned strange smelling things in the fire, muttering, the while, things that one must not venture to hear. It was not very strong Medicine, but it sufficed. *Pahawitz na'an* came no more to the sheepfolds for that time.

The third day the young men returned, and, though they heard the news with headshakings and snorts of disbelief, the camp was moved from Hidden Waters to Passowai, and the harvesting went on.

And now it was for Limpy to say if he would have help at the herding or no, and that he would not; for since it was thought worthy the courage of a man, there was no Paiute so jealous of his work as the little, lame lad. He had moments of heart-sinking when he heard things stirring in the wood, and looked ever sidewise as he went among the gloaming pines. But the cool October days moved on, and the fear faded. Limpy forged with the flocks into farther and farther meadows. And in time *Pahawitz na'an* came back for more sheep.

It was near mid-afternoon. Limpy lay on the sunward side of a boulder, mocking the tell-tale jays in the Tamarack pines.

Suddenly the jays left quarreling to clear out of the timber on the upper side of the meadow, crying, "Thief, a thief! Who comes? A thief, a thief!" The chipmunks heard and stopped in mid career, motionless as the rocks they perched upon. The woodchucks heard and got back to their doors; the dogs moved uneasily to put themselves between the flock and whatever came out of the wood.

Limpy saw the hair of their backs rise, and there fell a silence

in the glen—such a silence as moves before an enemy or a stranger in the wood—and out of the silence, moving stilly, too cautiously by far for a bear that was not half a man, came *Pahawitz na'an*.

And yet it was no man that came out of the wood, but a bear, brown and shaggy as bears should be, walking on four feet as other bears.

Limpy slid from his rock to the shadow of it; the dogs bristled more and more, but they did not bark, and *Pahawitz na'an* spoke to them. Yes! And in the Paiute tongue, since they understood no other. Limpy did not hear, but he saw them slink, bristling still, but abashed. *Pahawitz na'an* nosed among the indifferent sheep, parting out the best of them. Never a bear did as this one did. He drove the yearlings out of the meadow, and, as he went, he rose up like a man, and went walking and driving the sheep among the tamarack pines. And after him, from bole to bole of the shadowing trees, from bush to boulder, followed a peg-legged little Indian, sometime keeper of the flock. For as Limpy lay in the shadow of the rock, his strength came back to him, and with it a little of his man's spirit and sturdy sense. The sheep were not eaten and the dogs had not barked; *Pahawitz na'an* had spoken and they had obeyed him. Clearly the man-bear wanted sheep, and at the thought Limpy's wrath arose. The sheep were his, his in trust as shepherd, his by right of his interest in the property of the campoodie. A scant flock meant scant living at Haiwai!

It was too far to go to the camp for help; the flock was safe with the dogs against any other chance than just the one that had befallen them. Limpy would have his sheep again, or at the least know where they went. Besides, a curiosity greater than the fear drew him to the edge of the wood; but though he had courage for following, he did not follow fast.

If *Pahawitz na'an* were a man, he could be none other than an Indian by the wit he showed in covering his track, doubling and turning so that it was a weary little Paiute that came to the end of it where it dropped over the rim of an exceedingly steep, deep gully, in which boulders, huge as houses, lay tumbled thick together amid masses and windy caves of shade. The sound of the sheep came up from them, and Limpy, peering over the edge, saw *Pahawitz na'an* going about man-wise to drive his last steal into a pen and make it fast with stones. Then from a recess of the rocks he drew a knife long and shining, and Limpy's awed gaze clung to it in the gathering gloom. Then on a sudden there was a scurry of bare feet on the pine needles, the pad, pad of a little peg-leg, and away into the woods fled Limpy, for with a quick motion of the knife at

his own throat, *Pahawitz na'an* had thrown off his bear's skin and stood forth a man.

About the hour of sunset, Chopo set out to help the tardy Limpy home with the sheep, and met them half way of the trail, straggling and lagging, the dogs doing their work half-heartedly, for the puzzle of the man-bear worked mischief in their heads. Chopo counted the flock—two missing—and Limpy! Here was strange work. He got the remnant to the camp and spread the news; but with the best speed they could make, it was too late when the young men came to the herding meadow to do more than piece out the circumstance. Peer as they might into the darkling wood, they could read only that Limpy and the sheep went away walking with *Pahawitz na'an*, he going on two feet and making a track very like a bear's, but such as no bear ever made. By that time the dark fell on the camp, and the fear that walketh in darkness.

There was a council fire at Passowai that night, the children huddling by their mothers, and all ears alert for sounds from the wood. The old men spoke oftenest and at greatest length; it was their time come again. Nevertheless there were young men to whom the whole thing seemed of human contriving. In the end, according to the wisdom of the fathers, they made Big Medicine.

They cleared a space around the fire, and the arrow-maker leaped in the dim-lit circle, nearly naked, and bedaubed with a paste of white flour, for he had left his Medicine-bags at Haiwai. There was no light but the fire. The old men made them rattles of willow wands, split and peeled, and the click of these and the droning voices reached far across the night. Around the squatting circle ran little movements of fervor, of appreciation, shoves and nudges, laughter of sheer delight. Vague excitement flickered and flared up in the faces of the old, old men, mumbling like dogs who hunt in dreams. Clear across the open space the firelight glittered on the throats of the young men where the pulse moved, fluttering, sliding, snake-like, as in the throat of wild animals about to spring. One—two hours the rhythmic, hypnotic dance went on, rose in a scale, and the heart pounded heavily against the glistening ribs—and far out in the pines arose a small sobbing cry.

One caught it in the outer circle of listeners and froze into an attitude of listening. The sense of approaching presence ran like a thing palpable around the circle. A cry, and then another, struck through the tense preoccupation of the dancers, and stilled the clack of the rattles. It came from the far side of the camp toward the wood, and insensibly the circle melted

and massed again, putting the fire between it and whatever might come out of the dark.

The cry grew and was answered by the tethered flock and the dogs; afterward came the pad, pad of a peg-leg — Limpy!

He came into the circle, wan and scared, breaking into tears and sobbing. His was a tale marvelous beyond belief, such as would serve for big talk for time to come. "And at the last," said Limpy, "he cut himself with the knife and came out a man."

"Ah! Ehu! Heard you ever the like?"

"So," said High Jack, "what kind of a man?"

"Indian man."

"Paiute?"

"No, not Paiute. Maybe Soshone."

"Ah! a — a — ah!"

"Dressed?" said High Jack. Like a flash it came to Limpy that the man who came out of the bear's skin in the glen wore blue overalls such as the men bought in the shops. A little breath of laughter ran about the camp; a spirit in overalls!

"And the place," said High Jack, "could you find it again? Then eat and sleep. Presently we may have need of you." He took Limpy bodily by the shoulders and turned him out of the council. And this time it was the young men who talked.

Two hours later the moon rose. Limpy had not turned his side in bed for the heaviness of slumber when the men called him. It was clear; it was cold and gloriously light; the wood was deeply still. One of the men gave him an old coat with long ragged tails that hung down and warmed his legs. High Jack came behind and thrust his shoulders between the boy's knees. Six figures, singly and still, threaded the aisles of the pines, and on the shoulders of the foremost rode the little lame shepherd, pointing the way.

They went forward at a great pace, without words. They were young men brought up on the borders of White life, thinking thoughts other than their fathers had, but as they went in the moonlight they grew more and more like what their fathers were. Their faces fell into set, fierce lines. They crouched and moved stealthily. Nearing the gully of Big Rocks, they drew off their boots and went lightly as the night wind. At the head of the gully where the trail went down, they left Limpy, very glad at first not to go near the man-bear, very frightened to be alone as soon as they had dropped down among the shadows.

Pahawitz na'an was asleep in his bear's skin for warmth, thinking no harm. He neither saw nor heard the six Paiutes feeling toward him, but the sheep heard and waked him with

their blether. He wormed through the hollows of the rocks like a wild thing, but the click of the bear's claws betrayed him. It was Indian set to catch Indian — wild thing against his kind. He made the trail first, knowing the tricks of the place, and up to the rim of the wall, not fairly on it, for there the moonlight shone, but a little to one side where the bluff was dark and more sheer. There, as he raised himself, dreadful to behold with his own head close by the bear's head hanging over his shoulder, suddenly there shot up from the scrub, where Limpy huddled in his loose long coat with flapping tails, with a terrible, amazed howl, an impish figure with wind-spread wings, dancing black and large against the moon. The man-bear slipped. The superstitions he had played upon undid him. He groped for a hold, but the bear's skin prevented him. He fell out from the cliff and backward, making no sound, but clutching wildly at the throat of his lying dress as his body plunged into the shadow of the gulf.

When the Paiutes came and looked upon his face they said, each man of them in his own way, "Soshone," as one might say dog, coyote, or what not; and they buried him where he lay.

It was dawn-end, and a light breaking over Soshone Land when the Paiutes came back to Passowai, driving their sheep, and one, who had brought away the bear skin, capering in it to the great delight of the camp. High on the shoulders of the young men rode Limpy, bepraised and called out of his name. Hours after, deep in the slumber that paid out the night watch, the boy smiled the smile of a satisfied heart. For the name they had called him by, the name he had made for himself at the gully of Big Rocks, was *Pahawitz na'an*.

Independence, Cal.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINTER.

By ANNA BALL.



H winter, it is grand to see thee there,
 Camped like a threat'ning Fabian, on the height
 Of every purple mountain, when the night,
 Thine ancient ally, forced to seek his lair,
 Leaves thee full-panoplied and fit to dare
 The rosy ramparts, far below, of light
 And warmth and perfume, where the summer
 bright

In sunny trenches guards possessions fair.
 But she smiles on and bids the lilies sprout,
 And turns to where the golden orange glows,
 Sets starry bloom, and orders brown bees out.
 That he will threaten only, well she knows;
 For here's the tyrant Timrod writes about —
 If he comes down, she'll "brain him with a rose."

Colton, Cal.

THE SAVING OF ENGLISH JIM.

[From the Memoirs of the late Joseph Huskisson, Esq., of California —
Fourth Extract.]

Compiled by CLARENCE ALAN McGREW.

"If a man is willing to lead a decent life again," said English Jim, as we were hitting the trail back from the Fraser River, "I fancy there'll be a few who will let him live, even if they aren't eager to share grub-stakes with him. At any rate, I'm willing to meet up with anybody on that proposition."

I nodded assent.

"Then we'll go back to 'Frisco again," he said — and so we did, by as straight a road as horses could take us.

I puzzled all the way over what two men, who had spent the best part of ten years in thieving, could do to earn an honest living. But Jim, as usual, had already made up his mind what to do next. In some way he had acquired a good technical knowledge of tobacco and its uses, and while we sauntered down Market street the very night of our arrival in the city, he spied a sign advertising a well-placed store for rent. Within two days it was our store, with a small stock of pipes, cigars, tobaccos and such other things as go with them. We even soon began to lay plans for an extensive wholesale trade.

Our success — the success of "Kay & Huskisson, tobacconists" — surpassed my most sanguine hopes. With business prosperity came naturally something of social activity, made safe, as we soon discovered, by certain carefully devised hirsute transformations. As fate would have it, indeed, one of the warmest friends we made was Harry Larkin, whom, as I saw him squinting along the wrapper of a cigar, I recognized as the man who had squinted along the barrel of a pistol at my head years before in the San Joaquin Valley. He had been a Wells-Fargo agent down there. Jim had sent a bullet into his right arm, and the young agent actually shifted his gun to his left hand and pumped lead with that, as if left arms were made for shooting. That was the time my pinto horse lost his hot-spurred life. But, if Larkin ever recognized us in our transformed state, he never gave any evidence of it.

With such an acquaintance it was easy for us to become members of the old Bowdoin Engine Company, whose heavy Hunaman engine, brought from Boston by the ship Andrew Jackson in 1852, still served as the center of interest whenever the volunteer firemen were out with it for practice or in dangerous earnest.

Jim Kay and I were always at the front of the fire-fighters. Indeed, we nearly lost our lives when the roof of the blazing

Caliente saloon caved in. It was on that occasion that the company lost one of its best pieces of hose.

Unwilling to procure any new hose that was not of the best, the company decided to send back East for a new section, and Kay was selected to place the order. I went with him to the wharf the next Steamer Day, as he wanted to send his order by a friend on board, and I wanted to see the sights of Steamer Day.

We were coming off the steamer when I saw Jim's eyes gleam and felt him grip hard on the rail in front of me. Down on the wharf below us, one of those dirty steamship-runners was plucking the sleeve of a woman and shouting in her ear.

"Don't take the old sink-box, lady," he bawled. "They have to shift the cattle on her to keep her on her keel. She's an old floating coffin. I tell you now, lady, you're ——"

"I wish you to understand that I'm not going at all," she replied. "Won't you please quit annoying me?"

Her soft, calm voice impressed me at once. What a woman! Hair of jet black; deep, soft eyes that danced and laughed and sobbed and wept—or I knew they could—under her broad, shading hat; cheeks of well-rounded, flushing brown; a noble chin as nobly poised; a tall figure which even the outrageously fashioned skirts of those days could not mar—a real woman!

What could prompt even a yellow cur to snarl at such a woman I never understood. Yet he did it with an ugly leer and an obscene fling.

Jim Kay was over the rail in one second, and in the next his big, brown hand closed in a steel grip on the dirty wharf-rat's throat.

"Swear at a lady, eh!" A shake. "You ugly thug." Another shake. "Such as you need a lesson like this." A breath-stopping strangle on the dog's throat. "You'll get it, too."

As a yell of approval went up from the chivalrous crowd, Jim dragged the miserable wretch to the bulkhead, kicking, cuffing and shaking him all the way, and then pitched him bodily into the muddy water, while another yell went up from the onlookers. Then he turned to the young woman with a polite bow.

"I regret this, madam," said he, "but it seemed necessary. Pardon my haste, I beg of you."

"Indeed, it seems that you could hardly have done otherwise," she returned.

I caught her measuring Jim's broad shoulders with a glance. There was a mere hint of a smile curving her proud lips.

"I see we are attracting attention," said Jim, "and Mr. Huskisson, my friend here, will summon a carriage for you."

I bowed deeply and scampered off after a Jehu.

When I came back, with the carriage engaged, I saw her waving a final good-by to a gray-haired old gentleman who was leaning over the rail, hatless, as the steamer swung clear of the pier. The next moment Kay was helping her into the four-wheeler.

All the way home Jim's eyes burned as I had never seen them before. I spoke to him twice without getting a reply.

"What's her name, Jim?" I repeated.

His cheeks burned as he turned.

"I don't know," he stammered. "But — but — I can find out. There aren't two such women west of the Rockies."

The bugle and the tramp of feet for the soldier; the ringing of bells and the clatter of hoofs and the whir of wheels for the firemen. As we raced along, a whiff of smoke tickled my well-trained nostrils.

"Where are we going, Jim?" I shouted, as we started down the last hill.

"Didn't catch it," he yelled back. And before I could find out from anybody else, we were there and racing with the old Monumentals for the best position.

The house was Colonel Harvey's, and one of the best in the city. It was roaring with flames, and only one corner seemed to have escaped the fire up to that time.

I heard somebody question, "Is there anybody inside?" and the reply, "Don't think so." But the word had hardly been spoken before a long moan went up from the crowd — a great gasp of dismay.

A tall, proud woman had appeared at the corner window on the second floor. As a puff of wind swept aside the murk of smoke, I saw her plainly — the woman who had left us — unknown by name — at the pier. She held a child in her arms. She did not cry out; there was neither use nor need for that.

Right below her the wind was tossing a great, ruddy tongue of flame from the ground-floor window. All around, the heat scorched, and I saw her shield the child's face.

There seemed to be no way of rescue except by the ordinary ladder — and that way failure and death flamed glaringly. But the ladder was put up as fast as we could set it.

Who would climb it? Were they going to let the ladder burn while they waited for an answer? Then somebody jumped past me and sprang upon it. Two rungs at the bottom and a series of what seemed leaps, by which the climber seemed to fly — up through a burst of flame. Jim it was, of course. His coat was afire, and I shut my eyes for an instant in dread.

From below we threw showers of water on him and the ladder, but a feeble effort it was in the face of that fiery torrent. The crowd yelled as he reached the window, and then waited breathlessly while the engines clanked to the roar of the flames.

I saw her try to hand him the child. He looked down at the flames and shook his head; there was no time for two trips—little enough for one.

Both? Yes! How he did it I do not know to this day. But those were strong arms of English Jim's. Down he came with his double burden, right to the sweep of the flame. Would he try to climb through it again, hampered as he was? That was impossible. No, he was going to jump those thirty feet. Already the ladder was afire beyond hope of saving it much longer. In that infinitesimal instant of anxiety I remembered that Jim's left leg had been smashed five years before by Calaveras Pete's ugly mustang, and I wondered if it could stand the strain.

Then he jumped.

The child and the woman were unhurt except for bruises. They were soon picked up and carried away. But Jim lay long unconscious. When we got him around he tried to stand, pointed with a grin at his left leg and then fainted again.

The crowd, however, knew he wasn't killed, and as he was carried away in Dr. Houseman's carriage a wild shout went up that would have well paid any man for a broken leg.

She—Miss Harvey, who had insisted on returning—caught me by the arm as he was taken away.

"He—how is he?" she asked.

I gripped her hand—just why I don't know, but somehow that expressed what I couldn't say just at that moment. She understood, but she laughed in a way that scared me—a nervous little hysterical laugh—and then began to cry, and that frightened me more. So I led her back to the house where she and the child—her youngest sister it was—had been taken by kind neighbors.

There it was that I learned that she and the little girl had been abandoned in the burning house by cowardly, panic-stricken servants.

The doctor prescribed plenty of air and sunshine for Jim, but I know the grave old medico actually feared at times that the visits of one tall young woman brought with them a little too much sunshine for his patient. The doctor feared inflammation from undue excitement; if his fears had been based on probable palpitation of Jim's heart, I might have sympathized with him. And how Jim did drink from the deep, sweet wells of those eyes and hang on every word of that soft, strong-breasted voice! Even I, who

am not troubled by any ordinary woman's eyes, felt somewhat of that which must have gripped Jim. She came too often, I was sure, for one whom gratitude alone moved.

How well I remember the morning when the bolt struck at our feet and stunned us! Jim's broken leg had knitted almost completely, and he was sunning himself at the southeast corner of our little brick-and-adobe house. When I went out for a moment, I left him reading one of the news sheets, which, as it happened, was not of the most savory character even then, and later became so bad that it rotted by the wayside.

When I came back, Jim's hand was clinched hard on his chair, and that old, careless, devilish look was gleaming from his eyes. He tossed the sheet to me pointing at a corner of the so-called editorial page. I read:

"TO THE EDITOR:

Sir: As a citizen of public spirit I write to say that in my opinion public decency in San Francisco has suffered a severe set-back when a notorious blackleg, practically an expatriate from this section of our fair land, is allowed to enter the company of gentlemen and not only pose as a gentleman but stand as the recipient of honors. I forbear the mention of names but will content myself by saying that these remarks are called forth by the presence here of an outlaw and cut-throat, who, by mere chance, has succeeded in saving the life of a very estimable young woman, the daughter of one of our most respected citizens. He is now taking advantage of that fact to worm himself into her confidence and perhaps even her affections. Her reputation is worth more than the lives of ten such blackguards; and it is to preserve it and the good name of the city that I write this."

It was signed, *Pro Bono Publico*. When I read the signature Jim snorted and growled.

"Now, who —"

"Why, that steamship runner's at the bottom of it, of course, but the dog can't write Latin, even if he can English. That's what disturbs me. But at any rate, my wicket's down for these grounds."

I nodded, as usual.

Within an hour we had decided that the next boat to the Isthmus would be none too soon for us, and I went to secure passage.

Two days later we were on board — early, to avoid any difficulty ashore. I propped him up in his bunk to favor his leg, and then I went to get one good, long drink of the strongest whiskey aboard.

When I came back I was surprised to see the stateroom door closed. I thought I might have struck the wrong room until I heard a voice inside that I recognized — a woman's, full-breasted, full of pride and mellow sweetness. I listened, played

eavesdropper, if you will, contenting myself with the thought that I should be superfluous inside.

"I came to find you," she was saying.

"But I am going away," he answered. "You have learned what I have been? Yes, I see that. You must leave me—for the sake of your reputation—but, perhaps—I hope, at least—well, I hope, anyway, that you will not think ill of that part of my life of which you have been a witness. No, no; it must end here. I am going away for the sake of your reputation and your self-respect."

"Reputation!" she cried. "Self-respect! What respect could I have for myself if I left you when trouble came to you? What you *were* matters not to me. I know what you are. For your own sake you must leave here, but you shall not leave me. I will go too."

Jim gasped.

"With me?" he asked.

"Why not?"

"There is not a vacant stateroom on board. But perhaps I can get the purser to find me a smaller one and you may have this. Huskisson 'll be back in a moment and I'll send him to find out."

"Ah," she said, "but if there are so many passengers aboard there must be at least one who is qualified to perform a marriage ceremony—and—and—perhaps, Mr. Huskisson could get another stateroom."

"You—you—don't mean you'll marry me?" stammered Jim.

"If you'll have me," she answered.

And I scuttled away for another drink.

POPPIES.

By ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

A GOLDEN nugget felt the Sun's warm rays,
Awoke to life, and longed to see his face;
It pushed its way up through the yellow mould,
And—merged in golden light—the virgin Gold,
Clasped in the arms of the adoring Sun,
Seemed melted—Gold and Sunlight into one,
Retaining yet the semblance of the two.
'Twas thus the glorious poppy came to view,
Transformed from gold, poured with a lavish hand
Forth by the Maker, on this favored land;
Their golden petals by warm sunshine mellowed,
Their golden hearts by richest gold-dust yellowed,
Fit emblem of a land so rich and free;
Deep hearted Poppies, by the Western Sea.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

V.—WM. DAMPIER, 1686.

THE next Christian Pirate in the Pacific, of any consequence, was the cautious Wm. Dampier. Cynical persons might call him a coward. That is, of course, by average pirate standards. A summary of his achievements, compiled from his own narrative, follows. He touched California, incidentally, almost two and a quarter centuries ago.

At the close of the year 1679, William Dampier set out with the Captains *Caxon*, *Sawkins*, and *Sharpe*, with other Privateers, from Nigral Bay, at the west end of Jamaica, their first expedition being "against *Porto-Bello*, which being accomplished, they took a Resolution to cross the Isthmus of *Darien*, in order to pursue their Designs in the South Seas. On April 5. 1680. they landed near *Golden Island*, being between 3 and 400 strong, carrying with them such Provisions as were necessary, and Toys to gratify the free *Indians*, through whose Country they passed. In about nine Days time they arrived at *Santa Maria*, which they took without much Difficulty, but found there neither Gold nor Provisions, as they expected; so they staid only three Days, and then embarked on board Canoes, and other small Craft, for the South Seas. On April 23. they were in sight of *Panama* and having in vain attempted *Puebla Nova*, before which Captain *Sawkins*, then acting as Commander in Chief was killed, they went off to the Isles of *Quibo*. On June 6. they sailed from thence to the Coast of *Peru*; and touching at the Islands of *Gorgonia* and *Plata*, they came to *Ylo*, wh they took in the month of *October*. About *Christmas*, the same Year, they arrived at the Island of *Juan Fernandez*, wh. was the farthest they went to the south: There they deposed Captain *Bartholomew Sharpe*, who had the chief Command after the Death of *Sawkins*, and made choice of one Captain *Walling* to command, under whom they attempted *Arica*; but were repulsed, with the Loss of twenty-eight men, among whom was the new commander Captain *Walling*; when they sailed for some time without any Commander, but, arriving in the Island of *Plata*, their Crew split into two Factions; when it was resolved, before they proceeded to the choice of a Commander that the Majority, with their Captain, should keep the Ship, and the minority the Canoes and Small-Craft. Mr. Dampier prepared with his Associates to return over Land into the North Seas.

"On April 17, 1681, they quitted Captain *Sharpe*, and, without acknowledging any Commander, resolved to prosecute their design of repassing the Isthmus, though they were but forty-seven men in all. This was one of the boldest undertakings that ever came into the Head of desperate Men, and yet they performed it without any considerable loss. On May 1. they landed on the continent; past the Isthmus in twenty-three Days; and, on the 24th, embarked on board the Captain *Tristian*, a *French* privateer, with whom they joined a fleet of those sort of People, consisting of nine Vessels, on board of wh were near 600 Men. This was a very great Force, and they flattered themselves with the Hopes of doing great Things against the *Spaniards*: But through Variety of Accidents, tho' chiefly through the Disagreement among their Commanders, they were able to do

very little, except that these People, who came over Land, made themselves Masters of a Tartan; and putting themselves under the command of Captain *Wright*, continued along the Spanish Coast, quite down to the Dutch Settlement of Curacao, where they endeavored to sell a good Quantity of Sugar wh they had taken on board a *Spanish Ship*; but, failing in that Design, they prosecuted their Voyage to *Tortugas*, and from thence to the *Curacoa Coast*, where they took three Barks, one laden with Hides, another with *European* commodities, and the third with Earthen-ware and Brandy. With these Prizes they proceeded to the Island of Roca, where they shared them, and then resolved to separate, tho' they were but sixty in all: Of these, about twenty, among whom Dampier was, took one of the Barks, with their Share of the Goods, proceeded directly for *Virginia*, where they arrived in July 1682."

After some time "having spent the best Part of their Wealth, they were ready to enter on any Scheme that could be proposed for getting more: nor was it long before such an Opportunity offered. Captain Cooke . . . coming thither with a Prize, and declaring his Resolution to go into the South Seas, and cruise among the *Spaniards*, Mr. Dampier . . . readily agreed to go with him, and brought most of his Companions into like Disposition . . . furnishing him with One-third of his whole Company. In this Voyage it was that Captain *Cowley* acted as Master, though he was not trusted with the true Design. They sailed from Achamack in Virginia, August 23. 1683. and steered their Course for the Cape de Verd Islands." . . . Dampier was now embarked for his first Voyage round the World. . . . They touched at the Isle of Salt, wh was inhabited by not above five or six Men. The chief brought them three or four poor goats and some salt in return for which they gave him "some old Cloaths."

From the Isle of Salt they sailed to St. Nicholas, another of the Cape Verd Isles, where they would have provided themselves with beef and goats "but they would not let our Men come ashore; because one Captain *Bond*, a *Bristol* man, had, not long before, carried off some of the chief Inhabitants under the same Pretence."

From the Cape Verde Isles they steered their course to the south. On the 19th of March they "discerned a Sail to the South of us, wh we supposed to be a *Spanish Merchantman* bound from *Baldivia* to *Lima*; but proved one Captain *Eaton*, from *London*, who being bound to the South Seas as well as we, we kept Company with him quite through the Streights." . . .

"March 24 we got in sight of the Isle of John Fernandez, and soon after came to an Anchor, in a Bay at the South End," from which place they again set sail "April 8. 1664. in Company with Captain *Eaton*, for the Pacific Sea, properly so called, being that part of the Mare del Zur which extends from South to North, betwixt 30° and 40° South Latitude; and from the *American Shore* to the West, without limitation, as far as I know." . . . "We continued our course towards the Line to the 24° South Latitude, in Sight of the Continent of America" . . . sailing "no nearer than twelve or sixteen Leagues to it, for fear of being discovered by the *Spaniards*."

They continued their "Course at some Distance along the Coast till May the 3d, at 9° 40' South Latitude, when we descried a Vessel, Captain *Eaton* took her, being laden with Timber." . . . "May 10 we anchored near *Lobos de la Mare* with our Prize . . . Upon Examination of the Prisoners, being convinced that we were discovered by the *Spaniards*, and consequently, they would keep their richest Ships in Port, it was con-

sidered, whether we should attack some Place thereabouts; and *Truxilo*, though a populous City, and of difficult Access in Landing at the Port of *Guanahagno*, six miles hence, being thought the most likely Place, we prepared for the said expedition; and, May 17. found our whole Number to consist of 108 sound Men; but, the next Day, some of our Men descreying three Vessels to the West, without the Isles, and one betwixt the Isle and the Continent, we gave them Chace; we in Captain *Cooke's* Ship that towards the Continent, and Captain *Eaton* the other two. They were soon taken, and proved to be laden with Flour from *Guanehagno* to *Panama*: In one of them we found a Letter from the Viceroy of Lima, to the President of *Panama*, intimating, that, having notice of some Enemies lately come into those Seas, he had immediately sent away these three Ships to supply their Wants; at the same time, being informed by the Prisoners, that those of *Truxillo* were erecting a Fort near their Harbour of *Guanehagno*, we resolved to give over our Design of attacking that Place, and steered with our three Prizes to the Isles of *Gallapagos*. . . . After a stay of twelve days among these Isles, one of our Indian Prisoners, a native of *Rio Lega*, having given us an ample Account of the Riches of that Place, and offered his Service to conduct us thither, it was resolved to take his Advice; and accordingly we set Sail the 12th of *June*, with an Intention to touch in our Way at the Isle of *Cocoas*: We took our Course North 4° 4' Latitude, With a South and by West and South Southwest Winds; and as we came West to the Isle of *Cocoas*, the Wind South-West and by South, thus we continued our Course to 5° 40' N. Lat. when, despairing to make the Isle of *Cocoas*, as the Wind Stood, we directed our Course to the Continent. . . . The fair weather and small Winds, conducted us by the Beginning of *July* to *Cape Blanco*, on the Continent of *Mexico*. . . . and here they anchored in a small bay called *Calderas Bay*. "On the Coast of the North Sea, Captain *Cooke*, who had been very ill ever since our Departure from the Isle of *Juan Fernandez*, died, as soon as we came within two or three Leagues of this Cape (a thing frequent at Sea, for People to die in View of the Land, after a long Illness); and as, in a few Hours after, we came to anchor a League within the Cape, . . . at fourteen Fathoms clear hard Sand, he was immediately carried on shore, under a Guard of twelve armed Men, in order to his Interment: While our Men were busy in digging the Grave, three *Spanish Indians* came to them, asking them several impertinent Questions; which our People having answered as they thought convenient, they kept them in Discourse till they found means to seize them all three, though one of them escaped their Hands again. The other two, being carried aboard confessed, that they were sent thither as Spies, to inform themselves concerning us, from *Nicoya*, a small *Mulatto* Town twelve or fourteen Leagues from hence, seated upon the Banks of a River bearing the same name, which being a Place very convenient for building and refitting of Ships, the President of *Panama* had sent Advice of our coming into these Seas to their Magistrates. Concerning the Inhabitants of the Country, they told us, that they lived mostly by manuring of their Grounds for Corn, and feeding their Cattle in the Savannas or Plains, of wh. they had great store; and that they sent their Ox hides to the North sea, by the Lake of *Nicaragua*; as they did also a certain red Wood . . . used for dying, wh they exchanged there for Linen and Woolen commodities brought thither from Europe. They added, that not far from the Sea was a large Beef-pen, where we might provide ourselves with what Cows or Bulls we had occasion for. As this was a scarce commodity amongst us at that time, twenty-four of us were immediately dispatched in two Boats, who, under the Conduct of one of the *Indians*, landed at a Place a League from the Ship, and haled their Boats upon the dry Sand: Thus, led by

their Guide, they came to the Pen. in a large Savanna, two Miles from the Boats, where finding abundance of Bulls and Cows feeding, some were for killing three or four of them immediately ; but the rest opposed the same, alledging, they had better stay all Night, and in the Morning kill as many as they had occasion for. Here upon I, [Dampier] and eleven more, thought fit to return aboard, which we did without the least Opposition, expecting the coming of the rest the next Day ; but, hearing nothing of them by Four o'Clock in the afternoon, ten Men were sent in a Canoe to look after them. They were no sooner come into the Bay where they landed before, but they found their comrades upon a small Rock, half a Mile from the Shore, standing up to the Middle in Water, whither they had fled for Refuge to escape the Hands of forty or fifty well armed *Spaniards*, with Guns and Lances, who had burnt their Boat : They were got upon the Rock at low Water ; but it being then flowing Water, they must have infallibly perished, had our Canoes come but one Hour later, wh. now brought them safe aboard. We afterward seized upon two Canoes, ready fitted, in this Bay."

On the 20th of July, they "sailed away from the Bay of *Caldera*, with Mr. *Edward Davis* the Quartermaster, constituted Captain, in room of Captain *Cooke*, deceased. They went in company with Captain *Eaton*, and one of their Meal Prizes, towards *Rio Leja*, against wh. Port they arrived in three Days.

... "The country about *Rio Leja*, is easily discovered at Sea, by reason of an high, peaked, burning Mountain called *Volcano Vejo*, the Old Volcano, by the *Spaniards*. It is easily distinguished, being very high, so as to be seen twenty Leagues at Sea ; ... It smokes all Day, and also sends forth Flames at Night. ... Being in Sight of the *Volcano Vejo*, seven or eight Leagues from the Shore, the Mouth bearing North-east, we took in our Topsails, and made towards the Harbour ; and then, setting out our Canoes, rowed up to the small Town, that makes the Harbour of *Rio Leja*, by Nine o'Clock in the Morning ; where we discovered an House, and, soon after, three Men going into a Canoe on the Inside of the Island, and making what Haste they could to row to the Continent ; which before they could reach, we overtook them, and carried them to the little Isle. At the same time we observed one on Horseback on the Continent, riding away full Speed towards the Town. They frankly confessed, that they had been placed there by the Governor of *Rio Leja*, who had been advised of our coming into those Parts, to keep Watch Day and Night ; and that Horseman we saw riding away, was placed upon the same Account on the Continent, within an Hour's Riding of the Town. Thus, finding ourselves discovered, the Horseman being gone three Hours before *Eaton* and his Canoes came to the Island, the Design upon that Town was laid aside for this Time." ... At four o'clock in the afternoon they took their course for the Gulph of *Amapalla*. ...

"Captain *Davis* being sent before, with two Canoes, into this Gulph to get some Prisoners, he came to *Mangera*, where, finding a path from the Creek, he followed it towards the Town ; but the Inhabitants no sooner had notice of his coming, than they all ran into the Woods, leaving only the Priest behind them : who being taken, with two Boys his Attendants, Captain *Davis* made them conduct him to the Isle of *Amapalla*, where being landed, he marched up to the before-mentioned Place, a mile from the Landing-Place, on the Top of the Hill. The Inhabitants, who saw them Advance, were ready to retire into the Woods ; but the Secretary, an Enemy to the *Spaniards*, having persuaded them, that they were friends, who craved their Assistance against their common Oppressors, they bid *Davis* and his Men welcome. After the first Salutation they marched towards the Church, (the Priest, brought along by Captain *Davis*, at the Head of them). ... His Intention was, as soon as they were all got into the Church, to engage all their Assistance against the *Spaniards*, to accomplish wh the Priest had promised his good Offices ; but just as the few remaining *Indians* were entering the Church, one of Captain *Davis's* Men pushed a Man forward to hasten him into the Church ; wh the Indian being frightened at, set up his Heels, and the rest, taking the Alarm, followed ; so that Captain *Davis* and the Friar being left alone in the Church he ordered his Men to fire at them ; wh being done the Secretary was killed in the Fray : And so the whole Project vanished into Smoke, by the Foolishness of one inconsiderate Fellow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

the giant redwoods of California.

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THE demands of official etiquette have kept this magazine from disclosing, heretofore, the location selected by the Warner's Ranch Indian Commission for the new home of the 300 evicted Indians. Of course the thing leaked out, months ago, and has been unauthoritatively stated in many newspapers; but the Department of the Interior kept the Commission sealed; and the editor, as chairman of that commission, has disclosed the matter to no one. Receipt of this telegram, however, serves as a release:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.

Chas. F. Lummis, Los Angeles:

You are authorized to make public the results of the Warner's Ranch Commission work.

ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, Sec'y.

Next month will begin in these pages a full description, fully illustrated, of the new location ; and also of some other matters brought out in the Commission's work. Indian Commissioner Jones and other officials desire that the government publish the entire report ; but it is not certain that this effort will succeed. It *should* be published entire, for its usefulness to the Indian bureau and others ; but it would be rather a formidable undertaking for this magazine. The report is in two large type-written volumes of 136 and 80 folio pages, respectively, and contains 152 photographs, besides maps, tables, etc.

Meantime it may be stated that the lands to which the Warner's Ranch Indians are to be moved, and upon which they will be safe from further eviction, are in the Pala valley, in San Diego county, Cal.; about 40 miles from their present home, 24 miles inland from Oceanside, and 16 and 12 miles respectively from the nearest railroad stations, Fallbrook and Temecula. The land is 3,438 acres, of which over 2,000 acres are arable, over 700 acres irrigable under present development — which can be greatly increased — and 316 acres of it now cultivated by irrigation, besides a large quantity in grain. At their old home, the Indians had about 900 acres, of which possibly 200 acres are arable and 150 irrigable. The quality of the land at Pala is far superior, and the water supply is about eight times as great ; there is a huge supply of timber ; and in fact Pala is immeasurably superior to Warner's Ranch in every material consideration, except the hot springs. This is consoling to those of us who have most lamented that the Indians could not keep their old homes — as of course they would rather do than move to any paradise. The Pala valley is not a tiny corner of some vast desert ranch, but a fertile, bowl-shaped valley now occupied by 15 families of farmers. Their improved farms are what the government is now purchasing ; and the Indians will have the valley all to themselves. The details of this location — doubly interesting because this will be the first time in our history that Indians have been given better lands than they were driven from, and more lands — will be printed in the April number, with many photographs, showing not only the scenery but the water supply and the growing crops of all sorts found by the Commission.

From the "business" side it may be mentioned now, that the government was about to pay \$70,000 for 2,370 acres, with practically no water supply whatever ; and that it is now getting over 1,000 acres more land — and better land — and more than 500 times as much water, for \$46,230. It is expected to be able to apply this saving of over \$23,000 to further relief of Mission Indians ; and the Commission has made recommendations which, if carried out, will relieve eight other reservations, covering more than 700 Indians now destitute and suffering.

A READING LIST ON INDIANS.

NEARLY every day brings inquiries, from individuals, women's clubs and other sources, "what books can we read for a reliable idea of the Indian" or of some special subject connected with him. These requests are too numerous for individual answer; and there are thousands of books, more or less "about Indians," and more or less worth reading — generally less.

For these reasons, the following hasty outline of a reading and reference list on Indians is printed here for the general convenience. It is not — nor even desires to be — complete. The projected bibliographic catalogue of one private library in this country,* devoted to North American Indians alone, will, if it shall ever be completed, make eight or nine ponderous volumes, and will sell at something like \$400. The present is a list not for scientists but for the intelligent general reader who would like to "post up." A great many works are purposely excluded from it; some because they hardly seem necessary in a mere sketch-list, and some — including more than a few of alleged authority — because they are worthless. No book in this list is infallible at every point, but its inclusion here signifies that its virtues outweigh its faults, and that it is at least harmless — and probably really worth while. The most important ones are indicated.

Most of these titles can probably be found in a good public library. But the public library habit, excellent as it is, should not wean us of the much better habit of Owning Books — with due taste in selecting books worth owning, as of course nine out of every ten are not.

At this day, when a disproportionate share of keeping intellectual activity alive is done by the women's clubs, it seems to me high time for these clubs to be Book-Lovers and not Book-Skimmers. Let the novel of the day have its passing filip, and the Tendency of Literature be tried for its life before the Full Bench; but every serious woman's club should be beginning its own little reference library of the standard books in the lines which particularly interest that particular club. This is especially true in the West, where we have topics all our own. Every woman's club in California, for example, ought to have a sound little reference library on California, on the Missions, on Indians, on irrigation, etc. In Colorado they ought to have the standard books — and particularly the earliest books — on Colorado. And so on. In California, for instance, the interesting and valuable books written here in the most romantic days of the State are already scarce, and growing rarer and costlier every day. Something of this is true as to books on the Indian; and while we are getting more exact books, on the average, the material — the Indian himself, from whom we must study — is being rapidly wiped off the slate by the remorseless sponge of selfishness; and soon, exactness will have nothing to work on.

A good many of the following books are out of print; but they can be obtained (with patience, sometimes), from one of the reliable dealers in Americana. There are many of these in

* That of Edward E. Ayer, Chicago.

this country* who will undertake the commission to procure any book desired, and at a reasonable price. Any of them will furnish free catalogues of books they have now on hand.

The following list is alphabetical by authors. At the end is given a brief grouping by subjects, etc.:

Bancroft, Hubert Howe —

Native Races of the Pacific States. 5 vols. 8vo, about 800 pp. each. San Francisco, 1886. Useful for reference to the expert, but undigested, unbalanced, half indexed, full of inaccuracies and misjudgments. Like all the other 34 vols. of his enormous cordwood *History of the Pacific States*—conceived and marketed in the "Drummer" spirit; done for him by a mob of reporters; "worked" on a confiding public, but long ago found out by scholars—these large books can be bought, in almost any quantity, in the second-hand bookstores of Los Angeles and San Francisco, bound in full sheep, at 75c. a vol. in sets, or \$1 for one. The vol. on *New Mexico and Arizona*, and vol. 1 of *California*, are rather more useful than the *Native Races*; but of the same general faults.

Bandelier, Ad. F.—

The highest authority on the archæology and ethnology of all Spanish America, particularly including the Southwest. All his works are out of print, and can be obtained only through dealers in Americana. But they are the cornerstone of scientific knowledge of the Southwestern and Mexican Indian. The following are most important.

Historical Introduction to Studies Among the Sedentary Indians of New Mexico. Papers of the Archæological Institute of America, 1883. 8vo, 33 pp.

Contributions to the History of the Southwestern portion of the U. S. Ibid, 1890, 8vo, 206 pp.

Final Report of Investigations Among the Indians of the Southwestern Portion of the U. S. Ibid, 1890-92, 2 vols, 8vo, ill., 319 and 591 pp.

Documentary History of the Zuñi Tribe, Outline of, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1892, 4to, 115 pp.

The Delight-Makers. (A really photographic view of Pueblo Indian life before the discovery of America). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1890, 8vo, 490 pp.

Benavides, Fray Alonso de —

One of our most important early "sources" on the Southwest, and one of the rarest books.

Memorial on New Mexico in 1630. Translated with notes. *Land of Sunshine*, Sept., 1900—March, 1901. Out West Co., Los Angeles, \$1.50. (Magazine numbers, unbound). Will be issued in a sumptuous and expensive book, with facsimile text and notes, probably during 1903. No other even passable English translation has ever been printed.

Brinton, D. G.—

Dean of authorities on American linguistics.

Myths of the New World. N. Y., 1868.

Bourke, Capt. John G.—

On the Border with Crook. Ill., 491 pp., 8vo. Chas Scribner's Sons, New York, 1891. An important and fascinating book, by the lamented soldier-student who was right-hand man of the greatest Indian-fighter in our history—the General the Indians most dreaded as a foe and most trusted as a friend. Capt. Bourke also wrote one of the earliest studies of the Moqui Snake-Dance (now largely out of date, in the light of later science); *An Apache Campaign* (Scribner, New York, 1886, ill., 112 pp.); and *The Medicine-Men of the Apache* (9th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology).

Catlin, George —

Manners, Customs and Conditions of the North American Indians. London, 1841. 2 large 8vo vols., over 400 colored ills. Catlin (born

* For instance, Noah F. Morrison, Elizabeth, N. J.; Shepard Book Co., Salt Lake City; F. E. Grant, 23 W. 42nd St. N. Y., A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; Robt. Clarke Co., Cincinnati; W. H. Lowdermilk, Washington, D. C.; H. H. Timby, Conneaut, O. I can vouch for all these.

in Wyoming about 1800) was the pioneer illustrator of the Western Indians, among whom he wandered from 1832 to 1839. While he was neither a scientist nor a great artist, his work deservedly made a sensation throughout the civilized world; and his drawings have been doing duty ever since, in books of all sorts. A modern reprint with all the colored plates can be had for about \$7.50.

Costansó, Miguel—

The engineer of the expedition which founded the first California Missions.

Historical Diary of the Voyages by Sea and Land to the North of California. 1769. The poor translation printed in London in 1790 is excessively rare. A translation from the original MS. was printed in *Land of Sunshine* June and July, 1901. The Out West Co., Los Angeles. 40 cents. The second number particularly describes the coast Indians of California at that time.

Coues, Dr. Elliott—

Foremost of American editors of Americana. (Pike, Henry, Fowler, etc.)

On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer. The Diary of Fray Francisco Garcés, 1775. (Contains voluminous notes and the most convenient authentic lists and characterization of Southwestern and California Indian tribe-names, etc.). Francis P. Harper, New York, 1900, 2 vols., 8vo, \$6.00.

Culin, Stewart—

Curator, University of Pa., and our leading authority on Indian games. *Chess and Playing Cards.* 8vo, 225 pp., 226 ill. Deals with a great number of Indian games. Report United States National Museum, 1896.

Curtin, Jeremiah—

Famous linguist, translator and folk-lorist.

Creation Myths of Primitive America. 530 pp. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1898. \$2.

Cushing, Frank Hamilton—

Mr. Cushing was the most intimate investigator of the details of Indian life this country has produced. All his writings are valuable, and of great literary charm as well. (See *Land of Sunshine*, June, 1900, p. 8, for sketch and portraits). Among the works especially to be commended here are:

Zuñi Folk Tales. Ill., 474 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1901. \$3.

The Need of Studying the Indian, in Order to Teach Him. In 28th Annual Rept. Board of Indian Commissioners, 1897.

A Study of Pueblo Pottery. Ill., 48 pp., 4th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology.

Zuñi Fetiches. Ill., 36 pp., 2nd Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology.

Dellenbaugh, F. S.—

Member of Powell's famous second Grand Cañon exploration.

The North Americans of Yesterday. 8vo, 487 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1901. \$4 net. Not particularly scientific, but generally reasonable. Disfigured by the idiotic word "Amerind," instead of American Indian. Great number of good illustrations.

Dorsey, J. Owen—

Of the Bureau of Ethnology.

A Study of Siowan Culls. 11th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 361-544.

Omaha Dwellings, Furniture and Implements, 13th do.

Dunn, J. P.—

Massacres of the Mountains; a History of the Indian wars of the Far West. Harper & Bros., New York, 1886. Ill., pp. 784. This large volume, with nearly 175 rather scattering illustrations, runs Mrs. Jackson's *Century of Dishonor* a close second as a connected story, or general picture, of the treatment the Indians have had. It is practically indispensable to a popular "reading-up" of the "Indian Question." It is out of print, but can be obtained through a dealer for something like \$2.

Eastman, Charles A.—

A Sioux Indian, now a practicing physician of standing.

Indian Boyhood. 289 pp., many ill. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, 1902. \$1.60. The very well-told and interesting account of his own boyhood and youth.

Escalante, Fray Sylvestre Velez de —

For many years a Franciscan missionary in New Mexico. Made a remarkable exploration in Arizona, Colorado and Utah in 1776. *Letter* dated April 2, 1778, from Santa Fé, N. M. A very condensed sketch of New Mexican history from the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680 to Fray Sylvestre's time, and drawn by him from the official records preserved in the archives at Santa Fé till our American Governor Pile allowed most of them to be destroyed as waste paper. The document, never before published in English, is translated in *Land of Sunshine*, March and April, 1900. Out West Co., Los Angeles. 40 cents.

Fewkes, J. Walter —

The most minute investigator of the Moquis.

Tusayan [Moqui] *Migration Traditions.* 19th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 577—1011.

Fillmore, John Comfort —

The famous musical expert (died 1899) who first proved that Indian music is founded on harmony. He overthrew the absurd closet theory to the contrary, which was almost universal, even among scientists.

Omaha Indian Music. (See Miss Fletcher.)

The Harmonic Structure of Indian Music. 22 pp. In *American Anthropologist*, Apr., 1899.

Besides several other technical papers, in scientific publications, Prof. Fillmore published in this magazine popular essays on Indian music: "Two Tigua Folksongs" (with music), May, 1896; "Songs of the Navajos" (with Dr. Matthews), music, Oct. and Nov., 1896; "Scientific Importance of the Folk-Music of our Aborigines," June, 1897.

Fletcher, Alice C.—

Indian Song and Story from North America. 126 pp., with music. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston (30 songs).

Report on Indian Education and Civilization: Exec. Doc. No. 95, 48th Congress, 2nd session. (Miss Fletcher is the foremost woman student of Indians; and all her papers, like "The Import of the Totem," "The Significance of the Scalplock," etc., are important. She has also been the most effective agent of the Government in the allotment of Indian lands in severalty. See this magazine—then *Land of Sunshine*—for June, 1900, p. 19.)

Omaha Indian Music. In collaboration with Francis la Flesche and John Comfort Fillmore. 152 pp. 92 songs, with music. Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass. 1899. See Fillmore.

Foster, Geo. E.—

Se-Quo-Yah, the American Cadmus, etc. Ill., 242 pp. Phila.

The Indian Rights Association. Out of print, but can be obtained through a dealer in Americana for about \$1.50. For condensed sketch of Sequoyia see *Out West*, Feb., 1902, pp. 173-176; and for portrait of same, April, 1902, p. 390. Out West Co., Los Angeles. Each 20c.

Fowke, Gerard —

Stone Art [of the Indians]. 13th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, p. 177.

Garland, Hamlin —

The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop. Harpers, N. Y., \$2. Though fiction, is a very accurate picture.

Grinnell, Geo. Bird —

Mr. Grinnell is one of the most sensible, most earnest, scholarly and successful leaders in the attempt to better Indian conditions. He is an adopted chief of the Blackfeet; a member of the Executive Committee of the Sequoyia League; and was President Roosevelt's special Commissioner to investigate the Standing Rock scandal. All his books are interesting and important. All deal principally with the Plains Indians.

The Story of the Indian. (Story of the West Series. D. Appleton &

Co., New York, 1895). Ill., 268 pp. \$1.50. One of the best general pictures of the Plains Indians; not so important on the Southwest and California tribes.

Blackfoot Lodge Tales and *Pawnee Hero Stories* are both important in folklore. Both, I believe, are out of print.

The Indian of Today is a sumptuous quarto, illustrated with many large portraits, 175 pp. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$5.

Hodge, Frederick Webb —

(Of the Smithsonian Institution, and Dr. Coues's collaborator and successor as an editor of *Americana*.)

Prehistoric Irrigation in Arizona. *American Anthropologist*, July, 1893. Washington, D.C.

The Early Navajo and Apache, *ibid*, July, 1895.

Pueblo Indian Clans, *ibid*, Oct., 1896.

Holmes, Wm. H. —

The talented head of the Bureau of American Ethnology — succeeding the late lamented Maj. J. W. Powell — has been for many years an indefatigable and expert worker in these fields of knowledge. Incidentally one of the foremost of American water-colorists, he is better known as one of the world's leading authorities on aboriginal arts and industries.

Prehistoric Textile Fabrics. 3rd Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 397-420.

Art in Shell. 2nd ditto, pp. 185-311.

Pottery of the Ancient Pueblos. 4th ditto, pp. 265-367.

Ancient Pottery of the Mississippi Valley, etc., 4th ditto, pp. 368-472.

Hopkins, Sarah Winnemucca —

Life Among the Piutes. 268 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1883. Sarah Winnemucca was a Piute woman of character and ability, who served Gen. O. O. Howard as guide and interpreter in the Banck war of 1878; was afterward a school-teacher, and married an American named Hopkins. Her father was Winnemucca, head chief of the Piutes; and Sarah was widely known in army circles for her competency, and in government and Eastern circles by her devoted efforts to secure justice for her people.

Hough, Dr. Walter —

One of our serious students.

The Moki Snake Dance. Pub. by the Passenger Department of the Santa Fé route, Chicago, 1899. 60 pp., 64 illa. Aside from the un-historic spelling of the name Moqui, a good popular account of this remarkable religious ceremonial.

Jackson, Helen Hunt ("H. H.") —

It hardly needs to list *Ramona*; not only a great novel but a true picture of Indian wrongs in Southern California.

A Century of Dishonor. 457 pp. Harper & Bros., New York, 1881. The best digested and most reliable statement of our governmental misdealings with the Indians. It is drawn from official Government reports. This remarkable and valuable book is out of print; but can be obtained for about \$1.50.

Glimpses of California and the Missions. Mrs. Jackson's essays on the Indians and Missions of California, contained in her *Glimpses of Three Coasts* (long out of print) have recently been republished in an attractive volume by themselves, 292 pp., with Sandham's illustrations, under above title. The book is one which everyone interested in Indians or in California should have. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1902. \$1.50. The two chapters on "Father Junipero and his work," and "The Present Condition of the Mission Indians" are also issued by the same publishers in a much smaller volume by themselves. 159 pp., ill. Her official report as special Commissioner of the Government on

The Condition and Needs of the Mission Indians, was printed as Senate Report No. 74, 50th Congress, 1st session, 1888. It is dated July 13, 1883; and is of 30 8vo pp. of solid nonpareil. It contains much valuable information.

Other valuable official reports on the condition of the Mission Indians are those of D. B. Wilson, to the Interior Department, 1852;

and C. C. Painter, 1888. An official but truthful later statement of these conditions (1901) is by Constance Goddard Du Bois. 16 pp. Can be had from the Indian Rights Association, 1305 Arch street, Phila.

A list of the Mission Indian reservations of Southern California was printed in *OUR WEST* for April, 1902.

Jenks, Albert Ernest —

The Childhood of Ji-shib, the Ojibwa. Ill., 130 pp. Published by The American Thresherman, Madison, Wis., 1900. An unpretentious, sympathetic, accurate picture of Ojibwa life, by the author of the valuable Bureau of Ethnology monograph on *The Wild-Rice Gatherers of the Upper Lakes*.

Jones, Wm. A. —

Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Reports, 1901, 1902. For present status and views of the Indian Office. (Free). Washington.

Kennan, George —

The distinguished Siberian traveler.

The Standing Rock Case. In *The Outlook* (287 Fourth Ave., N. Y.) Nos. Mch. 29, Ap. 19, May 3 and Dec. 13, 1902.

La Flesche, Francis —

An Omaha Indian, son of a chief and known to students by his able collaboration with Miss Fletcher in scientific investigation.

The Middle Five. 227 pp. Frontis. in colors by Angel de Cora, an Indian girl who has illustrated several books. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1900. \$1.25. A delightful story of the author's boyhood, and the education of a very Good Indian.

Leland, Chas. Godfrey —

The distinguished folk-lorist.

Algonquin Legends of New England. 1885. Out of print.

Kulóskap, the Master. 370 pp., ill. Funk & Wagnalls Co., N. Y., 1902. \$2. A delightful book of metrical translations of Indian poems.

Lummis, Chas. F. —

The Land of Poco Tiempo, 310 pp., 38 ills. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1893. \$2.50.

Some Strange Corners of Our Country, 270 pp., 49 ills. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Man Who Married the Moon (Tigua folkstories) 239 pp., 24 ills. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

My Brother's Keeper; 7 illustrated articles in *Land of Sunshine* (magazine) Aug. 1899-Feb. 1900, inclusive. The Out West Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

The Exiles of Cupa (eviction of the Warner's Ranch Indians). In *OUR WEST*, May, 1902, illustrated. On the same theme also, in the same magazine, under the title "Sequoia League," in every number from Feb., 1902, onward.

Mesa Grande, Two Days at, *OUR WEST*, June, 1902.

MacCauley, Clay —

The Seminole Indians of Florida. 5th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 465-529.

Mallery, Col. Garrick —

Sign Language among North American Indians. In 1st Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 269-550.

Pictographs of the North American Indians. 4th ditto, pp. 13-254.

Picture-Writing of the American Indians. 10th ditto, 740 pp.

Matthews, Dr. Washington —

Dean of our American ethnologists, and foremost living authority on the Navajos, our largest Indian tribe.

The Night Chant, a Navajo Ceremony. Memoirs American Museum of Natural History. Large folio, 332 pp., many illustrations and colored plates. New York, 1902. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Navajo Legends. 8vo, 299 pp., ills. Memoirs American Folk-Lore Society, Boston, 1897. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Navajo Silversmiths, ill., in 2nd Annual Report Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1883. Ill., 13 pp.

Navajo Weavers, ill., in 3d Annual Rept. Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1884.

The Mountain Chant, ill., a Navajo Ceremony, in 5th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1887.

Songs of the Navajos, in *Land of Sunshine*, Oct., 1896. Out West Co., Los Angeles. 20 cents.

A Navajo Initiation, *Land of Sunshine*, Nov. 1901. Out West Co., Los Angeles. 20 cents.

McGee, W. J.—

Long Acting-Director of the Bureau. One of our larger ethnologists, and one with very uncommon gift for making "good reading" without loss of scientific value. His monograph on the Seris is highly interesting. See *Land of Sunshine*, May and June, 1901, for two illustrated articles by him upon this theme.

The Seri Indians [Lower California], 17th Annual Report Bureau Ethnology, and as a "separate." Ill. Pp. 9-296.

Mindeleff, Victor—

A Study of Pueblo Architecture. 8th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 13-223.

Mindeleff, Cosmos—

Cliff Ruins of Cañon de Chelly, Ariz. 16th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 79-191.

Mooney, James—

Of the Bureau of Ethnology. One of the most competent of the heroic little band of American scholars of American things. All his contributions to science are marked by humanity as well as research. His special field is among the Cherokees, Arapaho, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Comanche, Caddo and other "Indian Territory" tribes. The book particularly to be noted in such a list as this is his

Ghost-Dance Religion, and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890. The official story of the "battle" of Wounded Knee (pp. 829-887) should be read by every American. The book is a ponderous one of 490 pp., published in, and also as a "separate" from, the 14th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology. It is fully illustrated. Other valuable works by him, are:

Sacred Formulas of the Cherokees, 7th A. R. Bureau Eth.

Calendar History of the Kiowas, 17th do.

Myths of the Cherokee, 19th do., 548 pp.

Morgan, Lewis H.—

The Father of American Ethnology.

The League of the Iroquois. 1851. Out of print and rare. A sumptuous new edition, with the map, Morgan's colored plates, and liberal illustration, has been printed recently (1901) by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 2 vols., \$15. His weighty papers on Indian architecture and social organization are scarce.

Parkman, Francis—

The greatest of American historians.

The Jesuits in the New World. Works. Many Editions.

Pokagon, Simon—

Chief of a Pottawattamie band. Died 1899. His father sold the site of Chicago, and surrounding country, to the U. S., in 1833. The Indians got part of their money in 1896—a little wait of 63 years. Simon was well educated, knew Greek and Latin fairly well, and often addressed American audiences.

Queen of the Woods—a story of his early life and love. Ill., 254 pp., with portrait, biography, etc. C. H. Engle, Hartford, Mich., \$1.00 and \$1.50.

The Red Man's Rebuke. A tiny booklet of 16 pp. on native birch bark. Same publisher. 50c.

Powell, J. W.—

Hero of the Colorado Cañon, and the really great man who built up the Bureau of Ethnology, and was its head until his death last year.

Sketch of the Mythology of the North American Indians. 1st Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 19-59.

Wyandot Government. Ditto, pp. 59-68.

Indian Linguistic Families. 7th ditto, pp. 7-139.

Powers, Stephen —

Tribes of California. Vol. III of "Contributions to North American Ethnology," U. S. Geograph. and Geological Survey, Washington, 1877. 635 pp. A few ills. This is the standard book on the aborigines of Northern California. It does not deal with the Mission or other Christianized Indians who were largely in Southern California. The book is scarce, but can be procured of a dealer, for about \$5, and should be in every public library in California and the West.

Purdy, Carl —

Leading authority on California bulbs, and student of baskets.

Pomo Indian Baskets and their Makers. 43 pp., 40 ills. In *Out West*, Dec. 1901 — Mch. 1902, incl., 4 nos. 80c.

Also as a "separate" pamphlet, 25c. Address the author, Ukiah, Cal.

Rau, Chas. —

Indian Pottery. Smithsonian Report, 1866.

Royce, Chas. C. —

The Cherokee Nation of Indians. 5th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 129-371.

Indian Land Cessions in the United States. 18th do., pp. 527-651, and many maps.

Serra, Fray Junípero —

The great Apostle of California.

Diary of his march from Mexico to San Diego, Cal., in 1769, to found the Franciscan Missions. Translation (from the original MS.) in *Out West*, March to July, 1902, inclusive, 5 nos. Never elsewhere published in English. Out West Co., Los Angeles. \$1.

Stevenson, Tillie E. —

Religious Life of the Zuñi Child. 5th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 539-557.

The Sia [Pueblos]. 11th do., pp. 9-157.

Thomas, Cyrus —

Mound Explorations of the Bureau, etc. 12th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 17-772.

Winship, Geo. Parker —

Librarian of the great Carter Brown Library of Americana, and one of the leaders in bibliography of the subject.

The Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542. 300 pp., 46 ills. Contains original text and a translation of Castañeda, and other contemporary documents, and a scholarly history of that wonderful exploration of the whole Southwest, from Mexico to Kansas, 360 years ago. In — and also as a "separate" from — 14th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology. Has a bibliographic list of works on this theme.

Zárate-Zalmeron, Fray Geronimo de —

For 8 years Franciscan missionary in New Mexico, 175 years ago.

Narrative of all the Things that have been Seen and Known in New Mexico . . . from the year 1538 to 1626. (Touches Pueblos, Apaches, Mojaves, Navajos (he was the first man to print the name), and other tribes from California to Florida.) The only English version is in *Land of Sunshine*, November, 1899, to February, 1900, inclusive. Four numbers, unbound. Out West Co., Los Angeles. 80c.

Zitkala-Sa —

A young Indian girl whose papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* (Feb. and Mch., 1900) are among the best literary productions in English by any American Indian, and valuable as a true and delicate picture of her own experience in education.

There are doubtless books omitted by oversight which properly belong in this list; but as a rule, omission may be taken to be intentional, either because the book is deemed too technical to belong in such a list, or because it is deemed needless in any list.

A few may be specifically tagged here as worse than worthless — that is, they convey more error than useful truths. Stephen D. Peet's series on "Prehistoric America," and particularly the 3rd vol., *The Cliff Dwellers and Pueblos*; L. Bradford Prince's *History of New Mexico*; Susan Wallace's

Land of the Pueblos; Carl Eickemeyer's *Among the Pueblo Indians*, and his *Over the Great Navajo Trail*; Verner Z. Reed's *Lotokah, Adobeland Stories*, and *Tales of the Sun-Land*; C. E. Bank's *A Child of the Sun*; R. B. Townsend's *Lone Pine*; Thos. Donaldson's *Moqui Pueblo Indians of Arizona*, and *Pueblo Indians of New Mexico*.

GROUPINGS FOR THE CASUAL.

Indian Character and Life — For a general idea (in the above list) Morgan, Cushing, Grinnell, Fletcher, Dellenbaugh, Lummis, Jenks, Catlin, La Flesche, Eastman, Zitkala-Sa.

Indian Wrongs — For a fair understanding of the treatment the Indians have received: Mrs. Jackson (*Century of Dishonor*), Dunn, Mrs. Hopkins, Mooney, Bourke, Kennan, Garland. The full list of reliable witnesses (including chapters in books of many sorts) would be a big catalogue in itself.

Indian Industries and Arts, in a general way: Morgan, Cushing, Grinnell, Dellenbaugh, Lummis, Mooney, Bourke, Catlin, Purdy, in general; for more detailed information, Matthews, Holmes, Rau, and others noted above in Bureau of Ethnology Reports, and the works of Otis T. Mason, and others of the U. S. National Museum. By the way, these great monuments of scholarship are not half so well known to Americans as they should be. They abound in papers of the highest interest and authority, are lavishly illustrated, and should be among the much-used books of any reference library. Some of the earlier volumes are scarce; but these can be had at reasonable prices from a dealer. The later volumes can be obtained gratis through your Senator or Congressman.

Articles on Indian Baskets have appeared in *OUT WEST* (and its predecessor, *The Land of Sunshine*), for June, 1896. ("Confessions of a Basket Collector"), Dec., 1901, Jan., Feb. and March, 1902. (Carl Purdy's valuable and authoritative series on "Pomo Baskets and their Makers.") On Indian Jewelers and Silversmiths, July, 1896. 20c. On Navajo Blankets, Dec., 1896 (out of print) \$2. On Pueblo Pottery, July, 1897, etc. 20c.

Books written by Indians: See under Eastman, Hopkins, La Flesche, Pokagon, Zitkala-Sa.

Tribes, Reservations, Languages, etc.

Map of the U. S. showing the Indian reservations of the country, given in Dunn. List of Mission Indian Reservations, in *Out West*, Apr. 1902. List of linguistic stocks and tribes in Dellenbaugh (appendix). Of course the reader who wishes to enter deeply into the linguistic divisions, the languages, etc., will go outside this list to the works of Brinton, Powell, Gatschet, and others; and for bibliography to Pilling, etc.

In Early Times—The vast majority of valuable works on the American Indian, in times back toward the discovery of America, were in Spanish and French—about ten to one, Spanish. Many of the French works have been translated—notably in the monumental edition of *Jesuit Relations* in some 60 vols., by the Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, O. Very few of the great Spanish works are available to English-speaking students. A few are named above.

A FEW MORE.

Without particulars of date, publisher or price, the 13th Annual Report of the Indian Rights Association also commends the following books, for which I can at present supply neither this deficiency nor an appraisement, as I haven't them: "Life and Times of David Zeisberger;" "The Red Man and the White Man," by G. E. Ellis; "Our Indian Wars," by Col. Manypenny; "40 Years with the Sioux," by A. L. Riggs; "The Story of Metacathia," by H. S. Welcome; "Our Life Among the Iroquois," by Mrs. Caswell; "Life of Chief Joseph," by Gen. O. O. Howard; "The Ponca Chiefs," by Tibbles; "The Red Man," by a Penobscot Indian; "The Indian Side of the Indian Question," by Rev. Dr. Burrows; "Onoqua," by Frances C. Sparhawk; "Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby," by same; "Indian Sign Language," by Lieut. Clark.

R. I. Dodge's "Thirty-three Years Among Our Wild Indians," commended in this list, is of the "popular" subscription-books; full of inexactness and lack of scientific knowledge. Nor has it more comprehension of Indian reasons and motive than army and official circles generally have—which is very little. But Col. Dodge knew justice; and his chapters on the governmental treatment of our wards are strong and good.

C. F. L.

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THE Club begs to urge all members to pay up their annual fees promptly. These became due Jan. 1, and while the interest on so small a sum as \$1 is not worth anyone's saving, prompt payment enables the Club to lay out its work ahead and to do it more satisfactorily. Repairs cannot be undertaken until the money to pay for them is in the treasury.

All persons who care for the preservation of the Old Missions and other landmarks are invited to join this Club. There is no other ceremonial than the payment of the annual fees, \$1 per year. This money is all applied to the work; there being no salaries. The Club has already made extensive protective repairs at four Missions; and a vast amount of work still needs to be done. Life memberships are \$25; and the Club has now handsome life-certificates, suitable for framing.

The beautiful Landmarks Club Cook Book is now out, and will undoubtedly have a large sale. The price is \$1.50 *net*; postage 10 cents. Can be procured by addressing Chairman Membership Committee, as above.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$5,921.50.

New contributions — D. M. Riordan, Los Angeles, \$25; Frank J. Sullivan, \$25, Alice Phelan Sullivan, \$25, San Francisco.

Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Noyo, Cal., \$2; Edith Alden Daniels, Lockport, N. Y., \$1.

NEXT to forgetting his own name, perhaps the sauciest of many mischiefs the mind sometimes plays its landlord is to trip him over names only less familiar. By some such brilliancy last month (p. 145) the Lion robbed his own college to enrich its Hated Rival, and swapped two great brothers in their professional cradles. Josiah Dwight Whitney, who wrote the Encyclopedia Britannica article on California, was the great Harvard geologist; William Dwight Whitney, the great Sanscrit scholar, who wrote other articles in the Britannica, was the man of Yale. This stumble perhaps shows the danger of a not very long-legged mind trying to ride at once, or in the same day, such an unmatched span as Sanscrit and Geology going in opposite directions.

In the October Den, at the heels of the event, certain comment was made upon the incompetent, immaterial but far from irrelevant shooting of "editor" Marriott, the notorious blackmailer, of the San Francisco *News-Letter*, by two friends of a clean girl who had been smirched by him; with some general reflections upon the vile industry which is plied by certain sheets in every large city—and some small ones—and from which no woman's honor nor man's purse is safe. Some doubt was expressed whether, in these and cognate cases, the most righteous and manful way to protect womanhood is to stand upon the full dignity of evening-dress etiquette and punish the betrayer of your daughter or defamer of your mother—and deter further harpies—by failing to recognize the offender on the street; or even, in aggravated cases, turning up your nose visibly at him and confiding to some one what you think of him. These drastic measures have the distinguished authority and approval of Culture and Respectability; in the present instance, as generally, they were by implication endorsed by the run of the Eastern and English Press as the only procedure proper to truly civilized man; and there was universal reprobation of the Positive Rudeness of the girl's champions. And as if it were not boorish enough to attack the "journalist" at all, they outraged etiquette still further by going to his house to do

TO FOLD
OR TO
CLENCE ?

it. And his family is alleged to have managed to see some of the final proceedings. Of course the fact that the *News-Letter* had entered the girl's home to attack her, and that her family was more or less "present" when she was stricken, has no significance in Polite Society and among the Truly Refined.

A good deal of the Paper-Doll attitude about these things is doubtless chargeable to the most frequently misquoted book in the world—which has been interpreted to justify every folly and every crime, as well as to establish every virtue. That First Gentleman and enduring philosopher, who himself was certainly not a sissy, did indeed advise his assistants that if someone smote them upon the right cheek they should turn to him the other also. This was not altogether a bad policy for a dozen men setting out to convert a whole nation from its immemorial religion. He even bade his followers that "if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." And with some for reverence, and with others for the perhaps commoner commodity of prudence, the former precept is much in favor, figuratively, with the Best Society. The latter command, no one makes pretence of minding; it is safer defending a lawsuit than your face, and politer—thanks to a polite profession which defends the suits for you.

But I utterly fail to find mandate or intimation that if any man shall smite your mother upon the one cheek, you are to turn *her* around so that he can slap the other. Nor yet that whosoever shall beguile thy wife, let him take thy daughter also. On the contrary, it is refreshing to remember that this Patient Gentleman was also Man enough to commit assault and battery, in church, for cause—and that he actually flogged certain human cattle out from the temple they defiled with their mercenary lust.

This is, of course, going rather back of and above the case in point; but so does every principle. It would be a pity if the great examples could be applied only to Perfect Beings. And a good precedent is worth remembering, even in the affairs of petty humanity.

To descend again to the specific case, a San Francisco jury has decided that it is no crime to pot a blackmailer who battens by defaming women and robbing men. Shoot him in his house, or in his back, or in his legs, or in any other anatomy you can manage not to miss, so shall you 'scape blameless. The reprehensibly inexpert marksmen who did their fumbling best by Marriott—or who couldn't shoot so fast as he could run—were triumphantly acquitted.

From a certain eminently proper viewpoint, this is a lament-

able outcome. It is Illegal to Shoot People, or those who outwardly Look to be such. Unless, indeed, you detect them at your virtuous bedside, abstracting the six-bits from your trousers pockets, in which case Outraged Manhood is fully justified to Protect His Own. Then you may meritoriously pull trigger—if you chance to know which *is* the trigger. But otherhow, Hands Up. It is also illegal to compound with illegality, and to acquit a prisoner who hath done this thing. But there are worse things than illegality; and one is poltroonery. It was illegal, even in Judea, for a young man to take a stick to his fellow citizens, in a sanctuary—but maybe that is just where he chose; between the Holy and the Formal. And there are rougher and worse men who will choose the same way still. It may be a “miscarriage of justice” when the avengers—even crude and maculate avengers—of a woman’s wrongs are acquitted of a “crime.” But it isn’t altogether a pink perfection of “justice” that men need to be illegal to be manly, and that a woman has no other safety than the possession of a brother or friend who cares more for her than for his Manners. Meanwhile, it is reasonable guessing that for some time to come in “lawless” San Francisco the Industry of Blackguarding Women by blackmailers will sensibly fall off. Nor is it audacious to guess which procedure, the Polite or the Unregenerate, will in such cases generically have the quiet approbation of even the most refined women that look to be the wives and mothers of men.

Congresses come, and go, and are forgotten; but not principles. A question involving these is a public burden until settled; and it never is settled at all until it is settled right. No dodge or compromise can rid our backs of it for long.

NOT DEAD
NOR YET
SLEEPETH.

The defeat of the Statehood bill at this session—conceded as these lines are writing—so far from eliminating the question as a timely one, only emphasizes the need of public enlightenment. The amount and infinite variety of historical ignorance paraded by the Opposition, and the unmistakable regional, racial and religious intolerances many of its most respectable leaders were unable to conceal—except from themselves—show clearly that the only possible hope to educate an effective number of the most teachable and ponderable Esteemed Easterners up to some modest comprehension of a very important part of their own country, is by Keeping School early and often. There is no human possibility of stirring the vast, inert mass of complacent provincialism; but the conquest of an intelligent minority will suffice; and that, with time and patience, can be accomplished.

There are enough people of the sort we admire and love, who, despite their Unremovedness and the marvelous multiplicity of their misinformation, care for the truth; and they are worth laboring with. The ice, moreover, is already broken, though only in its thinnest place. By now, so many Stay-at-Homes have known so many of their direct relatives and friends to survive a visit to California, or even residence therein, without visible loss of life, manners or morals — and no more loss of mind than is indicated in their common delusion that they Like it Better — that the profound old concept of the *whole* West as Far, Fear-some and Fatuous has been pretty seriously shaken — though only in the one local behalf. California begins already to be portionably pardoned for its Remoteness, to be little feared for its Terrors, and to be spoken of with not so very much more suspicion than if it were an Eastern community — as, indeed, half of it very nearly is. Still, no weighty publication in the East has ever visibly realized that California is in fact quite as “civilized” as any American commonwealth, and in most respects more so. And of the really Best Easterners (best in character and in mind) who have never Removed, I have yet to find one who could or did absolutely grasp this revolutionary truth. Yet I have known about as noble specimens of American manhood and scholarship as the East or any other land affords. So much for California. As to the rest of the West, the Becalmed, and the best of them, are at least deeply and darkly suspicious; often, firmly convinced of its iniquity.

TIME TO
LET FALL
TOGETHER!

Now, the West is, in a way, all in the same boat. It is time for us to fall into stroke; and this magazine, which stands for all Out West, and for Westernness, keeps its oar in for no sectionalism. As a matter of fact, the cause of New Mexico and Arizona is the cause of California and all the Western sisterhood — and that is the cause of the nation. California may not realize it — for all Narrowness isn't Divided into Three Parts, of which the East has Three and the copyright — but we need the Territories rather more than they need us. From every motive of enlightened self-interest, California and the other Western States are quite as deeply concerned that even-handed justice be done the postulants for Statehood as they themselves are. If *they* need Statehood in fulfillment of their American rights, we no less need that strengthening of Western influence in Congress. Every Western State needs it; and California a little the most of all, because she has at present much more at stake — much more at the present mercy of the incredulous or dull provincial. We all need this thing; not for raids on the treasury, not to get what doesn't belong to us — but precisely

that we may have a reasonable share of what does. Nor is this selfish. The nation needs it quite as hard as we do, and gets at least as much back from it. For more than fifty years California has been filling the nation's pockets and shaping the nation's destinies more broadly and more surely than her own; and she is still requited very much as she was in the early days — when the national government paid the Argonauts \$10 per ounce for their gold-dust, which was worth \$18; and robbed thousands of the original Californians of their homes by such outrageous Tenderfoot land laws as Spain never passed for her remoter colonies. (For a fair characterization of this, by an officer of the U. S. Navy then on the spot, see Revere's *Tour of Duty in California*, 1849, p. 196). Prosperity of the West means, in an extraordinary degree, prosperity of the nation; and for both we need more weight of the out-door, traveled, untimorous, non-parasitic, tolerant West in Washington. That is precisely what a Republican minority in the Senate — already enough scared by the straight Westernness of a Republican President — is afraid of; and has, for its fears, refused to allow Statehood to be voted upon when a majority of Congress was in favor. George Kennan's merciless exposure, now current in *The Outlook*, tells how the corruptionist Addicks is "Holding-Up a State." There is room for a story as remarkable, though rather lamentable than so shameful, of how two Should-be States have been Held Up and Shanghaied by an innocent Night-Blooming Serious of the Wabash — whom we Call the Neighbors in to Behold, when he is About to Open.

In very fact, this fear of Western influence in Congress has the same parentage, the same complexion and the same destiny as the long Eastern dismay about Roosevelt.

AFRAID
OF THE
DARK.

There is nothing more substantial to it than Fear of the Dark. It is the timidity that seems almost inseparable from conservative Age — the conviction that "Those Boys are going to Break their Necks and Tip Over the Milk-Pail;" the forgetfulness of days when we too were Virile, and even — with reference to the Old World from which our Fathers had escaped — Western. Thus far, the Boys haven't exactly spilled the Milk; on the contrary, they have presented the Old Folks with ten times the original herd, and new and improved methods of milking. Their own necks are still unbroken, and they have more than once saved the necks of their elders — and will do it many a time again, and with as little thanks for the service. Without the West, the North — aye, nor the South — could not have thrown off the incubus of Slavery. Without the West, the country could not have had Sound Money; and if any Imperforate cares

to retort with mention of the ephemeral Free Silver heresy, let him be reminded that even free silver is somewhat nearer Money than were the depreciate rags which were the country's medium until the West gave it the two metals; and would be its misfortune still, if there were not gold and silver producing States—all in the West. And out of the West has come the light and power to vitalize, convince and establish the farthest reaching economic measure our government has yet launched. Of course so far as it has any sensible significance to the great majority of Non-transferable Easterners, National Irrigation might almost as well be called National Phlebotomy; but there are enough, even Back Yonder, who *can* foresee its meaning and its tremendous prophecy—and the Western-minded President who enabled it is of them. Nor are the Addickses, Tom Platts, Tillmans, Hannas, Grosvenors and their sort products of the Naughty West. While it still less knows the fact, the East needs Western influence in Congress quite as seriously as do we the nominal beneficiaries.

LET

THERE BE

LIGHT.

It is not subsidies nor bounties nor pensions nor favors that the West asks—and should join in asking for all its parts—but common justice. Even the most unimpeachable court cannot give that when it hasn't the evidence—save such as a smattering prosecutor may himself know or care to present. Of course New Mexico and Arizona will be admitted some day; if the East had really known them, they would have been admitted at this session; and it is evidently high time for a Campaign of Education—not in partisan politics but in the provable historic and census truth. Some mild sallies in this direction were made in these pages last month; and now and again it will be in order to brush away other conservative cobwebs. For the present it will suffice to hold “funeral obsequies” over the “argument” that either Arizona or New Mexico hasn't enough people for Statehood. With what was said in the February Den, and the tables opposite for clincher, that question may be counted dead and buried. No honest and intelligent person, facing these official facts, can longer maintain that impotent pretext.

In last month's running summary was an important error on the safe side. Instead of twenty-four, full twenty-nine of the total forty-five States of the Union did not have as large population when they became States as New Mexico has today. Twenty had not so many as Arizona has. The tell-tale record, compiled from the Twelfth Census of the U. S. is here filed as an exhibit. See next page.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

COMPARISON OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA WITH 24 OF THE ADMITTED STATES.

		Population at nearest Census	
New Mexico.....		195,310	(1900)
Arizona.....		122,931	(1900)
State	Year Admitted		
Vermont.....	1791	85,465	(1790)
Kentucky.....	1792	73,677	(1790)
Tennessee.....	1796	105,602	(1800) a
Ohio.....	1802	45,365	(1800)
Louisiana.....	1812	76,556	(1810) b
Indiana.....	1816	147,178	(1820) c
Mississippi.....	1817	75,448	(1820)
Illinois.....	1818	55,211	(1820)
Alabama.....	1819	127,901	(1820)
Missouri.....	1821	66,586	(1820) d
Arkansas.....	1836	97,574	(1840)
Florida.....	1845	87,445	(1850)
Iowa.....	1846	192,214	(1850) e
California.....	1850	92,597	(1850)
Minnesota.....	1858	172,032	(1860)
Oregon.....	1859	52,465	(1860)
Kansas.....	(January) 1861	107,206	(1860)
Nevada.....	1864	6,857	(1860) f
Nebraska.....	1867	122,993	(1870)
Colorado.....	1876	194,327	(1880) g
Montana.....	1889	132,159	(1890)
N. Dakota.....	1889	182,719	(1890)
Idaho.....	1890	85,385	(1890)
Wyoming.....	1890	60,705	(1890)

Notes—*a*, Tennessee in 1790, 35,691; *b*, Louisiana, 153,407 in 1820; *c*, Indiana, 24,520 in 1810; *d*, Missouri, 140,455 in 1830; *e*, Iowa, 43,112 in 1840; *f*, Nevada, 42,491 in 1870; *g*, Colorado, 39,864 in 1870.

COMPARISON OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA WITH THE 13 ORIGINAL STATES.

Rank in 1900			Pop. in 1900
45	New Mexico.....		195,310
49	Arizona.....		122,931
	State	Pop. at entry	
46	Delaware.....	56,096	
2	Pennsylvania.....	434,373	
16	New Jersey.....	184,139	
11	Georgia.....	82,548	
29	Connecticut.....	237,946	
7	Massachusetts.....	378,787	
26	Maryland.....	319,728	
24	South Carolina.....	249,073	
36	New Hampshire.....	141,885	
17	Virginia.....	747,610	
1	New York.....	340,120	
15	North Carolina.....	393,751	
34	Rhode Island.....	68,825	

instead of allowing themselves to be fitted with ready-made opinions. It is comparable with nothing else but religious prejudice, and differs from this very strikingly in that, whatever may formerly have been the case, the two chief parties now have shibboleths and slogans a-plenty, but nothing resembling a creed — except "follow my leader." In this surrender — open-eyed, yet utterly blind — of the reality of power, while retaining its semblance, lies a menace to popular self-government which did not occur to either Macaulay or De Tocqueville — and a far graver one than any they saw. Naturally those thoughtful observers who have perceived this growing danger have raised their voices against it in protest vigorous and persistent, though apparently of little avail. But it has been left for a French political student, M. Ostrogorski, to deal with the subject as a whole — its embryology, morphology, anatomy, physiology and psychology. *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, lately translated into English by Frederick Clarke, is a profound, broad and searching study of the internal growth of political parties in England and the United States — the first which has ever been made on any such scale, and one which will necessarily be the foundation of any future investigations along these lines. Anything like a summary of the two bulky volumes into which an enormous wealth of material has been compressed is of course impossible — the bare table of contents of the second volume covers 37 pages. And an attempt at destructive criticism would be presumptuous, since M. Ostrogorski is not only the first authority upon his subject — he is practically the only one. The book is a model of prodigious industry, of keen and broad historic sense, of sound philosophic preception, and of scientific method. Mr. James Bryce, than whom there is no better qualified judge, vouches for the minuteness and accuracy of the study into the English party system, though believing the deductions drawn by the author are somewhat too gloomy. In the volume devoted to the United States I find no important errors in fact, and singularly few omissions or misinterpretations. Some things which he has failed to mention are, however, of real significance. Apparently he overlooked the despotic power of the Speaker of the House — a power of slow-growth, ripening suddenly in the hands of Tom Reed (whose name and achievement M. Ostrogorski seems to have overlooked) and well illustrated by this recent newspaper paragraph:

The California delegation in the House today called upon Speaker Henderson and asked him to allow the bill appropriating \$200,000 for the purchase of the Big Tree grove in California to come before the House for consideration. Mr. Henderson positively refused to allow the bill to come before the House this session, taking the ground that there is more important business to be considered.

Nor did he realize that delightfully simple variety of "Senatorial courtesy" which allows a handful of Senators either to "talk an obnoxious

measure to death" or to block all legislation until their pet bill passes. If he had been writing today, he would certainly have darkened the colors of his picture by mention of the "ripper bills" by which in Pennsylvania and Ohio the dominant party has at the same time disciplined recalcitrant communities and taken away from them the right of self-government—by common report, at the instigation of Quay and Hanna respectively. And while Addicks was long ago endeavoring to crowd Delaware into his breeches pocket, it is only since the publication of this book, that he has reached his final pedestal of shameless impudence.

Every student will follow M. Ostrogorski with interest and thorough appreciation through most of his work. But with his suggested remedies many—perhaps most—will reluctantly disagree. The most important of them is the splitting up of the great parties into a greater or less number of smaller coteries, each united around a single question. Prohibition, woman's suffrage, and many other rallying-points about which this has been tried stand as witnesses against this suggestion. To many of us it seems that the formula of a cure may be stated about this way—*Instead of allowing a few men to make a business of politics, let every man make politics his business.* The Macmillan Co., New York. \$6.00 net.

Wise and witty, with gentle laughter rippling everywhere over a current of thought that is always broad, deep and strong, Gerald Stanley Lee's *Lost Art of Reading* will be a delight and a stimulus to whomsoever is large enough to receive it. The title, attractive as it is, seems wholly too small for the scope of the book, till one bethinks himself that from any point whatever one may sweep a circle that shall include the universe, so far as we may know or guess at it. Within these pages lies packed a sound philosophy of education, of morals, of manners—of the whole of living. And many a single sentence has in it the nourishing meat of a long discourse. Difficult as it is to choose from so rich a book, I cannot but quote two passages:

A man's culture is his knowledge become himself. It is the seeing of his eyes, and the hearing of his ears and the use of his hands. . . . To be cultured is to be so splendidly wrought of body and soul as to get the most joy out of the least and the fewest things, [The scholar] may be naked before the universe, and it may be a pitiless universe or a gracious one, but he is always master, knowing how to live in it, knowing how to hunger and die in it, or, like Stevenson, smiling out of his poor, worn body to it. He is the unconquerable man.

As I sit in my library facing the fire I fancy I hear, sometimes, my books eating each other up. One by one through the years they have disappeared from me—only portraits or titles are left. The more beautiful book absorbs the less and the greater folds itself around the small. . . . Lowell and Whittier are footnotes scattered about in several volumes, now. J. G. Holland (Salute-Beuve of my youth!) is digested by Matthew Arnold and Matthew Arnold by Walter Pater and Walter Pater by Walt Whitman. Montaigne and Plato have moved over into Emerson, and Emerson has been distilled slowly into—forty years. Holmes has dissolved into Charles Lamb and Thomas Browne. A big volume of Rossetti (whom I oddly knew first) is lost in a little volume of Keats, and as I sit and wait, Ruskin and Carlyle are going fast into a battered copy on my desk—of the Old Testament.

One may listen long for finer, fuller tones than Mr. Lee has sounded. I count this book a classic, in the full sense. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75 net.

Sir Walter Besant's *London in the Eighteenth Century*, though but a fragment of the great historical study which he had hoped to make, is, all the same, bulky, imposing and weighty in every sense. Its mere size is impressive—more than 600 large-quarto pages, well indexed, choicely, if not profusely, illustrated, and with several valuable appendices. More impressive still is a consideration of the patient and discriminating industry involved in collecting this huge mass of material, much of which was literally dug out from its burial-place "in the

"EMERSON
DISTILLED INTO
FORTY YEARS."

WHEN
THE GEORGES
RULED.

limbo of lost satires, forgotten poems and thrice and four times tedious novels." But the subject had interested the author for more than thirty years, and his work upon it was the part of his literary activity dearest to him and by which he most hoped to be judged and remembered. Of very great value to any subsequent student of the period, the work will unquestionably be; for nowhere else, probably, has there been collected so large, well-chosen and illustrative a body of facts touching both the outer and the inner aspects of life in that place and for that time. But it is difficult to believe the statement in Lady Besant's preface that the work was "practically completed." For, given a scrap-bag full of facts, the cyclopedist selects, classifies and arranges; the historian digests, assimilates, and his final outputting is a new and vital whole. Now Walter Besant's declared ambition was to be the *historian* of London; yet the value of this volume is chiefly as a historical reference-book — quite a different thing, however complete it may be, from either a history or a finished study of life, customs and manners. And Besant has given ample evidence both that he knew the difference, and that he aspired after and was capable of the higher class of work. However, the book will interest almost anybody, will be entirely indispensable for students whose researches touch at all upon that field, and the publishers have done to the utmost their share in making it beautiful and satisfying. Adam & Charles Black, London. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$7.50.

WITH
UNIVERSAL
ADORATION.

To use her own phrase, Lillian Whiting's *Boston Days* is "most typically unique" as a specimen of reverent devotion raised to the nth power and offered up impartially at the altars of all and several. Indeed, if Martin Chuzzlewit had had the luck to "meet up with" Miss Whiting, instead of with Jefferson Brick and Lafayette Kettle, his list of "the most remarkable men of our country" would have been multiplied manifold. Even the funerals of those who, after living in Boston, have had the bad taste or misfortune to remove into Paradise — not so far after all, since Boston clearly lies not wholly in this earthly sphere, but somewhere between the United States and that world of translated souls which Miss Whiting bounds on page 363 — even a funeral, I say, by no means dampens her delightful ecstasy. To the contrary, the long lists of the truly great who attended and the floral and verbal tributes cause the many pages devoted to these functions to shine with a peculiar joy. Agreeing with the author's prefatory statement that "it doth not yet appear what greatness may await the Boston of the future," it may be confidently predicted that to no future chronicler will the "City of Beautiful Ideals" ever appear in more glittering and unblemished splendor. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

PROSE
FROM A POET
LAUREATE.

It is much to be feared that the "delicate beauty" and "graceful charm" credited to *Haunts of Ancient Peace*, by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, will miss fire when aimed at the crude and irreverent Western mind. But since a mere reviewer should be humbly silent in the presence of the Truly Great, let the book speak for itself. The first quotation, one may fairly assume, is humorous; the second is just a slice of plain, everyday conversation.

I should not allow them [her daughters] to marry poets, since, as I think, I once observed, though the wives of peers are peeresses, and the daughters of millionaires are million heiresses, neither the wives, nor the daughters, nor even the most admiring friends of poets, are poetesses.

Positive hatred of Beauty, which unfortunately accompanied the Puritan Movement came later; and, though there may be no sacrilegious iconoclasm of which the more

austere forms of conscientious theological conviction cannot be guilty, one suspects that the monastic edifices whose ruins still add charm to the winsomeness of our island, were unroofed, and so exposed to the winds, rains, mists, and frosts of our dilapidating climate, long before the days of Oliver Cromwell.

Is it heresy to count such writing as this dull and stilted? A heretic then am I, and with a right good will. The Macmillan Co., New York—\$1.50 net.

Francis M. Ware, after quoting on the title-page of *Our Noblest Friend, the Horse*, Leland Stanford's rule, "A horse should be treated like a gentleman," devotes some space to maintaining that the horse is a fool, a bully and a coward; that traditions of his fidelity, affection and intelligence are all bosh, and that fear and appetite are his controlling emotions. Waiving the psychology—which is hardly trustworthy if one may judge by his assertion that perfect physical condition will probably render man or beast unreasonably morose and crochety—one may praise the book heartily for its wealth of practical information. The choice of a horse, his training, his care and feeding in sickness and health and many other subjects are treated fully—always, be it noted, from the standpoint of the Remotest East. Of the many illustrations, perhaps the most interesting are snap-shots of Mr. Roosevelt clearing a 3-rail fence with his mount, and another of "Heatherbloom's" great jump—8 feet 3½ inches. A good index—there is none at all—would have added much to the usefulness of the book. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.20 net.

NOT FOR
COWBOY
CONSUMPTION.

Musings Without Method seems to be a collection of the contributions of "Annalist" to *Blackwood's Magazine* during 1900-1. They consist of editorial comments on whatever subjects happened to interest the writer—the Boer war, naturally enough, leading the list. For the most part Annalist's notes on art, literature and the stage are sane enough, though not particularly striking. Yet a gentleman who finds that "the highest qualities of our universities should be their uselessness. They should guard the privilege of impracticability with reverence," is at least no slave to modern theories of education. His political leanings may be gathered from his joy over the "cowardice" of France and Russia; his mention of the "malignity" of W. T. Stead and "Mr. Harding Davis's calumnies;" his definition of Frederick Harrison as "an hysterical Positivist who has spoken much in his life of 'scientific' thought, and has so heedlessly lost the sense of words that he writes like a larrikin;" and his conviction that "Mr. Gladstone has been covered with an obloquy which shrouds no other statesman of the century." McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$2.00 net.

CERTAIN
BRITISH
OPINIONS.

If the young lady from Butte, whose revelations concerning herself interested some part of the "reading public" not long ago, has a cousin, somewhat better-read but of the same type of mind, he probably wrote *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*. It professes to be the journal of a young gentleman who at twenty has "toiled—learned—built up a mind—found a conviction; but . . . never written anything, or tried to write anything, to be published." In a few weeks he produces a tragedy in blank verse, of which he says "my whole life has been a practice for the writing of this book—this book is the climax of my whole life." At twenty, mind you! And after nine publishers fail to find it available, he drowns himself. Clever throughout, occasionally brilliant, even rarely and unexpectedly showing gleams of common-sense, the book is, both as a whole and in detail, hysterical, unmanly and essentially false. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents.

THE HYSTERIA
OF AN
"ARTIST."

SEEING

WHAT HE

LOOKED FOR.

Walter Del Mar's *Around the World Through Japan* is a perfectly straightforward account of the things which interested the author during his journey, eked out with much information gathered from guide-books and elsewhere, and reasonably well illustrated. To some, however, its chief value will be in the unconscious laying-bare of the mind of the typical "globe-trotter"—the gentleman who for some mysterious reason delights to go everywhere, see everything, and collect masses of unrelated information, but who is constitutionally unable to learn from it all anything of vital consequence to himself or others. This particular traveler found the courtesans of the countries through which he passed, their varying tariffs, and the different forms of gambling, quite as interesting and as worthy of detailed record as anything else he encountered. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.

Some By-Ways of California, by Charles Franklin Carter, author of *The Missions of Nueva California*, concerns itself with certain corners of the State seldom visited by tourists or residents, such as the *asistència* at Pala, the missions of San Juan Bautista and Purísima, and others. It is of no great importance, but readable and generally accurate. Mr. Carter might have read to advantage Gen. Frémont's "Memoirs" before discussing, even lightly, his doings here in 1846. Nor is it true, as stated on page 130, that the Indians, during the period of the missions, were in a state of slavery—unless all school-children are slaves. Also, the author should have resolved the obvious doubt in the proof-reader's mind as to whether California was "Nueva" or "Neuva." The Grafton Press, New York. \$1.25 net.

John Woolman's Journal is a most judicious addition to the "Pocket American and English Classics." Woolman was a Quaker, born in New York in 1720, dying in New York in 1772. His *Journal* is an unusually intimate record of a life at once entirely devout and utterly free from cant and sectarian prejudice. Small wonder that Puritan and Cavalier alike should have tried to extinguish by persecution the white light that shone from such lives as this. A discriminating selection from Mrs. Browning's poems appears in the same series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents each.

A number of Captain Charles King's—pardon! of *General King's*—military stories, collected from the magazines, appear under the title, *A Conquering Corps Badge*. This lot deals with military life in the Philippines, and the author's step upward in rank has not injured the flavor of his tales. The price set on the book should pay for better paper, ink and press-work, but this is partly made up for by the really good portrait of the author—an artist's proof on hand-made Holland paper. L. A. Rhoades & Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$1.25.

Donovan Pasha is a gathering-up of the short stories of life in Egypt, published by Gilbert Parker during the last four or five years. Every one of them is vivid and entertaining. If Mr. Kipling anticipated many of them in plan, manner and character, that makes them no less readable. Sir Gilbert announces this volume as the forerunner of a novel of Egyptian life, on which he has been working for some years—and which will doubtless deserve and receive a hearty welcome. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

David Starr Jordan, in *The Philosophy of Despair*, explores the sources of pessimism, and gives the answer of Science to its bitter cynicism or resigned sadness. It is not an essay to be epitomized in a paragraph, since

Dr. Jordan is in the habit of condensing his own thoughts into sentences which would be epigrammatic if they were not so vitally true. But it may be said that he believes hopeful action to be the best remedy for sombre thought. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. 75 cents.

Edward S. Holden, Librarian at West Point, has prepared a Reading-book of Science for children, which he calls *Real Things in Nature*. It is perhaps as useful as any book can be which undertakes to cover the whole range of human knowledge within 450 pages. But it is a mistake to count a bushel of scattered scraps of information about everything equal in value to half a pint of knowledge about one thing. The Macmillan Co., New York. 65 cents.

Recent additions to the "Temple Encyclopædic Primers" are *Northern Hero Legends*, by Dr. Otto L. Jiriczek (translated by M. Bentinck Smith) and *The Venetian Republic*, by Horatio Brown. Both these subjects lie wholly outside my radius of action, but their treatment is compact, the books are meaty, and the reputation of the series is for thorough usefulness. J. M. Dent & Co., London; The Macmillan Co., New York. 40 cents each, net.

Bishop Potter dedicates *The East of Today and Tomorrow* to John Pierpont Morgan, "financier, philanthropist, friend, to whose munificence these opportunities for observation in the East were owing." It is rather a record of his deductions from what he saw and learned during travel in China, Japan, India, the Philippines, and Hawaii than a journal of the travel itself. The Century Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1 net.

The Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom twists familiar sayings into most unexpected channels. "People who love in glass houses should pull down the blinds," and "Many are called, but few get up," are fair specimens. The responsibility is shared by Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner, but it does appear who did which. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. 75 cents net.

The Little White Bird reminds me of certain dishes largely composed of well-beaten white-of-egg, sugar, and some delicate flavoring, which appeal agreeably to sight, smell and taste, but are quite incapable of filling a hungry man. No one but J. M. Barrie could have written it — unless indeed he had permitted Sentimental Tommy to live. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Helena Rutherford Ely gives full proof in her *Woman's Hardy Garden* that she is both enthusiastic and practical. The book is a useful one for amateur gardeners, even in California, where hardiness is not the first essential for an all-the-year garden. The illustrations are from photographs taken on the author's own place. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.75 net.

So far as I have been able to dip into it, Mrs. E. T. Cook's *Highways and Byways of London* seems to be an intimate and informing study of that richest and poorest of the world's monstrous anthills. Certainly, it is interesting, and the illustrations, by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs, are most lifelike. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

For those who are interested to know what happened exactly forty-seven or eighty-nine years ago from day after tomorrow, *The Derby Anniversary Calendar* will be useful. It contains a chronological record of 6,000 "noteworthy events, anniversaries, birthdays, etc., in American History." James T. White & Co., New York. 50 cents.

Recent additions to the "Miniature Series of Painters" are *Murillo* and *Millais*. Each includes a short biography, an appreciative criticism, a list of paintings with their present resting-places, and eight reproductions. George Bell & Sons, London; The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents each.

Nine of Dr. O. L. Elliott's discourses to Stanford students on religious questions appear under the title, *The Things That Abide*. They neither blink facts nor evade problems, but insist on the verity and the worth of the spiritual life. The Murdock Press, San Francisco.

R. A. Dague's argument for socialism in *Harry Ashton* would have been, to my thinking, much more effective if he had not attempted to allure the thoughtless by tangling it up with a silly and preposterous tale of love and villainy. Published by the author, Alameda, Cal.

In *The Seedy Gentleman* are collected a number of the articles discussing the stage, literature, art and life with which Peter Robertson, the veteran dramatic critic, has entertained readers of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.50 net.

Of the *Three Little Marys*, the Scotch lassie was called Mairi, the Irish colleen Maureen Bawn, and the English maiden Molly. Nora Archibald Smith tells a pleasant story about each of them. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 85 cents net.

The Macmillan Company publish a satisfying edition of Keats, with introduction and memoir by Walter S. Scott, and notes that are neither superfluous nor obtrusive. The frontispiece is a portrait, reproduced from the painting by Hilton. \$1.75.

Memoirs of Vailima, by Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne, adds some interesting touches to the public knowledge of Stevenson's life at his island home, but is not a book of any considerable importance. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20 net.

Macmillan & Co. reprint Charles Major's *Bears of Blue River*, in an attractively illustrated edition. It tells of boy-life in Indiana when that State was a wilderness—and apparently swarming with boys and bears—and will delight every normal boy. \$1.50.

Our Little Cuban Cousin is one of a series by Mary Hazelton Wade intended to tell small Americans about small people and their surroundings in other parts of the world. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. 50 cents.

Prof. J. S. Hunter, in his *Business Man's Arithmetic* essays to set forth "the solution of all business problems, independent of set rules." He does it by setting some more rules. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 25 cents.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson's biographical study of John Greenleaf Whittier is a recent—and important—addition to the "English Men of Letters" series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents net.

The volume on California, supplementary to Tarr & McMurry's Geographies, is by Harold W. Fairbanks, of the State University. It seems competent. The Macmillan Co., New York. 30 cents.

Joaquin Miller's *Complete Poetical Works* appear in a new illustrated edition, revised, prefaced and annotated by the author himself. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$2.50.

F. Marion Crawford's brilliant and scholarly study of Rome, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, appears in a new and handsome edition. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3 net.

A competent biography of Samuel Richardson, by Austin Dobson, appears in the "English Men of Letters" series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents net.

Pinero's unclean drama *Iris* may now be purchased in book form by any who care for that sort of reading. Robert Howard Russell, New York. \$1.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

DEFEAT OF THE WORKS BILL.

THE Works Bill is dead, though its friends have given some hysterical hints of possible resurrection. Its death occurred at Sacramento on the 17th of February. The occasion was a convention of commercial organizations called by the State Board of Trade, the Merchant's Exchange and the Chamber of Commerce, all of San Francisco. The announced purpose of the meeting was "to discuss" the measure, but the call was issued by the friends of the Bill, and there is no doubt they expected to develop a strong support at this gathering of business men. As it turned out, the meeting was overwhelmingly opposed to the Works Bill. The opposition refrained from forcing a vote, out of courtesy to the misguided, but estimable, gentlemen who had arranged the conference. The evidence that the supporters of the Bill thoroughly understood the temper of the meeting is the fact that when it adjourned they announced that they would drop the measure and would not even appear at the hearing in the Senate Chamber, arranged at their own request, the following evening. The most significant event of an extraordinary campaign is the fact that a convention of representative citizens, called in the interest of the measure, and at the instance of its most influential friends, promptly wheeled into line with prevailing public sentiment and refused to give it aid or comfort after thorough discussion.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, which has been a champion of the Works Bill from the beginning, now announces that the matter will not be dropped, but that a campaign of education will be begun at once with a view of passing the Bill two years hence "in spite of all opposition." It claims to make the announcement upon the authority of the California Forest and Water Association. Well, if these gentlemen really think they have not had enough, all they need do is to pass up their plate for more. They will be promptly accommodated. The *Chronicle* is no doubt sincerely desirous of developing the State's re-

sources. It has done brave and efficient work in behalf of the northern movement for development. But in the matter of the Works Bill it has persistently failed to grasp the significance of the issues, or to understand public sentiment. It doubtless expected any measure emanating from a source so distinguished as the Commission appointed by the Water and Forest Association to be greeted with a roar of applause from Siskiyou to San Diego. There was, indeed, a roar — but not of applause. It was a roar of alarm, of anger, of ridicule. The amazing fact was suddenly developed that irrigation is a vital question, and that there are a number of people throughout the State who have well-defined ideas concerning it. Our San Francisco friends were amazed. They could scarcely believe their ears. They pinched themselves to see if they were really awake, or only dreaming. They solemnly decided that they were dreaming. No, it could not be that the people were opposed to the Works Bill. True, it did look very much like it, but the demonstration was doubtless only a horrid nightmare. It would subside presently, for it proceeded from a few hoggish irrigators, down "in the rump end of the State." It was admitted that there was one man in the opposition who was disinterested and a sincere believer in ideas which were flouted by the Works Bill, but the public was assured that "he speaks only for himself." The *Chronicle* rubbed its spectacles, glared over the field, and solemnly announced that there was practically no opposition worth speaking of — "only rhetoric — no arguments — nothing but uproar." In the meantime, Judge Works retired to his law office and prepared a new brief to be filed in the Court of Public Opinion.

In this brief, which took the form of a widely-circulated pamphlet, he pointed out the thoroughly discreditable character of the opposition. The Riverside convention, where the popular protest took organized shape, was deliberately and wickedly devised to secure a verdict against the Bill. It was composed of monopolistic water corporations (always excepting the singular reformer who "speaks only for himself"). The great and good men who framed the Bill had not been invited to dignify and illuminate the occasion by their presence and thereby given a chance to show the irrigators how to irrigate. The Riverside community was exhibited in all its ugliness. It was held up as an awful example of the wanton waste of water. It was used to illustrate the beneficent results which might be expected from a Board of Engineers which should know its duty and fearlessly perform it. This duty would be to take Riverside over its knee, to spank it, to take one-half its present water supply for "pub-

lic uses" (by private corporations who sell water for "all the traffic will bear"), and then to admonish the erring community and tell it to go and sin no more. The diaphanous and disingenuous character of the alleged "arguments" against the Bill was shown up mercilessly in this pamphlet. The *Chronicle* clapped its hands and congratulated the commonwealth on the fact that the noisy and obstreperous citizens of Southern California had been sat down upon according to their deserts. In the meantime the Army of Reform marched proudly on toward the Capitol at Sacramento. There it was in all its beauty—the two Universities, the Native Sons of the Golden West, the *Call* and the *Chronicle*, the Department of the Interior, the Department of Agriculture, and the great California Water and Forest Association itself. Nobly it marched and well, distributing pamphlets as it went, and snorting its contempt of all those plain folks who stain their hands with the actual work of irrigation, and especially of those reformers "who speak only for themselves." Probably there is no more beautiful picture in history—certainly there is none in California history—than that procession of Conscious Virtue, of Well-Digested Information, of Statesmanship Which No One Has a Right to Question, which set out to improve California, and to make it a State Fit to Live In. As Judge Works proudly stated in the debate at Sacramento, they "had not consulted anybody." And why should they consult anybody? As the *Chronicle* crushingly remarked, "no body of men in the entire United States is so competent to frame an irrigation law for California as the distinguished gentlemen who prepared this measure." For *them* to have consulted anybody would have been not merely uncalled for and superfluous; it would have been well-nigh sacrilegious.

In the meantime, the feeble opposition was pursuing its ridiculous and ignoble course. OUR WEST had had the temerity, as early as December 1st, to speak in plain terms of what it irreverently called "the Failure of the Water and Forest Commission." Down in the little town of Orange a humble citizen named Samuel Armor, whose "dense ignorance" later excited the risibilities of Judge Works, had begun to write newspaper articles assailing the precious Bill. Senator Caldwell was sitting up nights drinking in the provisions of the measure to the very dregs of its eighty-five sections. Scipio Craig was observed to draw his blade from its ancient scabbard on the walls of the *Citrograph* office, and to be suspiciously busy at the grindstone. Then came the Riverside convention of December 29th, with its roar of artillery all along the line and the boom of a deep-lunged thirteen-inch gun in the shape of resolutions framed

by the vigorous hand of John G. North. Out of that convention came an executive committee, headed by that ripe flower of Southern California citizenship, George Frost of Riverside. In the meantime, the newspapers of the Southland began to thunder, the *Los Angeles Times* occupying the center of the line and hurling bombshells that exploded in all parts of the State.

The executive committee of the Riverside mass meeting got to work with the least possible delay. It discovered that there was an organization of widespread membership which was unequivocally opposed to the Works Bill on the broadest and deepest grounds. This organization is the California Constructive League. It numbers some fifteen thousand souls. It has its foot down in every community where there is much public interest in economic questions, particularly irrigation. It is composed of the strong men of the commonwealth who live close to the soil. The executive committee thought it could do no better than to commit its cause into the hands of the League. The organization took up the fight. It notified its membership that the very first of its great principles was involved in the outcome — the principle of joint ownership of land and water. It asked the people whether they were ready to make California like another Ireland — to make the ancient grief of the Emerald Isle the future sorrow of the premier State of the Pacific. Do you want to give away to corporations the priceless franchise of storing the floodwaters? Do you want a system of absentee waterlords to own the rains and snows on which the existence of our producers will depend? Will you make it possible for some purse-proud magnate to arise in California a few years hence and proclaim that he and his kind have been divinely appointed as the Trustees of Almighty God to furnish waters for the lands of California on such terms as they think best for the common people? These were the questions which the Constructive League asked of its following. To others the issue in the Works Bill may have been water rights or riparian rights. But to the Constructive Leaguers *it was a question of human rights*. They believe to a man that whoever owns the land should also own the water. When this may be done only by the use of capital beyond the reach of the individual irrigator, or of the community organized in coöperation, then they demand a system of public works. Whether these works shall be built by State or Nation, or by a smaller political subdivision, is not material. The material thing is that the water and the land shall be so married that divorce is utterly impossible. So it is at Riverside, at Ontario, at Orange, at Anaheim. So it is in

Utah. So it is in the historic settlements of Colorado. And so it must and shall be, in God's good time, throughout the length and breadth of Arid America. The Constructive League was made to build, not to pull down. It was indeed sorry to be forced to destroy something, instead of to construct something. But Duty and Opportunity are ever presenting themselves in unexpected shapes. *The Constructive League does not intend to permit anybody to build a shanty where it is planning to erect a temple — aye, a temple of liberty!*

The events of the campaign which succeeded the actual introduction of the Works Bill in the Senate were so few and important that it is well to record them. The leaders of the opposition at once gave a statement to the press to the effect that they would gladly assist the friends of the Bills in securing the widest public discussion. They declared: "This battle between corporate ownership of water apart from land, and ownership of water by the proprietors and tillers of the soil, must inevitably be settled sometime. The appropriate time is now." In pursuance of this policy Samuel Armor prepared pamphlets to refute the arguments contained in the pamphlet prepared by Judge Works and scattered broadcast by the Water and Forest Association. Newspaper statements by one side were promptly met by statements from the other side. A high degree of public interest was quickly developed. All observers regarded the Works Bill as the most important subject before the Legislature. Even in San Francisco the interest was keen enough to justify the Unity Club in inviting Judge Works and myself to appear at Golden Gate Hall in joint debate. Both of us promptly accepted the invitation, but a few days later Judge Works recalled his acceptance upon the insistence of his associates in the Water and Forest Association. Others were invited to take his place, but declined. The leading editorial writer of the *Chronicle* had a previous engagement elsewhere which unavoidably prevented his presence at Golden Gate Hall, where he would have been more than delighted to be on the night set for the debate. Another prominent advocate of the Bill frankly stated that he thought public discussion of the matter in San Francisco quite indelicate (the opponents of the Works Bill plead guilty to indelicacy in this particular). The result was that I appeared alone on the platform at Golden Gate Hall on the evening of February 8th. There was a big audience, which unanimously adopted resolutions against the Works Bill, with unmistakable demonstrations of enthusiasm. So spake the metropolis.

In the meantime, the Constructive Leaguers were busy in all

parts of the State. They were circulating petitions praying that the Works Bill should not become a law. These petitions, signed by thousands, rolled in upon Sacramento from Southern California, from the irrigating communities in the San Joaquin, from the Sacramento Valley, from San José, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, and other parts of the Coast region, and even from the desert Counties on the eastern side of the Sierras, over against Nevada and Oregon. That was the answer of all California to the charge that opposition was confined to a few people in the south. The thousands of signers of these petitions were small farmers, actual irrigators, merchants, bankers, and other representative men. And that was California's answer to the charge that nobody was opposed to the Works Bill except corporations. The demonstration of popular disapproval on the part of the people was effectually used in the legislature, where Senators and Assemblymen originally opposed to the Works Bill were doing great service in converting their colleagues to the same view. Without attempting to mention all who took an important part in this line, it is proper to say that none did more to earn the gratitude of the public than Senator Caldwell of Riverside, Chairman of the Committee on Irrigation, Senator Hubbell of Ontario, Senator Ward of San Diego, Senator Emmons of Bakersfield, and Senator Devlin of Sacramento. Among the Assemblymen were Amerige of Fullerton, Lewis of Riverside, and Prescott of San Bernardino.

Then came the convention of commercial organizations at Sacramento, referred to at the beginning of this article. It was called in the interest of the Bill. Judge Works explained the measure, section by section. He made a very able presentation of its provisions. In the evening, when he replied to the arguments of the opposition, he quite surpassed himself. He was assisted by William H. Mills and Benjamin Ide Wheeler. John G. North opposed the Bill in a speech which, if it had been stenographically reported, might well be circulated throughout the State as the permanent answer to the demand for legislation on the lines of this particular measure. John Fairweather of Reedley, Alexander Gordon of Fresno, and several others, spoke in opposition to the Bill. I was assigned as the first to answer Judge Works, and dwelt particularly on the grounds taken by the Constructive League. The result, as already told, was disastrous to the cause of those who had called the meeting. They had been met at a time, in a place, and in a presence of their own choosing. The end of it was — *surrender* ! And now the San Francisco *Chronicle* gravely announces that "the measure was drowned in a torrent of words, and the people know noth-

ing about it " It is far easier to accuse us of pouring out words than to answer our arguments. The truth is that the Works Bill is dead, buried and damned, and not because the people *failed* to understand it, but because the people *do* understand it. Will its authors and supporters never learn the lessons which patient teachers have tried to carry home to them during the past three years ?

At the close of the debate President Wheeler did me the honor to suggest that as I had fought the Works Bill, yet evidently favored some kind of legislation, I ought to indicate what I would propose as a substitute. When the successful measure comes forth, it will not be the product of a single mind, nor of nine minds. It will come hot and glowing from the fires of discussion. The one virtue of the Works Bill is that it has furnished the fuel for such a discussion and touched the match to it. But there are some things which seem to me to have been so clearly learned that it may be well to state them now, so that they may serve as landmarks towards which we shall struggle in the future.

1. It will be difficult to enact a general law to meet all the local conditions in a State so diversified in its climate and development as California. Hence, there ought to be a constitutional amendment to permit of special legislation suited to the needs of different localities.

- 2 Irrigation is an intensely practical question. The successful measure must be born of experience. It cannot come from the cloister, the college, or the law office. It must come from the soil. No law can be enacted on this subject which fails to command the confidence of the men who do the real work of irrigation—the men who dig their living from the ground.

3. It is likely that the unit in any plan of administration must be smaller than the entire State, as proposed in the Works Bill. Very likely it will have to be large watersheds, though, perhaps, not the largest. That is to say, not the San Joaquin River, which receives all the drainage of the great valley of that name ; but the watersheds of some its largest tributaries. Then it would be possible to make progress in one locality at a time, taking stream after stream. It is also quite possible that the initiative may have to be left to the locality where the development is to occur. That is to say, you cannot reform the conditions on Kings River, unless the people whose lands are to be benefited are ready for it. And you cannot reform the conditions on the Santa Ana, if the people who live there insist that they do not need such reform and will not have it. But

you can go forward with the improvements on the Sacramento, regardless of public opinion on the Kings and the Santa Ana, provided that those to be benefited by the improvements on the Sacramento are prepared for the forward step.

4. The men who own the land must own the water and the agencies of its storage and distribution. Joint ownership of land and water must be real and indissoluble, not imaginary and temporary, as provided in the Works Bill. This ideal — the only ideal consistent with the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Declaration of Independence — may only be realized, in the majority of cases now open to development, by outright public works. To use the noble words of the Water and Forest Association, so ignobly forgotten and outraged by its own commission in framing the rejected measure, "Works of irrigation are essentially public utilities, which ought to be constructed, owned and administered by the people and for the people." If the mills of the gods have not yet ground out this new grist of civilization, as they surely will at an early day, we might employ private capital to perform a certain function. That function must never be ownership, for ownership is mastery, and the mastery of mankind by money-kind is not to be permitted to strike new roots into the soil of this western land. The only function which private capital could safely perform in this connection would be the building of works to be disposed of to the settlers when they come to occupy the soil and use the water. While it is very desirable that the farmer should obtain water at actual cost, it is possible that construction companies could be chartered on such terms as to permit of profit. It is not right that men should make money by first effecting a private monopoly of the melting snow, and then selling it to those who cannot live without it. But it by no means follows that reasonable profits may not be paid to private capital for its temporary use in building reservoirs and canals. The object of the law should be to make investment secure and the profit certain — the more secure and certain, the less profit capital will demand. The absolutely vital point is that ownership of water and works shall rest, in the end, with the men who own and till the land.

5. The largest and most tangible thing we have in sight to-day is national irrigation. Other things we pray for; this prayer has been answered, though we must still work for great appropriations. The water-and-forest appropriation which, at this writing, seems certain to pass the legislature, foreshadows the coming policy. It is that of State and National coöperation. We get all we can from Uncle Sam, and the rest we supply our-

selves. For the evolution of this policy we must watch and wait. How much will the nation do for us? We do not know, as yet. When we do know we can answer the other question, how much must we do for ourselves? In the meantime, we must hold fast to certain fundamental principles, and so make sure that none of the big bottom-stones in the edifice of our civilization are put in crooked, or upside down.

6. There is a wide sphere of work which must be explored before we can proceed intelligently in the actual construction of large works on any plan. This is clearly a field for public enterprise. Even the strongest advocates of corporate development seem perfectly willing that the watersheds should be saved, the streams measured and the reservoir sites surveyed at public expense. This necessary work seems likely soon to be begun. (It would have been begun two years earlier except for Governor Gage's veto). It is quite likely that we shall soon realize the need of a public work of this kind, to be maintained by State or Nation, or both together. More than this, we may desire to let this work go beyond mere investigation, and take on a character somewhat administrative, or at least advisory. Thus works of irrigation might be definitely outlined, while the question of their actual construction could be left to the initiative of local communities, as suggested in the foregoing.

Perhaps President Wheeler will ask why, if these are my views, I did not suggest them to the recent Commission. Because I was not asked. "Nobody was consulted," you will remember. Besides, I am the man who "speaks only for himself."

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

REFORM OF THE LAND LAWS.

BILLS have been introduced into Congress providing for the repeal of the Desert Land Act, of the commutation clause of the Homestead Act, and of the Timber and Stone Act. The reform of these laws governing the disposal of the public domain has been urgently demanded by public sentiment for at least nine years. It was impossible to make any progress, however, so long as no better means of developing our resources was at hand. The present movement is a legitimate outgrowth of the National Irrigation era inaugurated by the passage of the Newlands Act last June. There is now a means of reclaiming arid land without giving it away to private speculators. Hence, the strongest argument against the repeal of these laws has been eliminated from the situation. The writer well remembers the struggle in the Third National

Irrigation Congress, held at Denver, in 1894, over this same issue. At the previous session of the Congress a platform had been adopted which declared that the irrigation problem "is national in its essence," and that only legislation to be enacted at Washington could adequately deal with it. No one was prepared to suggest definite methods at that time. As a means of ascertaining the exact conditions to be dealt with, and canvassing public opinion throughout the West, commissions were appointed in seventeen States and Territories under the authority of the Executive Committee of the Irrigation Congress. These commissions presented their reports at Denver. They were generally agreed as to the unfitness of existing land laws and urged the repeal of the Desert Law and the commutation clause of the Homestead Law. The subject brought forth a very animated debate. By a close vote, the convention demanded the repeal of these provisions of the law. In the nine years which have since elapsed, public sentiment has not been strong enough to bring about the reforms. Now, however, the situation is very different, and there is little doubt that the movement will soon triumph, though perhaps not during the brief remainder of the present Congress.

THE ORIGIN
OF THE
MOVEMENT.

It was expected that stubborn opposition would be encountered whenever a serious attempt should be made to repeal these laws. It has broken out in unexpected quarters, and is supported by an argument which friends of the movement had not anticipated. To illustrate, Congressman Lacey of Iowa furnished a prominent western newspaper with a statement to the effect that the movement for repeal was instigated by the transcontinental railroads, and that its sole object is to render the land grants of these corporations more valuable by withdrawing the public domain from competition in settlement. The argument is plausible, but a part of it I know to be absolutely erroneous and the rest of it will not stand fair analysis. As already shown, the movement for the repeal of these laws dates back at least nine years. It originated with patriotic and disinterested men who had given their time and knowledge, without money and without price, to service upon the several State and Territorial commissions created by the Irrigation Congress. These men had been specifically charged with the work of formulating suggestions for the reclamation of the arid region and of canvassing public opinion on the subject. They found that the most valuable portions of the public domain were being greedily absorbed under the operation of these laws. They concluded that the first step in reclaiming the public domain was to keep it from being stolen. Hence,

their report urging repeal. That was the beginning of the movement, and the railroads certainly had nothing to do with it. The second point in Mr. Lacey's argument is more important. As a matter of fact, would the repeal of these laws reduce the competition with railroad lands, and thereby enhance the value of the latter?

Here are two sections of land, lying side by side. One belongs to the government, the other to the railroad. Both are valueless for agriculture without costly works of irrigation which remain to be built in the future. They may have value for pasturage purposes in their present condition. As the laws now stand, any citizen of the United States may claim 320 acres under the Desert Act and get it for \$1.25 an acre, provided he can show that he has made arrangements for its reclamation by irrigation. Or he can get 160 acres practically as a free gift, provided he will live on it for five consecutive years, or he can commute after a residence of six months and upon payment of \$1.25 an acre. He can buy the railroad section on reasonable terms, though it generally costs more than the government land. He can also lease the railroad section, as a rule, at a few cents per acre. If the repeal bill is passed, the settler can only obtain government land under the Homestead Law, which means that he shall become an actual settler in good faith for at least five years. He can still buy the railroad land on such terms as he may be able to make with the railroad and live on it or not, as he prefers. If we left the matter here the reader would conclude that Mr. Lacey is right in his contention, and that the repeal bill would very considerably lessen the competition of the government lands with those of the railroad. And the contention is right to this extent — there would be no further opportunity for the absentee speculator to absorb portions of the public domain and hold it out of use until the real settler comes along to buy it at the immensely enhanced price which irrigation creates. That would be a bad thing for the speculator, and, possibly, a good thing for the railroad. But the speculator and the railroad are not the only factors in the situation. There is something else for Congress to consider. This is the interest of the American people. Do they want the most valuable agricultural lands yet remaining in their possession to be taken up for the ultimate enrichment of those who can afford to wait for the future settler, or for the enlargement of the private estates — already of baronial dimensions — of individuals and companies engaged in the livestock business? If this is what the American people really want, the land laws ought not to be reformed; if this is what they do not want, there

GOVERNMENT AND
RAILROAD
LANDS.

is nothing in the world to do except to reform the land laws. And if the incidental effect will be to benefit the railroad, on one hand, and to injure the speculators, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how it can be helped. We are not at the beginning of this land business now, but are facing the consequences of the prodigality of lawmakers of the past who ladled out our natural resources to the transcontinental railway lines, like so much free soup, years ago. Those lawmakers appreciated the importance of getting railways built across the continent, but did not appreciate the value of the public domain. All we can do now is to make the best of the situation as we find it. But is it really as bad as Mr. Lacey imagines? Is it a fact that the repeal of these laws would vastly enhance the value of the railroad holdings, so that those great corporations have an enormous interest in furthering the movement? Let us go back to our two sections of land again and look at them as they appear in the light of the new National Irrigation Act.

THE FALLACY
IN THE
ARGUMENT.

It is to be assumed that Mr. Lacy is thinking of agricultural rather than of grazing lands. As to the latter, there is no competition between the government and the railroads, and the repeal of the laws as proposed by the pending bill would make no change in this respect. The government pasture lands are treated as an open common, with which the railroads must compete in leasing their property of similar character. The National Irrigation law provides that the Secretary of the Interior shall withdraw from entry such agricultural lands as are likely to be brought under irrigation by public works in the early future. This has the effect of repealing all existing laws so far as such tracts are concerned. Thus the pending legislation would certainly not enhance the value of the railroad section any more than is already done by the present law. On the contrary, the railroad land is placed at a certain disadvantage as compared with the government section. The new law provides that water will be furnished from the public canals only to lands in private ownership, to actual cultivators of the soil, and to no tract larger than 160 acres. Thus the two sections are placed on an exact equality. Nobody can acquire, at least in the first instance, more than the homestead unit. The railroad cannot get more than the government price, \$1.25 an acre, so long as the government sections hold out. Under these circumstances can it truthfully be said that the repeal of the Desert Land Act and of the Homestead Act would enhance the price of the railroad's agricultural land? To my mind it seems plain that it would not have this effect. At any rate, it is indisputably true that all disinter-

ested students of conditions in the arid region unite in demanding the repeal of these laws.

Mr. Lacey advances what appears like a strong argument against repeal. He says it would dry up the sources of the reclamation fund as established by the National Irrigation Act. This fund is made from proceeds arising from the sale of public lands. To repeal the present laws, Mr. Lacey says, would be to shut off the only source of income available for the National Irrigation plans. The obvious answer is that we would then be compelled to make direct appropriation from the treasury for the purpose of opening the arid public domain to settlement. But when this is suggested, we are promptly told that our Congressional friends promised that they would not ask for direct appropriations, and that they are therefore in no position to do so. Whatever promises may have been given by members of Congress, it would hardly seem fair to claim that they bind the whole western people and the United States generally. The American citizen has an inalienable right to demand appropriations for any object which he regards as worthy. If our present members of Congress are going to be embarrassed because of the promises they gave in order to get the Newlands' Act through, how would it do to let them take a vacation and permit us to substitute representatives who have no such entangling alliances?

GREAT PLANS
FOR GREAT
TIMES.

Speaking seriously, the time is not far distant when the present source of the reclamation fund will dry up in any event. At the rate at which the public domain is now being absorbed, the fund will reach the vanishing point in a very few years. There will be plenty of arid land left, but it will all be privately owned; and then one of the strongest arguments in favor of National Irrigation will disappear. This matter of selling the public domain in order to raise money for irrigating the public domain, is a little like lifting ourselves by our boot-straps, anyway. It served us well in getting the nation initiated into the good cause of irrigation, but it will not do at all as a permanent method. We must have direct appropriations from the treasury, and big appropriations, too. Why not? We can spend tens of millions to organize fleets and armies to repel possible dangers from without. Why shall we not spend tens of millions to repel invaders from within — surplus population, growing landlordism, and the gradual impoverishment of certain elements of our people as compared with certain other elements? We shall fight out this national irrigation battle on broader grounds before many years. And it is precisely because we shall do so, that we must repeal the vicious laws which have been used as instruments for stealing fertile lands, rich pas-

tures, and the forests which are the treasures of our water supply.

Mr. Lacey says the present laws would be all right if properly administered. He is wrong. This government has no business to give its property away to those who do not mean to use it themselves, but only to hold it out of use to speculate on other men's necessities. That is precisely what we are doing under the laws as they now stand. Everybody knows it, and it is strange indeed that anybody should attempt to defend it. Those who are taking up valuable agricultural lands, without living on them, do not intend to farm the soil. They intend to farm the farmer. They are waiting for the real settler to come and pay them ten, twenty, or fifty times the price at which a foolish government sold them its property. It is the friends of national irrigation who are demanding the repeal of these bad laws. They are doing so because they know that if the laws are not repealed the foundation of the whole national irrigation project will be taken away. Dummies will be employed to sell their birth-right for a few cents per acre. The speculators will reach all our beautiful valleys long before the Secretary of the Interior and his engineers can do so. Mineral and timber lands are being gobbled up in the same greedy fashion. The speculator has had his day long enough. In the name of common sense, and in the name of humanity, let this reckless riot in public property be stopped by the prompt repeal of the Desert Land Act, the Timber and Stone Act, and the commutation clause of the Homestead Act. And hereafter let the nation offer arid land for settlement only when it is fit for settlement. And that will be when it is irrigated — not before.

"IRRIGATION INSTITUTIONS."

THE latest contribution to the Citizen's Library, published by the Macmillans, is "Irrigation Institutions," by Elwood Mead. It is a book which every serious student of the subject should possess, not only for the pleasure of reading it, but for purposes of reference hereafter. Written in a clear, logical style, it furnishes a full and useful account of the evolution of water laws throughout the western States and the present legal basis of our irrigation industry. It is explained in the preface that the book was originally prepared for a course of lectures in the University of California, where Professor Mead spends a few weeks each year, as he does also at Harvard. The work is really a textbook for students in and out of college, rather than a work designed for wide popular reading.

The Introduction supplies a concise account of the general aspect of the arid region. This is followed by a chapter on the land laws, in which the author places himself squarely with those who demand the repeal of statutes under which the public domain has been so rapidly acquired by speculators. He also favors the leasing of the grazing lands. The chapter on the "Beginnings of Irrigation" supplies an interesting account of pioneer settlement. Other topics treated are "The Doctrine of Appropriation," "Contract Water Rights," "Measurement of Water," "The Duty of Water," "Irrigation in Colorado," "In Utah," "In California," "In Wyoming," "In the Other Arid and Semi-Arid States," "Riparian and Interstate Rights," and "Methods and Measures needed for future Development."

Professor Mead is the leading exponent, as he was largely the founder, of what may be called the Wyoming school of thought in irrigation. The tone of the book and its teachings reflect his experience in that State. It is interesting to consider how different the book might have been had he begun his work in California instead of Wyoming. I have always been a warm admirer of the Wyoming system; and, three years ago, advocated its adoption in California. Its two great virtues are the facts that it furnishes a cheap, speedy and effectual method of adjudicating conflicting rights and supplies a complete administration governing the distribution and appropriation of waters. The system was fortunately applied to Wyoming at the moment when it entered the Union with a brand-new constitution. The State has a meagre population and an abundant water supply. Economic conditions are practically alike throughout the State. I have lived to learn, as others will doubtless do, that California is different from Wyoming — different in climate and water supply, in condition of development and in the temper of its people.

Professor Mead quotes with approval the following sentence from a recent report of Secretary Wilson: "In a matter so vitally affecting the home as the control of the water supply, no legislation will be effective which has not the sanction of the irrigators themselves." This is the solemn truth. The other part of it is that California irrigators as a whole will not accept the Wyoming system, any more than they are willing to accept the pale and feeble imitation of it embodied in the ill-fated Works Bill. It would have been interesting for Professor Mead to develop the thought suggested in the sentence quoted from Secretary Wilson and thus endeavor to suggest plans which could be applied to existing conditions. It is to be feared that in teaching the young men of Berkeley and Cambridge the Wyoming doctrine, pure and simple, he is not giving them the broadest preparation for the problems with which they must deal.

The author of this book stoutly contends for the attachment of water rights to the lands, yet is friendly to corporate development. To my mind it seem perfectly clear that joint ownership of land and water is only possible when those who own the land also own the works by means of which the land is irrigated. For the State to "assert" its ownership of water, then proceed to give away the franchise for storing and distributing it, is a hollow pretence of public ownership of the water supply. To illustrate, San Francisco might "assert" its ownership of all the sources of domestic water supply, then give the franchise to the Spring Valley Water Company. In what sense would San Francisco "own" the supply? In like manner, to have the law say that the water right belongs to the land, but that it is forfeited by failure to pay one year's "water rent" (hateful term!) is to propagate a myth. It is surprising to note how widely this myth is accepted and how vigorously it is cultivated by those who believe in corporate ownership of water apart from land instead of ownership of water and works by the proprietors of the soil.

Professor Mead's reference to national irrigation is slight and incidental. The tremendous significance of the Act approved June 17, 1902, is apparently not appreciated, yet it is distinctly the biggest thing in western history since the exploration of Lewis and Clarke.

In suggesting the limitations of the work, I do not mean to speak slightly of Professor Mead's book. It is a book well worth the writing, a book that every lover of the West should have, and it is a contribution to irrigation knowledge and western history which no one but Elwood Mead could have written half so well.

W. E. S.

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THE POWER OF THE LEAGUE.

THE first anniversary of the birth of the League occurred February 18th. On that date, one year ago, the first Constructive Club was organized in the little town of Fowler, Fresno county, California.

The power of the organization was shown in its fight against the Works Bill. Thousands rallied promptly and enthusiastically to its call. The same public sentiment which overwhelmed the unpopular measure would have come to the support of an irrigation bill of a different sort, and in that case victory would have been as certain and easy as defeat was inevitable for the measure which tried to do the wrong thing. Nothing could be more encouraging to the friends of this movement than the demonstrations of popular interest which have been seen during the past two months. Not only were newspaper supporters loyal, not only did the farmers stand by us, but the large membership in San Francisco responded magnificently. Indeed, the strength of the League in the metropolis, and in the other large cities of the North, is something which surprises even those who know most about the movement.

We have large plans in hand for the early future. They will be developed and made public as soon as possible. Membership must be increased, organization strengthened at every point, policies worked out in definite form, and principles made as familiar as a household word to all.

It is perhaps worth while to repeat the announcement made last month that any reader of this magazine may become a member of the League by sending in his name to its Secretary. This will involve neither cost nor definite committal to any future course of action, political or otherwise, but will signify only that you sympathize with this movement "To Build The State."

POMONA.

By F. LLEWELLYN.

The story of Pomona's transition from desert to garden has many times been told in print; yet it has not reached thousands of Americans; and to such, an outline of the advantages possessed by this locality should be welcome. For all who come to Southern California say "It's wonderful!" and all who visit Pomona Valley admit that this section is the peer of any in the Land of Sunshine—considering climate, agriculture, central position, social and educational advantages, industrialism, means of transportation and whatever else contributes to the ideal home. And it needs only to have these facts properly set before the great East to result in an unprecedented practical appreciation of the superiority of Pomona as a place of residence and activity combined.

Nestled against the San Bernardino range of the Sierras, that walls off

POMONA. (From San José Hills).

Photo by Reiley.

Southern California from the northern part of the state, Pomona has a peculiar favor geographically and gets the best of the balmy climate that makes "Our Italy" famous throughout the world. It is in this valley that the striking climatic conditions produced by the daily interaction of the Pacific Ocean and the Colorado Desert are most grateful.

The trade-wind from the coast, flowing up the slope, reaches Pomona, thirty miles from the coast, just before it goes over the range and plunges down thousands of feet into the desert. It begins at about 9 a. m. in the warmer months—a steady, cooling breeze that makes this region perhaps as delightful in summer as in winter—and ceases toward the close of the afternoon.

The gap between the Sierras and the heights to the south, forming a pass from the valley to the Pacific, is the channel of this tempering current and thus makes Pomona a place of enjoyable summer days; but the nights are if anything still more refreshing. About sundown, when the air on the desert

SECOND STREET. (Looking West.)

Photo by Reiley.

cools and descends, the air-tide changes, flows the other way and floods the western slopes with a cool breeze, pure and dry. This it is that makes warm nights unknown in Pomona Valley, which, being so near the mountains, gets the earliest effects of the regular providential phenomenon.

Geographically also, Pomona's place is one of advantage. It bears a relation to the mountains and ocean similar to that of Mentone and Nice. From the foothills of the Sierras, whose peaks average 9000 feet in altitude, one overlooks a gently sloping plain, without a superior in beauty and productiveness, 860 feet above sea level at the center of Pomona City and rising to 2000 feet at the base of the mountains. The Puente hills bound it on the south. A lower range, called San José hills, has its eastern terminus

SAN ANTONIO AVENUE, POMONA.

Photo by Reiley.

within the city limits, and from there the great valley spreads out to a north-and-south width of twenty-five miles. The limits of the city are coincident with the boundary of Los Angeles county, Pomona occupying the position of commercial center of the eastern portion of that great political division with 200,000 population and immense in area.

One of the main reasons for the rapid development and prosperity of Pomona Valley is its wealth of varied soil and abundant water supply, the latter replenished from year to year by the natural reservoir of the mountains conserving the rainfall and diverting it to the natural underground basins. Although the prevailing soil is a gravelly loam consisting of decomposed granite, fertile and easily worked, yet it varies in character and conditions from the loose, dry and warm gravelly soil of the upper valley, to the heavy,

A QUIET COTTAGE HOME.

Photo by Reiley.

black, damp loam of the lower lands. The products, therefore, are as diversified as the soil.

Pomona Valley is essentially industrial; so, while dealing with that subject, it will be well to confine description to the more limited section belonging commercially to the thriving city. The Rancho San José, on which the place is situated, in early days, under Spanish and Mexican government, constituted part of the lands appendant to old San Gabriel mission. It was a probability that someone should discover the marvelous possibilities of this barren district when touched with water; it was inevitable that the romantic Spanish occupation should dwindle away when once the fertility was found.

Water is king and the orange is queen of the valley, and since the time over a quarter of a century ago when the cultivation of citrus fruits began, the two have worked hand in hand to bring unexcelled prosperity. Orange growing is a fixed industry here, there is nothing of the experimental about

it. Gradual and careful selection—the survival of the fittest—the application of scientific principles—these have given to this industry a firm foundation. The “boom” that collapsed in 1887 was the inflation of “values” of twenty-foot “city” lots staked out in the cactus and sage-brush—not a depreciation of the prices of agricultural land. The present values of orange land are perfectly normal; a grove in full bearing that sells at \$1000 an acre is invested in by a well-informed buyer with the same degree of assurance that he would have in any safe business venture.

Orange growing has given to Pomona Valley a class of gentleman farmers. With the majority of ranches not more than ten acres in area, thus forming a thickly settled country, and the process of tillage much different and easier than on an Eastern farm, the horticulturist combines city life with country pleasure and his occupation is one requiring rather more of brains than of hard labor.

The city of Pomona is divided through its center by two railroads, the main lines of the Southern Pacific and of the new San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, north of which, comprising the higher land of the valley, the orange greatly predominates; indeed, deducting about 15 per cent. for the lemon production, it might almost be said that the arable land is entirely given up to orange culture—the ideal home of this fruit that has become a necessity instead of a luxury and has acquired a sta-

ble market value because of the care bestowed on its propagation.

There are sixteen packing houses in Pomona Valley that ship 2500 cars of citrus fruits a year, 60 per cent. of it being handled by co-operative exchanges. These exchanges have worked a revolution in the marketing of

oranges and lemons; so that whereas ten or twelve years ago the grower was at the mercy of commission men, now the exchange's methods and wholesome influence have put the producer beyond the fear of losing on his crop through sharp practice or carelessness of a dealer. This has transformed the business into a fixed industry, and the demand has made conditions such that the fruit is shipped the year round and people are thus kept employed in the packing houses, although of course in the real orange season, from November to July, the greatest amount of packing and shipping is done. In the heavier, damper, blacker soil of the lowlands the orange and lemon will not thrive so well, and, as it happens, almost anything else common to the temperate or semi-tropic zones does well in the lower part of this valley. An annual output of 3000 tons of apricots, 2000 tons of peaches and many cars of prunes and other fruits,

A POMONA PUBLIC SCHOOL.

employing 1000 people in the drying every season besides over 400 employed in a cannery turning out 1,500,000 cans of fruit a year, certainly bears good testimony to Pomona's varied horticulture.

A great deal of alfalfa and barley is raised for hay, which commands a good figure in the market, and some consider this branch of agriculture preferable to fruit growing. Six crops of alfalfa per annum are usual. When one reaches the southeastern city limits he is on the border of the beet lands tributary to the great Chino sugar factory, producing 2500 cars of sugar annually, only five miles from the center of the city—for the valley is a continuous wealth-producing territory. Between Pomona and Chino is a fine Agricultural Experiment Station conducted by the University of California. It propagates a bewildering variety of plants, fruits and trees and is a source of much profit to the agriculturist—working as it does in conjunction with a number of pomological clubs, issuing valuable bulletins and dispensing to individuals a great deal of practical information that comes only from such institutions.

A conservative estimate of the amount of money invested in pumping plants in Pomona Valley is \$1,000,000; that is an indication of the bountiful supply of water and extensive irrigation systems. Chief among the sources of supply is the mountain stream in the great San Antonio cañon, where enormous schemes for development of electric power have been carried out, and the water is afterward distributed throughout the valley to irrigate the orchards. The winter rainy season provides an abundance in this stream and other mountain water sources and likewise replenishes the large underground basins that feed thousands of wells scattered over the plain. The water strata may be reached at almost any place where a supply is desired.

The bulk of the water used for irrigation is furnished at actual cost through corporations that are practically co-operative, freeing the user from danger of monopolistic oppression. Many ranchers sink their own wells and thus are entirely independent. The splendid conditions as to ownership of

A POMONA HOME.

this most vital necessity in Pomona Valley constitute a shining example to the world. There is in the valley one tract of thousands of acres of the choicest citrus land in which fine water rights are inalienable from a ranch. It is cañon water, and the only expense attaching to its use is a few cents for each owner per month to pay a man for turning the water on and off. But in any case the conditions of Pomona's water supply are all but ideal.

From its inception, Pomona's inhabitants have made their living from the soil and built up the beautiful and prosperous city and valley. Here there has been little of the "boom" order, little of floating population, little of setting before the world just one advantage, little of the millionaire sojourner. The city has been incorporated nearly twenty years, and since long before that time it has been steadily growing through the accretion and effort of the better middle class—intelligent agriculturists, hard-working mechanics and desirable people in all walks of life. It is more like an Eastern thriving industrial town than like a semi-tropical resort.

Pomona is *made*. Its citizens no longer need to look forward and wonder what its future will be. From the nature of its inhabitants, conditions and environment it can be nothing but a prosperous commercial community, an ideal agricultural valley. And it is perfectly natural for it to become a place of manufacture and a railroad center.

Besides the main lines of the two great overland routes, the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads, Pomona has the new Salt Lake road in the heart of the city and two branches of the Southern Pacific, running in from important neighboring towns and bringing to the place many visitors and much trade. There are two foundries and machine shops doing a large business and increasing their capacity. A furniture company has just secured a large building and is consolidating two factories in other cities and bringing them to Pomona for a more advantageous location. The discoveries of oil in South-

SNOW ON THE NEAR FOOTHILLS—ORANGE BLOSSOMS IN THE CITY.

Photo by Kelley.

ern California and the water power in the mountains have come pretty near solving the power problem. One electric company has a 33,000-volt line running into the city.

There are 7000 inhabitants in Pomona, which is connected with Los Angeles, 33 miles away, by three railroads. The city has all modern improvements—complete municipal government; 13 public school buildings and plans maturing for two large new structures, with 50 teachers and 1600 pupils; an excellent academy and business college; Pomona College, the third in importance on the Pacific Coast, in Claremont, a suburb, and Lordsburg College, a smaller institution, in another suburb; electric lights and gas; an unexcelled domestic water supply of pure artesian water; fire department of four companies; free mail delivery by four carriers; telegraph and telephone service (a mutual opposition telephone company is now installing a thoroughly modern system); three hotels; a public library of 7000 volumes about to occupy a building costing \$15,000, given by Andrew Carnegie; two daily and three weekly newspapers; nineteen churches, and the city irretrievably committed to

MIDDLE FALLS, STODDARD'S CAÑON.

Photo by Reiley.

the policy of "no saloons"; a particularly fine representation of fraternal societies and military companies; two banks, every branch of business represented in prosperous stores.

A new City Council is just entering upon an era of comprehensive improvements that will still further advance Pomona's desirability as a place of business and residence. The large park that has for years belonged to the city is being transformed into a place of beauty under direction of a famous landscape architect; a plaza is to be made out of a block near the center of the city; miles of new grading, curbing and cement sidewalk have been ordered (Pomona already is finely sidewalked and has miles and miles of roadway paved with a cement-gravel obtained within the city limits and making a splendid but cheap pavement); and otherwise the municipality is keeping right in line with progress.

A "city of homes" is Pomona. The industrious citizens, realizing the rare opportunity of making their residence in a city combining easy money-making with life in such a balmy climate, build homes and make up their minds to end their days here in peace and plenty. At this writing no less than fifty houses are in process of construction, and, too, a large and beautiful

IN THE PUBLIC PARK, POMONA.

Photo by Reiley.

pressed-brick business block is ready for interior finishing, and another two-story block is in process of erection. This prevalence of home building has been enhanced by loan associations, one of which (a mutual home concern) has been in business ten years, has subscribed stock of \$282,000, has never lost a dollar and never had a law-suit. Such a record is an evidence of the kind of city Pomona is.

In this article the writer has told about the advantages of Pomona Valley mainly from a commercial standpoint, with a knowledge that the section's future growth depends upon strength more than beauty, upon industry rather than climate; and yet to one not well acquainted with Southern California the other considerations would perhaps appeal with force.

If Pomona had no other claim to recognition, its balmy climate's benefit

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

to people seeking restoration of health would be sufficient; for many a life has been saved by immigration to this land of sunshine, fruits and flowers; many a person is today walking the streets of Pomona, in full enjoyment of health and vigor, who was sent here with no hope of recovery. It should not be presumed from this statement that Pomona is a panacea, but it is a fact that scarcely any disease that anything will affect can resist the improving influence of the grateful air; the patient may be too far gone to allow the betterment to be lasting, but instances where there is no alleviation are exceptional.

The Easterner crossing the Sierras for the first time and getting as he does a view of this beautiful valley suddenly in verdant winter, is impressed most by the scenic grandeur. These are indeed the American Alps, and this is "Our Italy." Charles Dudley Warner says:

"The traveler who descends into Italy by an Alpine pass never forgets the surprise and delight of the transition. In an hour he is whirled down the slopes from the region of eternal snow to the verdure of spring or the ripeness of summer. Suddenly—it may be at a turn in the road—winter is left behind;

ONE OF POMONA'S PRODUCTS—THE POMELO OR "GRAPE-FRUIT."

THE GOLDEN POPPY.

Photo by Kelley.

the plains of Lombardy are in view; the Lake of Como or Maggiore gleams below; there is a tree; there is an orchard; there is a garden; there is a villa overrun with vines; the singing of birds is heard; the air is gracious; the slopes are terraced and covered with vineyards; great sheets of silver sheen in the landscape mark the growth of the olive; the dark green orchards of oranges and lemons are starred with gold; the lusty fig, always a temptation as of old, leans invitingly over the stone wall; everywhere are bloom and color under the blue sky; there are shrines by the wayside, chapels on the hill; one hears melodious bells, the call of the vine dressers, the laughter of girls."

This author says the contrast is as great from the desert to this rich Pomona Valley. And it is true that Pomona's scenery and position, though not its greatest attributes, are nevertheless sublime and must necessarily cause the fame of this locality to become increasingly widespread.

ANOTHER VIEW IN THE PARK.

Photo by Reiley.

The mountain ranges lift their summits almost into the region of perpetual snow; in fact, throughout the entire year snow remains deep on the northern slopes to within a few feet of the top and is visible from the valley to the south until midsummer. Sometimes in winter the mountains are snow-covered to their base and stand out against the northern sky like serrated walls of pure white marble. It is not uncommon, too, for a person walking in the valley in the bright sunshine of a winter day, among orange groves laden with golden fruit or amid flowers in profusion, to see the Storm King riding at a furious pace along the range and fierce gusts of wind driving the snow in clouds before it over the loftiest peaks.

Such is the nature of Pomona Valley. It is all true; but the inhabitants would prefer to have interested persons investigate its charms themselves. For then they will receive impressions more satisfying than words can give. The valley is one of the things that is "just as advertised." In these days of rapid transportation and reduced rates there are few who cannot afford a trip to the Pacific Coast, and whoever comes should not go away without seeing

POMONA'S TOURIST HOTEL.

Photo by Reiley.

Pomona. He will find plenty of people willing to drive him about for a view of the countryside. Pomonans have just pride in the city and its surroundings; they are, also, only too glad to let others have the benefit of what may be aptly termed "the garden spot of earth."

SAN FRANCISCO AVENUE, POMONA.

Photo by Reiley.

DAT-SO-LA-LA-LA, THE MOST FAMOUS WARRIOR BASKET-WAVER. (See page 433).

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Formerly

The Land of Sunshine.

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

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THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

XI.

DOUTLESS a proper oracle could better answer ; but if the Grand Inquisitor were to put *me* to the rack for explanation of this extraordinary growth of Southern California beyond the other half-State—its superior in “natural advantages,” in precedence of wealth and economic development, and in many other things—among the first and among the last reasons I should have to assign would be “Hard Luck.” It has been scarcely so much our Resources that have made Southern California recently outstrip the fatter end of this magnificent commonwealth as rather our apparent Lack of them. It has been a progress rather more by our Misfortunes than by our realized Blessings. Somewhat more noted philosophers have before now spoken of the Uses of Adversity ; but I do not know if there has ever been a more striking concrete instance on a large scale.

The first great factor in the new life of California—in its development as a real and agricultural and sober commonwealth, as distinguished from a community gambling royally in gold, silver and grain in succession—was the fearful drouth of 1864. Besides the early historic period, with which we are not now dealing, there may be said to have been three Californias. One was that of the Golden Fleece of 1849 and the decade following. The second was the unprecedented silver craze of the Bonanzas, beginning just before the war, and lasting eighteen years. The third, temporally underlapping both these epochs, but now greatly overshadowing both together in economic importance—

Agricultural California—began no less a gamble than were the hazards of mining and of the stock market. For a generation, California—after it began to have Gringo farms at all; after the smartest Americans that ever moved had been here a dozen years, and had refused to believe that the soil was good for anything but to dig metal out of—was the scene of the most “enterprising,” but among the least desirable, farming in the world; farming on the largest scale physically, but least to the real development of State or national resources. There were single farms almost big enough for an Eastern State. The whole scale was colossal. Such machineries were invented and operated in this gigantic agriculture as had never before been seen, and are scarcely to be seen elsewhere even now. Everything conspired—the apparent face of Nature, the labor market, the produce market, transportation—to foster this class of gambling for enormous stakes of grain.

In 1864 the severest drouth that has been known in California withered the State from end to end; and particularly, of course, the more arid southern half. Crops parched; unnumbered myriads of cattle died on the range—in Santa Barbara that year fifty thousand head of cattle were sold at thirty-seven and one-half cents a head—and if there had been our modern business standards, the State would have gone bankrupt. That it did not, was simply because it was still primitive, and not to be scared.

But this drouth, with its mortal blow to the great happy-go-lucky stock business, and its fearful example to the half-million-acre grain ranch, was in fact the prophecy and foremost compelling cause of a new regime. It was the first, and to this day the thickest, wedge to the splitting of those enormous ranches, which were in their time the natural feature of so enormous an area as California; but which under modern civilization are the curse of any commonwealth. Up to that time it had been impossible to get these huge, careless, demi-semi-worthless principalities broken up, or subdivided, or sold except in a lump. That historic season of famine brought about, very promptly and on a very large scale, a new willingness to sell land to settlers in something less than ten-thousand-acre lots. Even more than the Chinese Exclusion Act—the only historic happening which can be at all counted in the same category as influential in changing the character of California farming from the biggest in the world, and the most reckless, and in a sense the most stupid, to the smallest and the most intensive, and in many senses the most scientific—this empiric happening of a season remade the economic fortunes of an empire. To this day there

are still probably larger farms in California than anywhere else; but these are already survivals. The typical California farming now is of a small acreage, occupied not by tenants but by the American owner; tilled not to a single crop—while its farmer buys his potatoes, beans, corn, vegetables, fruit and even the flour made from his own wheat, as used to be true, even fifteen years ago—but of a manifold crop; and on the average drawing toward the ideal wherein each little farm shall be self-centered and self-supporting; where a man with five acres or ten acres may produce, and does produce, practically everything needful to the sustenance and comfort of his family, and has only to purchase, with his surplus product, their luxuries.

This dry and bitter lesson of course has been emphasized by many sequent lesser ones. The rich years in California, while very comfortable to the individual, have not been an economic blessing in the long run—for precisely the same reason that the geographic half of the State which has fewer hard years is relatively so far behind in material development and in the speed of such development. Merely as a hint of what I mean, it may be said that Southern California completed with 1902 the most extraordinary sequence of three dry seasons in its history. None of them were so parched as 1864; but never before, since the records began, have three consecutive years brought so little rainfall. The instant result of this persistent drouth was, of course, a certain amount of individual distress—although, as a matter of fact, no State east of Colorado can show a record so free from failures, or real suffering by drouth. It was, however, a stringency which seemed cruel to Californians accustomed to have, and expecting to have, so much more than the Eastern farmer hopes in his most rosy dreams. Yet these three concurrent dry years were an incalculable benefit to the entire region, precisely in that they emphasized upon this enormous number of Tenderfoot farmers the great philosophic truth that it is necessary to Know you are Right before you Go Ahead. In other words, a sudden impediment in the sky, so that it did not yield the normal precipitation whereby the happy-go-lucky farmer gets his casual crop, taught a teachable population to “look a little out” for their own weather. That they *were* teachable is perhaps best indicated by the fact that in the second of these years enough New Water—New, because upon it the sun never shone before—was dragged, out of new wells and new tunnels, to the light of day and the refreshment of thirsty fields, to have saved half the State of Rhode Island from ever seeing another drouth. Again Hard Luck was our benefactor.

Of course, we cannot reasonably predicate all progress to

Los Angeles in 1873. (From Ninth and Spring Streets.)

From a contemporary lithograph

philosophies of this sort. There are factors which may be for adversity, but which it would be straining a point to reckon wholly so, that have been very vital in this unprecedented growth of population for one-half of a State as against the other half; and the two most sweeping of these factors may be named, in round numbers—Railroads and Oranges.

It was over eighteen years ago—and it is far longer in development than in years—that after soaking a tongue swollen forth as large as my wrist, and dry and rough as rawhide, in the crystal flow of the Mojave, I trudged up the southern acclivity of the Desert to the Cajon Pass, and came down into God's Country. It was not compulsory then to walk; for there was a railroad from the East to Los Angeles, and had been for ten years; but it was One railroad—and of One Sort. It had done practically nothing, in its decade of possession, to upbuild the country. The population was practically no larger than at its advent, and not nearly so rich; for the earnings of the railroad in those ten years had been skinned off the country. The rate on oranges to the Missouri River, when I came, was \$600 a car; and I have friends who, after selling their fruit at good figures in St. Louis, had to pay the railroad a few hundred dollars more to make up the freight bill. A year later, down through the same Pass where a poor French-Canadian and I hobbled on desert-burned feet, a competing railroad crept in; and a little later yet there befell a railroad rate-war, perhaps not unparalleled in history so far as traffic figures are concerned, but certainly unique if we consider either the cost of travel per mile at the height of the war, or the far-reaching economic effects. This great duel of transportation began about May, 1886. The population of Los Angeles was very little larger then than in 1880, when the national census gave it 11,183. As much was true of all Southern California. Passenger rates from Kansas City to California had been about \$70; from Chicago, \$100; from New York, \$120; and few there were that came in thereat. For about three months in the spring of 1886, tickets either way between Los Angeles and Missouri River points—as Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, and so on—were sold regularly at not to exceed \$25; and of this fare the passenger got \$20 back at the end of his journey. At the height of the struggle there was a short time when tickets sold for \$5 "flat;" but it was very soon found necessary to protect this figure by the rebate plan, because passengers going sixty miles out would buy a ticket to St. Louis, for about the local fare to Colton, and getting home would sell or give away the "paste-board" which was still good for the rest of the transcontinental

LOS ANGELES FROM SECOND AND HILL STREETS, 1882.

Copyright by C. C. Pierce & Co., 1902

Photo by Graham

PART OF LOS ANGELES FROM SECOND AND HILL STREETS, 1902.

journey. One day I saw tickets sold at \$1 for this little ride of 2,800 miles; and I am informed by a railroad official, who has the best opportunity to know, since he sold them, that for one day at a little Southern California station a number of tickets to St. Louis were handed out at fifty cents apiece! It was cheaper to go across the continent than to stay at home. Fares never went back to the old pitch.

Now this is interesting and humorous, but not intrinsically important. The far-reaching thing is that these Take-One tickets were to a country known by name to every American who could read, or who had the organs of hearing; a country which was, to every such person, endued with a certain Alpenglow. There is probably no American now alive to whom the name California is not some suggestion of mystery and of romance; and there was no such deaf-and-dumb American sixteen years ago. The result of this railroad squabble was to precipitate such a flow of tentative migration—such an avalanche of people Going over to Look at it—as I believe has no parallel. This

going forth to spy out the land very promptly turned to a serious permanent migration. For many years I was almost constantly riding back and forth part of the distance between

Kansas and California; and for the last sixteen years I have personally seen (what the records show to be true) such a tide of one-way travel as cannot be seen anywhere else, nor ever was seen elsewhere. For sixteen years, almost every day of every month in every year, the westbound train has been full; the eastbound train "light." It is only at specific periods of a few weeks, when the winter tourist is returning home, that the seasoned traveler thinks of reserving his Pullman accommodations for going East. There is no day in the year when he doesn't know it to be necessary to reserve them coming West.

Now this enormous migration, resultant upon railroad competition and the cheapness of admission to a famous "show," has overwhelmingly concerned Southern California. It is the only part of the State which ever has known, or to this day knows, railroad competition. It is true that the "competing line" today reaches San Francisco; but this is a civilized day, and Competition has given way to Pooling. And to this day, although there are no traffic discriminations whatsoever against the northern part of the State—if anything there are concessions to it—the enormous preponderance of travel is still, as it has been for all these years, concentric to Los Angeles. Understanding this, the growth of the small and unimportant town far faster than the opulent metropolis of the most famous State in the Union, although still astonishing, is no longer incomprehensible.

But the ability to go to one town more easily or more cheaply than to another is not all the secret; and perhaps the most vital, or at least the most easily demonstrated, factor of that growth in which the "cow counties" have of late outstripped the historic and romantic North, is Yellow of another sort; not so dazzling, not so demoralizing, nor so picturesque as the golden nuggets which crazed the sober East 54 years ago, but lure enough. The orange has attracted to California fully as many people as gold did, and, beyond any question, of a soberer and more desirable class of citizens—although I would be the last person to appraise the modern grove-planting Eastern immigrant above that fierce adventurer of two generations before him. The Argonaut was a good deal more of a Figure. But in spite of personal preference, I am free to concede that his latter-day substitute better befits a "civilized" American commonwealth. That is, in mass a community of Argonauts was a hard proposition, although there is no population which would not welcome, and be the better for, some leavening of its lump by that sort.

The orange, of course, is not a modern invention, even in Cal-

THE PACIFIC FROM A LA JOLLA CAVE.

Photo by Fitch

ifornia.* Bernal Diaz planted the first orange trees in the New World better than 375 years ago. The Franciscan missionaries brought the tree up from Mexico early in their administration of California; and of the early American pioneers in this State, before the gold rush — it is not necessary to count the Spanish rancheros, who had adapted the trees from the missions — a few had already before 1850 made some considerable cultivation. The Wolfskill grove in Los Angeles was a marvel to the American gold hunters. By 1862 there were 25,000 orange trees in the State, all seedlings. In 1873 a casual man in the little three-

*See this magazine for February and March, 1902, for article with a large number of engravings of the orange industry 250 years ago.

year-old village of Riverside received from the Department of Agriculture in Washington two seedless orange trees derived from Brazil. From the buds of these parent trees, still growing neglected in a back yard of the wonderfully rich and beautiful city of Riverside — where the old man and his wife have been left to poverty amid the vast riches they helped create — millions upon millions of trees have been planted in California and shipped elsewhere, their fruit taking the foremost rank in the American market, and developing what is in many ways the most significant industry — as it is certainly the most attractive in the West.

There are now (U. S. Census 1900), in California 5,648,714 orange and 1,493,113 lemon trees, five times as many orange trees and eighteen times as many lemon trees as there were ten years ago. Orange trees will grow almost anywhere in California, but not "commercially;" and while there are a few northern localities (like Porterville) where they thrive well, the law is reasonably indicated by the present fact (Census 1900), that the four counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside and Orange have more than four-fifths of all the orange trees in the State—as San Diego and Los Angeles counties have more than half of all the lemon trees of the State.

Ever since the fabled Gardens of the Hesperides, through all the Greek and Roman classics, throughout the literature of Arabia, and almost every other land that *has* a literature, the orange has not only been a Fruit but a Romance. It was early named "golden apple"—and there is already a keynote of its peculiar category. Common fruits are not called by poetic names—although all have romantic histories to such as care to delve into these things. But the orange has never yet become commonplace; and many no older than I, in reading these lines will still remember youthful days when an orange from Sicily (there were none then in the East from California) was an Event. It is not fanciful to connect this sort of childhood association, and the consequent romance which persists past childhood in the maturer mind, with economic and historic developments. As a matter of fact, there would not be much history if there were no child ideals and no persistence of romance in adults. There would have been no Crusades, no Discovery of America, no Much of Anything, but for these very sentimentalities; and like all the other keen tools of Evolution, they work just as well and just as inevitably today under our eyes as they have worked ever on the millennial lathe of Time.

This is one of the secrets of the new California, plus the Name and its cognate romance of Gold, plus the mystery of its

THE HEAD OF IRRIGATION.
(The Sierra Madre from "the Lion's Den.")

Photo by C. F. L.

Distance and its probable Wildness, and its Desperadoes and its Indians, plus its Scenery and its gentle Climate. It has had, and it has, for every reasonably newspaper-read American, or other civilized being, an added attraction by reason of its still romantic fruit. It is a matter into which we need not dip just now with cold statistics to show how large a proportion of the new immigration to California has gone more or less into orange-growing—very often to their detriment and loss; because while oranges will grow anywhere, and will anywhere look pretty, there is only a small proportion, even of Southern California, where they can be grown to the best commercial advantage; that is, where they are absolutely free from the frost to which they are sensitive, from the sea fogs which smut them, and from other adverse influences; and where the fruit is of that matchless perfection which brings "top prices," and of sort to make the best Mediterranean, or Mexican, or Costa Rican orange look cheap and taste cheap. But that it is a fact is so obvious to everyone acquainted with this region or with the record of development as to need no serious particularization. Practically every new-comer who dabbles with the soil at all, plants at least

some oranges ; and this is well ; for of all the trees that man has corseted to uniform " symmetry " and fattened for his use, none other is more beautiful and none more grateful. The market bearings of the question may be left to work themselves out in friction with the facts they must encounter.

Nor is it only the golden beauty of the crop, the fact that it is continuous every month in the year, that when handled with the best American shrewdness it may pay a larger income per acre per year than perhaps any other crop extensively planted by man—there have been a good many cases of \$1,000 per acre ; which is at least four times what a good grower can hope to av-

SHIPPING ORANGES.

Photo by Pierce

erage—that has made the orange at once a witchcraft and a sober factor in the development of a country whose every phase is wizardry to the Easterner. These visible facts have been oftenest perceived, no doubt ; and no doubt have most often persuaded the movable provincial.

But these are pretty bubbles on the surface. The significant importance of the orange is in something more than its financial or æsthetic attractiveness, or than the great rise in values of land upon which it can be produced to perfection. It lies in the broader conditions which these things have helped to bring about. A crop that may pay \$1,000 per acre per year immediately enhances the price of suitable lands to at least as much per acre as one year's harvest may reimburse. This for one thing means a direct weeding of the pecuniarily unfit—and while it is

THE NEW GLENWOOD TAVERN, RIVERSIDE.

by no means an axiom that those who Have the Price are thereby the Best People, it will be conceded as a general rule that they who have something to show for the time they have lived average more desirable citizens than those who have nothing. This crop, furthermore, can be raised only by irrigation. The region where it can be most successfully cultivated is of reluctant rainfall; and irrigation is no child's play. It is too large a task for the individual—even for the individual who can pay \$1,000 or \$1,500 or \$2,000 an acre for land to farm on. It absolutely compels associative effort. It forces the Civilized and book-learned Man, who is forgetting a lesson that Natural Man learned thousands of years ago, to come back to it. It compels a large amount of communal effort, applied not only with high intelligence, but with mutual tolerance and consideration. The scarce and shrunken streams of the land where the orange will grow must be diverted and conserved; coaxed to, and set about, the roots of these gold-minting trees, by great reservoirs and by leagues of cemented ditches, and by other great works no one person can think to undertake for himself. And not only must these huge community improvements be made and paid for; they must be perennially maintained and administered for the common good.

This, more than any other one thing, is the secret of the magic growth and the perhaps peerless industrial prosperity of communities like Riverside, or Redlands, or their peers which have not their like anywhere outside of Southern California; but

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE."

Photo by Pierce

which in this peculiar region are typical and will here be indefinitely multiplied. The smartest people in the world—and that they *are* the smartest there is no question, for they themselves confess it—Americans, expend such an energy as doubtless no equal number of human beings ever spent before. They have come to an apparent maximum capacity of steam-making; but to Harness their collective steam, to correlate it, to co-ordinate it—that, as a class, Americans have yet to learn. It is not because in Southern California we are smarter than our fellows, that we have learned—or some of us—but because Nature has been kind enough to burn the lesson in upon our unwilling minds. Again our Misfortune has been the Making of us. Instead of pulling apart, or pulling alone, we have learned, under this pinch of necessity, to Pull Together. Together we have gone to the mountains and dammed their cañons, or tunneled their foothills; taken up old streams, or drawn new ones from the earth; and coddled their life-giving tide along conduits as carefully made as a sidewalk, for miles or leagues.

By these means—by the communal consent and coöperation of tens of thousands of Americans—we have been enabled to give these tens of thousands such a certainty in their agriculture as man in civilization never knew before, in any such scale of profit. And that first lesson has been a step to others. Co-operative irrigation has shown us—as it would show any other people on earth—the unmistakable hint that the same leverage can be applied to other dead-weights of commerce and of life. From this at first painful necessity, we have learned that even as they of an American community can farm better by helping one another, so also they can market better in concert; and more than anywhere else in the United States—so far as I am aware, more than elsewhere in the world—the fruit which we have communally made possible, we communally market. Mutual packing, coöperative shipping and marketing, are now the rule and not the exception in Southern California; and not alone in our typical and dazzling crop of citrus fruits. Every neighborhood of the seven counties has its coöperative packing association, which maintains prices and uniformity of pack, discourages the frequent Tenderfoot who would send frozen or cull oranges to the markets of the East hoping to be undetected, and in other ways secures what any sane person will concede to be the rudiments of “business.”

Rather for these reasons than for mere money, the orange has done incomparably more for the sane and lasting development of California than gold ever did. Of course, in direct finance, it

has not yet rivaled that elsewhere unrivaled sum. Nor anywhere else in history has any population, even of three times the size, added so much to the world's wealth as did the Argonauts in the prime of gold in California. But the State is now producing more dollars' worth of oranges than of gold,* although only one political division in the United States, or in the New World, equals California's gold product today. And while the metallic output of the nation is approximately stationary, as is that of this State, the horticultural product of both is increasing; and that of California with enormous speed.† The increase of the citrus industry alone in California (being, as it is, steady, direct, and without reasonable probability of check), is not unimportant even as a factor in the prosperity of the Union. But altogether aside from money, the economic and the sociologic influence is much more than "important." Gold, indeed (when California *invented* it, so far as concerns the United States) subverted national ideas, and upset, and spilled this way the more animate people of the East in a fashion never before paralleled. But it is not "academic" to remark that this fortuitous and gambling bonanza was far less weighty from every historic point of view than the lesser present annual "finds," which depend not on the luck of a vein, nor on "pocket," "drift," or "lode," but simply on industry, shrewdness, patience, and the concert of numbers. When I say "orange," I may be pardoned for using it as the most glittering type of a far larger class—namely, horticulture. Merely as a curio, let us note here that the one crop of oranges in Southern California, for the year now finishing, is more in money value than three and a half times the gold crop which but little over half a century ago gave the entire East the wildest craze it has known before or since.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Over \$18,000,000 a year in oranges; about \$17,000,000 in gold.

†No other State ever produced one-half as much gold in a year as California did in its best twelve-month. At the highest figures for 1852 (*Chronicle Statistician*) this was \$85,000,000. In 1900 (U. S. Census) the agricultural products of California amounted to over \$131,000,000.



WILLIAM KEITH.

Suggested by Little V. O'Ryan's miniature portrait of the famous artist.*

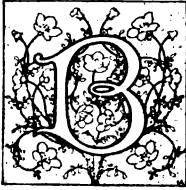
By INA COOLBRITH.

WE read that under the far Indian skies,
 The dusk magician with his mystic wand
 Calls from the arid and unseeded sand,
 Whereon the shadowless sun's white fervor lies,
 A perfect tree before our wondering eyes.
 First its green shoot uplifts a tender hand ;
 Then trunk and spreading foliage expand
 To flower and fruit ; and then it droops and dies.
 But he—our wizard of the tinted brush—
 In God's diviner necromancy skilled,
 Gives to our vision Earth, in grandeur free !
 Rose-gold of dawn and evening's purple hush,
 The Druid-woods with Nature's worship filled,
 The mountains and the everlasting sea.

*This highly satisfactory miniature has just been completed by Miss O'Ryan, and is here reproduced for the first time.

NEVADA INDIAN BASKETS AND THEIR MAKERS.

By CLARA MAC NAUGHTON.



BASKET-MAKING is one of the most ancient Indian industries, and has been carried on by most of the North American tribes, with varying skill and art. Its highest development has been reached on the Pacific Coast, perhaps particularly among the Paiutes, Soshones and Washoes of Nevada.

The process of manufacture is practically identical in all cases. Commencing at the bottom, a small bunch of grass, roots, osier, or willow is bound together with a fiber of the weaving material made flexible by dipping into water or passing between the lips. This is then coiled upon itself, each coil being securely fastened to the one below by passing the weaving thread or fiber around the upper coil and through some of the wrapping-strands of the lower ones. For this purpose, a bodkin, or awl, is used, made from flint, obsidian or volcanic glass, or the thigh-bone of a small bird. As the coils pile up they are made to bulge outward to form the side of a basket, or inward to shape the neck of a vase or bottle.

In ornamenting the basket, the weaver never slavishly follows a set rule or pattern, yet never works at hap-hazard. Each article is treated individually, and at the will of the artist, but with a thorough understanding of the purpose for which it is to be used, a definite plan of decoration, and a foresight of the final effect of each succeeding stitch.

The Paiutes produce water-jugs, seed or sorting baskets, winnows and cradles, of a twisted, or in-and-out weave, that will not hold water unless coated with pitch.

The Soshones weave fine and beautiful baskets of willow, using a single slender twig for a foundation and weaving from the inside outward. This brings the smooth finish on the inside of the basket. Among the tribal designs most frequently found are those which symbolize that the tribe was once more numerous and powerful than at present, but had been swept away by a pestilence. Others represent conventionally the flight of wild geese, the burning of prisoners at the stake, and the lighting of beacon fires on the hills. Rude figures of men, like those drawn by very young children, also appear.

Of late years, the Soshones travel over to California annually, where they are employed on the farms and in the hop-fields during summer and autumn. Their earnings there are large enough to supply most of their wants during the winter, and

A CENTURY-OLD WATER BASKET.

the result is that their older native industry is slighted. Instead of tramping the hills in search of good materials, colored by nature, as they used, they use dyes, sometimes even painting the designs upon the surface. They have not yet descended to aniline dyes, but make their own from various vegetable substances and clay. But the Washoes produce the most perfect baskets. The natural question, "Who are the Washoes?" may be answered with this quotation from a report of the Bureau of Ethnology*:

Associated with the Paiutes are the Washo, or Wā'sin as they call themselves, a small tribe of about 400 souls, and having no affinity as far as known with any other Indians. They occupy the mountain region in the extreme western portion of Nevada, about Washoe and Tahoe Lakes and the towns of Carson and Virginia City. They formerly extended farther east and south, but have been driven back by the Paiutes, who conquered them, reducing them to complete subjection.

Today I believe there are about 500 Washoes.

When a tourist drops into Carson his gaze falls casually on the groups of "bucks" and "squaws" dressed in modern garments; the male with overalls, colored shirt, bright kerchief twisted round his throat, rather long black hair covered with wide-brimmed hat; the females in gaudy calico gowns, gingham aprons, gay shawls or blankets, according to the weather,

*Page 1051, 14th Annual Report.

DAT-SO-LA-LE'S MASTERPIECE.

7½ inches high, 35 inches circumference, 29 to 30 stitches to the inch.

About 50,000 stitches in basket. Value, \$1500.

bright silk handkerchief tied over head. Before leaving he may come to believe that these down-trodden poor Washoes are of all the American Indians the most interesting and prolific producers of curios to delight the heart of a collector. They reach the highest perfection in symmetry of form, fineness of weave (using as a rule two twigs for the foundation coils, though of such fineness one would not be able to discern it in the completed article) and symbolical composition. No article leaves their hands without bearing, woven into it with each stitch, some special significance in its design. During a long experience of curio collecting, I have never found two Washoe baskets alike, even from the same artist, each varying not only according to the individuality of the weaver, but to her mood and purpose. Each one tells some fact, legend, or bit of family history—some brave deed performed by ancestors before war and persecution had crushed them. Few people have the faintest idea how much direct and peculiar interest the Indian woman puts into a basket. Each one bears some distinct variation or suggestion of the occasion and purpose of its production, as the maker's fancy, condition, or surroundings dictated.

The Washoes are no great talkers, but confidence once gained they will relate that they are descended from several different tribes or families who came "from the high hills 'way off, and from the north 'way, 'way off," who, banded together for the sake of peace, became powerful, and in their arrogance made the

Great Spirit angry, so he permitted them to be driven away into the interior far from the 'big waters,' away in here where the big lake was [they claim they knew this valley when it was a lake]. The Great Spirit took pity on them and changed the lake into a peaceful valley for them." Washoe Valley they have always called it. "But, alas! even here, the Paiutes became jealous of them, and after years of enmity, in 1850 or 1851 finally conquered them, and, in their terms of peace, dictated such oppressive subjugation, had not the white men rapidly flocked in, searching for the 'bright dust,' they would have been exterminated." Even now they talk in whispers of the Paiutes, and move aside in silence at their approach. The treaty demanded the surrender of all their horses and trappings, bead-work, shell-

CHOICE WASHOE BASKETS.

money, wampums, arms, basketry of all description, and forbade them to weave basketry (the Washoes were famous among the Indian tribes for their basketry, teaching the art and trading their baskets with other tribes). They were forbidden to plant or raise crops; ordered to wear their hair short; to have no names; to "become as worms." Since the whites took possession of the State they have adopted names from them, as Mary Walker, Jim Bland, etc.

An old woman—the most famous and skilful of all the Washoes—well remembers and will tell on occasion how she learned the art of fine imbricated (from the outside inward) weaving—in perfect silence, her hand held and every motion directed by the ancient medicine-woman.

Encouraged by a few of the whites, the Washoes are again

BE-SUL, A TYPICAL WASHOE WOMAN.

pursuing their beautiful art, and the older women are weaving fine baskets. But the younger workers are apt to be so affected by white influences that a large part of the Indian characteristics is lost. A collector or one intimately handling their work can easily distinguish the product of a pupil of the government schools on reservations from that of an Indian who follows the natural instinct and the ancestral teachings.

From the Washoes collectors obtain spears, bows, arrows, scalping-knives, lassos, horse-trappings, saddle-bags, hats for dances and for protection when gathering acorns or nuts; funeral, bridal, birth, and household baskets; cooking-baskets, cooking-spoons, gourds for packing water and for home use, and cradles made of willow. The spear-heads and arrow-points are of flint, obsidian or volcanic glass.

The tiny offering or gift basket (*Sing-Aru-mi*), when used to propitiate the Harvest Spirit, is filled with choicest grain or seeds or acorns from the last crop, to insure a future good harvest. One or two of the large storing or household baskets (*Day-gee-coop*) will hold the winter supply of grain or nuts. The flat cradles (*Bicose-modi-mi-odi*) are for the papooses (*now-nung*). If the child's father is a famous brave or chief, the basket is covered with buckskin and gaily decorated with beads, trinkets, tasseled fringes or feathers. The ornamentation of the little sheltering cover for the head tells the sex of the occupant.

The conical shaped burden-basket (*Mo-ke-nit*) contrasts with the flat clothes-basket or trunk (*Gee-u-lum*). The cooking-basket (*Sing-ar-u*), made with two twigs for foundation or woof coil, is a bowl-shaped affair, in honor of "Mother-Earth," who gives to the Indian most of his edibles. As the Indians now use modern cooking-utensils, which they can place directly over the fire, instead of baskets in which they had to throw hot rocks to cook their savory messes, fine "Sings" are rare and valuable. Other forms of basketry are the winnows or sifters (*mol-dol*), winnowing-fans (*mol-dol-sing-am-mi*), and cooking-spoons or ladles (*Ba-lay-oo*). The latter are made of young saplings, twisted and bound into a rough spoon-shape, and are used to handle hot rocks with in cooking. The beadwork (*moch-coo*) takes the form of belts (*mal-loo*), necklaces (*oom-let-suk*), bracelets (*ma-loo-yek*), armlets (*da-ling-at-sik-bay-a-gin*), and head-dresses (*ba-yu-mel-lik*).

The men are proficient in making arrows (*ness-ke-sat*), bows (*bo-lo-hot*), snow-shoes, (*Son-mah-lee*), pipes (*Ban-ko-stat*), and many other articles of value to collectors.

A WASHOE WEAVING A RABBIT-SKIN BLANKET.

The colors in Washoe basketry are all natural; the white of the willow (*Dat-ill-yah-wee*), the brown or reddish tint of the bark of the mountain birch *circis occidentalis*, (*et-ba-sha*), and the black of the root of a mountain brake, *Pterris aquilanis* (*mes-a-weg-a-see*), are all imperishable, and acquire with age a richness that makes them incomparable.

The symbolical language used in these designs is interesting, as each stitch of color woven in has a relation to every other stitch, each placed perfectly to form a complete symbolism. Similar designs may have entirely different significance, such as property marks or inheritance symbols—crests as it were—as these Indians do not tattoo emblems upon their person, except in the case of married women, who sometimes have one or two bracelets upon the right wrist. However, they do paint their faces to signify their condition in life—aged or youthful, married or single.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Looking across Pala Valley, from the South. Shows grain and irrigated crops, timber, etc. Mission in the distance.

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

R since the immortal day when the pious but practical "Pilgrim Fathers, debarking from the Mayflower, "Fell first upon their Knees, and then upon the Aborigines," the Indian has had to Move. Particularly in the last century—and throughout it, and into this century and up to date—he has been inevitably and invariably shoved back and out. Almost the only Indians in the United States who still occupy in any numerousness their immemorial lands are the sedentary Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona—and they only because until 55 years ago they were under the "Indian policy" of naughty Spain, and therefore secure of tenure so far; while our government has mostly confirmed and patented their land-titles since we "acquired" their country from Mexico. Practically everywhere else in this great nation the story of innumerable eviction has been serial and shameful. Across every State in the Union it has been written red with Indian wars, and black with civilized greed. Everywhere, the Indian has managed to have land that the Superior Race hankered after. Everywhere, the Superior Race has got it. Sometimes by merely killing-off the impudent prior owners; sometimes by national treaties which were either swindles intended from the outset, or "jest naturally" broken the moment someone really cared to break them (it is said to be historic fact that the government of the United States has never kept one treaty with an Indian tribe); sometimes by fraudulent surveys; or by forcible "squattings;" or by perjured filings; or by getting the simple aborigine drunk with the Juice of Civilization, and "paying" him a jack-knife for a farm. And sometimes by decision of the Supreme Court—in blessed innocence of the history and the law involved. But whatever the means, the end has always been the same. The Indian Must Go—whenever and wherever his Christian Neighbor could Use his Place. And he has gone. And he will keep going, since he will never have a different sort of neighbors. The only tribes today measurably safe from further eviction are those that have already been driven back and back until the lands upon which they now starve (while upon their starvation a lot of "American" officials draw salaries) are so worthless that no one else would take them for a gift. That is the case of practically all the Mission Indians in Southern California, among others. A horned-toad would not wilfully exile himself to the deserts to which these people have been crowded. They starve; but no one will drive them further. Some idea of these facts, and many exem-

plary instances, are of record easy to be consulted. See, for instance, the "Reading-list on Indians" printed in these pages last month.

But the Sequoya League has made a new record. So far as is known, never before in our history as a nation were Indians moved to better lands than those from which they were dispossessed. It wasn't "the intention." The precise reason for moving them has habitually been that the lands they had were "too good for Injuns"—though just about good enough for "Americans." It is pertinent to remark that the Warner's Ranch Indian Commission, in Turning a New Leaf, encountered much of this same noble spirit. Several Gentlemen, poignantly anxious to sell their worthless lands to the Government, at an exorbitant price, as a home for the Warner's Ranch exiles, could not forbear the declaration that this was "really too good for Indians." If it weren't, the present owners would not have it for sale. Without exception, there is not a single title which can go back sixty years and not rest on spoliation.

Through the efforts of the League—backed up by the direct personal interference of President Roosevelt on several critical occasions, and by the desire of the present Indian Office to do right (the two availing to counterbalance that Red Tape which is the greatest aid to designing scoundrels and the unvarying foe of all efforts to get justice done)—the government has been enabled to buy for the Warner's Ranch Indians far more and far better lands than those from which they are evicted. The story of the loss of their immemorial homes roused deep public interest all over the country; and whenever the American people know the facts, they can be trusted to feel right. This public sentiment, whose wide distribution astonished the Department, was of no small assistance to the League; and after a steady campaign of six months the first Violation of Routine was accomplished. The report of one of the best Inspectors in the service was held in abeyance; the Warner's Ranch Commission was appointed, and promptly showed that he had been imposed upon; that the Indians would starve on the lands he recommended; and that these lands had been sold several times, recently, for about one-third what the Government was preparing to pay for them. And the victory was won on the only line on which the League expects or wishes to win any victory—Horse Sense. Even Red Tape saw that it was better to get 3,400 acres of better land, and 500 times the water supply, for \$46,000, than 2,300 acres, and no water, for \$70,000.

The Warner's Ranch Indians had, in their old home, a small and very poor territory. But it *was* their home, and they loved

it, and ought to have had it. And even after the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States—a decision blessedly innocent of the only law which applies to this case; the Spanish law—the League made every possible effort to keep it for them. Finding this impossible—and it was carried, in every detail, to the Attorney-General, the President, and every other possible recourse—the League and the Commission did the next best thing; which was, in their judgment, to find a place so far superior to the dear old home that the next generation, at least, will be happier, safer and better off. This they were eminently successful in doing.

In place of a "literary" description of the home from which they are evicted and that to which these Indians are going, it

THE ONE STREET AT WARNER'S HOT SPRINGS. *Photo by Amy Taylor*
(One of the villages from which the Indians are evicted.)

may be as well to print here the corresponding sections of the Commission's official *Report*. The accompanying photographs give a faint idea of the new home; and of the old one on Warner's Ranch, some description and many pictures were printed in this magazine for May and June, 1902.

The following is from the official report of the Warner's Ranch Indian Commission (Russell C. Allen, Chas. L. Partridge, Chas. F. Lummis, chairman). For some outline of its work, see this magazine, and this department of it, August to November, 1902. In brief, the Commission fully inspected 107 ranches, aggregating about 150,000 acres; made 42 engineer's measurements of the flow of streams, and full tabular and descriptive reports; besides examining the claims of over 100,000 acres in 30 other proffers which were found on their own showing not suitable for the purpose. At an expense of \$1,107 (the appropriation was \$1,000, and there was no remuneration whatever), the work of the Commission up to sending in its second report

PALA — CROPS OF ONIONS, POTATORS, CORN, CABBAGE, TURNIPS, ETC.
(Inspected and photographed by the Warner's Ranch Indian Commission, June 18, 1902.)

Photo by C. F. L.

PART OF THE PALA WATER SUPPLY. *Photo by C. F. L.*
(The Commission's measurement of the upper end of Golah ditch, June 18, 1902, registered flow, 132,912 miner's
inches; enough to irrigate 1200 acres.)

was equal to 6,823 miles by rail, 7,049 miles by wagon, and 276 days of 18 working hours each, for one person. This may indicate that the money was not much wasted. Part of the deficit of \$107 will probably be made up by the government in time.

It is only to be added that this report was approved by the Secretary of the Interior August 15th last; that the abstracts of title to these properties have been in the hands of the government since early in October, and were found flawless by the Attorney-General; that the deeds to the government were recorded in San Diego six weeks ago; that nothing delays the transfer of the Indians, and the paying of the poor American farmers who bonded their Pala properties to the United States eleven months ago, and have lost a year's crop, except Remote Red Tape. And this is nearly untied.

WARNER'S RANCH.

This property, the Rancho San José del Valle, upon which the Warner's Ranch Indians now live and have lived from time immemorial, but from which they are now under judgment of eviction by the Supreme Court of the United States, consists of 42,000 acres, of which the great majority is worthless except as a stock ranch, for which purpose it is now used by the successful claimants in the litigation by which the Indians are dispossessed. The water supply is very scant, and only a small proportion of the entire ranch could be cultivated. It is tolerable natural range, but for several years past has been badly stripped of vegetation by an annual plague of grasshoppers. At the time of your Commission's visit, June 6-8, the grasshoppers were thick as the flakes in a heavy snow-storm. The pest seems to have become endemic here. A representative of the Agricultural Department was on the ground endeavoring to abate the insects by a campaign of inoculation, but had made no impression upon their multitude.

The owners of the ranch, heirs of the late Gov. John G. Downey, do not desire to sell the ranch; but at the request of the Government did last year put a price of \$245,000 on 30,000 acres—including the Hot Springs where the Indians mostly reside. They still refuse to sell a less amount than 30,000 acres. The chairman of your Commission had an exhaustive interview in March last with Mr. J. Downey Harvey, who seems to control the collective interests; and Mr. Harvey absolutely declined to make any concessions whatever, except that he has been considerate toward the Government in the matter of time; having allowed the Indians to remain on the land ever since May, 1901, when the decision of the Supreme Court was rendered in his favor.

In the opinion of your Commission, the Government would have been justified in paying a greatly enhanced price for the Hot Springs, and say 5,000 acres of land adjoining; and the owners would have found such a transaction very greatly to their advantage. It is not believed by us that they can ever realize as much from this portion of the ranch in any other way. But as they refuse any such compromise, all idea of retaining for the Indians their ancient home to which they are so pathetically attached must be abandoned—unless indeed it be found yet possible to condemn say 5,000 acres of this land. In case such a proceeding could be carried through, your Commission would still decidedly recommend it—with a preliminary injunction suit to estop the owners from evicting the Indians pending conclusion of the case. This suggestion has already been fully brought to your attention, however; and the matter is at your discretion.

Your Commission has found at least a dozen other properties more desirable, according to all material standards, than this present location; places where the Indians would be more comfortable and more prosperous. But your Commission feels that their irrevocable choice of their old home should outweigh the choice of other and wiser people for them, if it were possible. But if it is not, as seems, there is the satisfaction of a certainty of the very great material improvement of the condition of the Indians.

The Hot Spring, famous for much more than half a century, is the most valuable asset of the Warner's Ranch Indians where they now are. It gives them a large annual income, and is a vast convenience, besides, in all their household economies. It almost does their washing without labor, clothing put under the spout of this hot water being cleansed almost automatically; and the water is also of great value to them for preparing the materials of their textile products, and for their bathing. They have some 200 acres under cultivation, about 60 irrigated. The total flow of water here is, as measured by your Commission, 19. miner's inches. As will be seen by the table of water measurements, your Commission has inspected nine properties with better water supply; and recommends one with an incomparably better flow of gravity water for irrigation.

* *

THE PALA PROPERTIES

Findings of the Commission.

Of this 3,436 acres, more than 2,000 is arable, over 700 is irrigable under present conditions—and this irrigable area could be considerably increased at relatively small expense. 316 acres

As found and photographed by the Warner Ranch Indian Commission, June 18, 1902

A CORNER OF PALA VALLEY.

Photo by C. F. L.
Olives, alfalfa, wheat, corn, potatoes, onions, cabbage, lettuce, turnips, etc., and timber.

are now irrigated—the largest acreage irrigated on any proposition viewed by your Commission except at Ethanac. There is nearly 50% more land than in the Robinson Monserrate proffer, about 60 % more arable land, about 600 % more irrigable land. 316 acres now irrigated, as against none now irrigated on the Monserrate. Small proportion of actually waste land. Arable land nearly equal to total area of Monserrate. Less hard timber than Monserrate, but so much greater acreage in timber as to make the value considerably greater. Can house at once 35 families temporarily, and about 20 permanently; while the Monserrate could not house over one-sixth of that number temporarily, and has no buildings adapted for permanent homes for the Indians. At Pala the Government would have to build 12 to 15 houses; on the Monserrate nearly 50. The quality of the land at Pala is the best in the San Luis Rey Valley, and averages far better than on the Monserrate. The variety of crops is far greater. Your Commission has not seen in its whole tour of investigation, covering more than 900 miles by wagon and more than 1,000 by rail, so many kinds of crops so successfully grown on the same area as it saw at Pala. Oranges, walnuts, apricots, olives, grapes, peaches, pomegranates, pears, etc., are all flourishing here, and, in the opinion of your Commission, any fruit or crop grown in Southern California can be grown here successfully by the Indians. Your Commission has not seen anywhere else on its journey such variety and excellence of annual crops; corn, beans, onions, potatoes, lettuce, radishes, turnips, etc., surpassed any other seen during the trip. Wheat and barley and oats were up to the best seen by us—excepting only an irrigated grain field at Ethanac. In respect to variety of crops, no other property offered compares with Pala. This valley has been the home of the Indians from time immemorial. It was selected three-quarters of a century ago by the Franciscan Missionaries as a site for a Mission; and it is notorious that in the more than 30 selections made in California by these pioneers, not one was a blunder. The Mission sites are, to this day, and without exception, conceded to be the pick of California. This Mission has never been abandoned, but had fallen into disrepair. It is now being repaired by the Landmarks Club, and will have regular church services. The Warner Ranch Indians belong to this diocese. There are about ten Pala Indian families still at Pala, on reservations and homesteads as shown by map. The purchase of this valley by the Government for a reservation would practically unite the Warner's Ranch, Pala, Pauma and Rincon reservations. One farmer-overseer could serve all four; and the convenience as to other phases of the Government's supervision of the Indians need not be insisted upon.

With one exception (Las Flores), no other property examined by your Commission is at once so accessible to civilization and so safe from aggression. Pala has a daily mail and long-distance telephone (the only proposition, except Ethanac, where this is true); is 24 miles from Oceanside, 16 from Fallbrook, 12 from Temecula, all stations on the Southern California Railway; 6 miles from Pauma Indian village, 12 miles from Rincon ditto, 18 from Pachanga ditto, 18 from La Joya ditto, 35 by the road over Mt. Palomar to the present home of the Warner's Ranch

THE MISSION AT PALA.

Indians—20 miles further by easier road. No really desirable property, of those proffered, is appreciably nearer the Warner's Ranch Hot Springs. That is, the removal to Pala is not more than 5 miles longer than to any other desirable property; and it is from 15 to 60 miles less than to most of the properties that can be reckoned as at all possible. This is counting the longest road. By the short cut over Mt. Palomar (Smith Mountain) the distance for removal from Warner's Ranch to Pala is less than to any other proffer that can possibly be considered for the Indians, except Agua Tibia; and, counting grades, is fully as accessible to Warner's Ranch as that. In the removal of nearly 300 Indians, the distance to be covered is no small item. The shorter remove is not only less expensive to the Government, leaving more money of the appropriated sum to outfit the Indians in their new home; the physical and mental hardship to those removed is also less.

The Pala Valley is bowl-shaped, with exit east and west along the stream, and north and south by passes. The configuration precludes any one, under any circumstances, from occupying lands adjacent to the Indians except in the east and west narrows of the valley. The whole history of the relations between Indians and whites in California emphasizes the importance of this fact. The Indians would here be safe from the aggression from which, almost without exception, the 30-odd reservations in Southern California have suffered. Within easy reach of every refining and civilizing influence, the Indians would here be safe from the neighbors who advance their fences upon Indian land, impound Indian stock whenever they can catch it, run their own stock over Indian land, and in general "crowd" the weaker.

A school near the Mission and the present public school would be practically in the center of the reservation. The most distant house would not be over about one mile from it. A train-

THE GRIST-MILL.

Photo by C. F. L., July 8, 1902

ing school, hospital, carpenter, blacksmith, and other shops, placed in this spot, would serve the four reservations mentioned. A first-rate grist-mill (Sickler's) is three miles up the river. It is locally famous as the cheapest in Southern California, its rates being 20 cents per 100 pounds, as against the customary charge of 40 cents.

Over 5,000 acres of vacant Government land adjoins this proposition; and your Commission recommends that in case of purchase of the Pala properties the Government add this vacant land to the reservation.* This would make a reservation of over 8,000 acres, at an expense of less than \$46,000 to the Government. This vacant land is all precipitous and rocky, worthless to any one else, outside the remotest possibility of settlement, but of value to the reservation as adding "elbow-room," fuel, range for stock and for bees. A large part of this 5,000 acres has a growth of chaparral, commonly used in this State for firewood, and adequate to supply most of the domestic needs of 300 Indians without trenching upon the larger and more valuable timber. Much of it would be of value as range for cattle in connection with the reservation; and it is nearly all good bee-range. Honey-making is an industry to which the Indians are adapted, and which is particularly suited to Southern California. The importance of the industry may be judged from the fact

*On the Commission's recommendation, the General Land Office withdrew from entry these public lands on three sides of the Pala reservation; by order of Jan. 24, 1903.

PALA—HEAD OF THE GOLDEN DRICH.
(Shows also water in river below intake.)

Photo by C. F. Johnson, June 19, 1902

HILL GRAIN (UNIRRIGATED),
ON THE PALA PROPERTY.

Photo by C. F. L., June 18, 1902

that in one year this (San Diego) county has shipped 900 tons of honey. The Pala Indians have already turned their attention to this work. Fifty stands of bees are included in the proposition.

Olives are an important product of Southern California, and in the opinion of your Commission are of notable importance to the Indians as a food-staple. The Italian peasant works on a ration of ripe olives and black bread. The Mission Indians have been habituated since 1769 to the culture of the olive, which the Franciscans planted at every Mission; and while the Warner's Ranch Indians, in their remote home, have not been taught the olive, the other Mission Indians, who have known this nutritious food, are without exception fond of it. Quite apart from its commercial value—and tens of thousands of acres are planted to it in Southern California—there are at Pala some 25 acres in bearing olive trees—enough to supply all the Indians proposed to be put there with all they can eat, and with a handsome margin for market; this much more than balances the lack of first quality mast, which is found but on one other property.

With the exception of Las Flores, Pala is the only proposition on which the Indians can continue successfully their valuable industry of basket-making, which brings them some thousands of dollars per year—which income can be, and is by the Sequoya League intended to be, very much increased. In the

vacant Government lands recommended to be added to this purchase, there is a practically inexhaustible supply of the "squawberry," called by the Warner's Ranch Indians "Tsú-a-vish," which is the chief material used by them in the making of the very beautiful, and commercially valuable, baskets for which they are famous.

As to immediate income, to relieve the Government of the necessity of supporting these Indians an undue length of time, no point examined by your Commission surpasses Pala; and only Las Flores equals it. The large and first-class stand of alfalfa is in itself an immediate revenue; and the timber, while not so valuable *in toto* as at Descanso, is far more handy to market. At no point viewed by your Commission is the demand for labor more certain. It is claimed, and is believed by the Commission, that 200 men can find work eight months in the year within 40 miles of Pala; and 100 within 16 miles. The Warner's Ranch Indians go to far greater distances to find work. When the Chairman of your Commission visited Warner's Ranch last March, 30 men were away at work in Los Nietos, 90 miles distant. It is believed by your Commission, however, that the nearer these men are to their families, the better for both; and that the aim of the Government should be—as it doubtless is—to make these people home-owners, home-builders, home-lovers and home-dwellers, rather than a peon class of wandering day-laborers. The logic of purchasing lands for them seems to be to attach them to the soil. And this is also the logic of their character. As is well-known, every Mission Indian who has land that can be cultivated, cultivates it; and this has been true ever since Junípero Serra first explored this region in 1769. The comfortable little house of adobe bricks, or enramada of wattled branches, and the patch of corn, wheat, chile, etc., are familiar to all travelers in Southern California. As a matter of fact, unpleasant though it be, there is not an Indian reservation in Southern California where the Indians have a first-rate chance to carry out their old habits. At Pala, they could show whatever may be in them. In the opinion of your Commission, they would have here the best Indian reservation in the far West. They would be self-supporting from and after the first season—and could have been from the outset, but for the inevitable delay in placing them, as the crops on these properties were good. There is good pasturage for such live stock as the Indians have or may be supplied with. A creamery some ten miles down the river affords an outlet for cream. There is about 20 miles of two and three-wire fencing on the property.

WATER SUPPLY FOR IRRIGATION.

Everything considered, your Commission deems the water supply of the Pala valley one of the safest, most abundant, most economical and most satisfactory enjoyed by any equal area in Southern California. It not only comes up to the claims that were made for it—which has not been the case with many of the other properties examined—but it has successfully withstood a doubly searching investigation made by your Commission in view of malicious reports circulated by persons over-desirous of selling their own property to the Government. On the 18th and 19th of June, your Commission measured the two irrigating

THE COMMISSION MEASURING LOWER END *Photo by C. F. L., June 18, 1902*
OF GOLSH DITCH, PALA.

ditches in use on those days upon this property. The Golsh ditch was running 132.912 miner's inches at the intake. The diverting dam was mere sand, the river bed is sandy, and the loss evidently large. The photo shows surface water in the river beside the ditch. The Stevens ditch, which gets the surface water not saved by the Golsh ditch, was running 17.062 miner's inches. This gives 149.974 miner's inches—by far the largest body of gravity water seen anywhere by your Commission, except at Jurupa. This flow would be greatly increased, of course, by an adequate diverting dam. The Golsh ditch was that day in use irrigating the Welty 40 acres; and measurement at the alfalfa field, about a mile below the intake, showed 85.483 miner's inches running. That is, after passing a mile in a sand ditch, there was more water still flowing than your Commission has seen running by gravity on any other property offered excepting only San Pasqual "A" (where the water is conserved in a wooden flume), and Jurupa; over 300 times as much water as was running on the Robinson Monserrate at the same date, nearly two-thirds more water than was running on the Agua Tibia on the same date—while the Pala flow at the intake was over 500 times the Monserrate supply and nearly three times the Agua Tibia supply, both measured at the most favorable points and at an hour when the flow had been much less affected by evaporation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEATH VALLEY PARTY OF 1849.

By REV. JOHN WELLS BRIER, a Survivor.

[CONCLUDED]

BUT the whole party was now in desperate emergency, and as one after another of the searchers for water returned unsuccessful, death from thirst seemed certain. My mother alone, rising from her prayers, was still confident, and as she was attempting to reassure us the last of the water-hunters — Deacon Richards — rushed into camp with the news that he had found water. The stream he discovered has saved the lives of many

REV. J. H. BRIER AT 84.

prospectors, and is now known as Providence Springs. We camped there two days, during which we killed an ox and "jerked" the meat.

The next few days were among the worst of the journey, and we were in the poorest condition to endure them. We went along an Indian trail into a defile, in one of the branches of which my older brother lost his way, and my mother was nearly distracted with fear of his capture by Indians before he again joined us. From this we came out upon a wilderness of dagger palms, through which we bent too far to the south again. Once our lives were only saved by a pool of turbid water on the edge of the Mojave Desert, from which we drank, caring little for the deposit of yellow mud at the bottom of the coffee pot, and not knowing at all that within a mile was a spring of pure water. But at last we came to good ground and green grass for the cattle again. Here another of our party, Mr. Robinson, died — from inanition rather than from any definite disease.

From this point, the prospect grew better with every mile, and the discovery of a stream flowing westward added to our relief, even though we had to wade it at every turn. The grass grew stronger and more varied; evidences of animal life began to appear, and about noon of the second day we killed a mare and two foals. What a banquet they furnished no one can appreciate who has not lived for months on the flesh of diseased and thirst-wasted oxen. Here we also experimented with acorn bread — which proved, literally, a bitter disappointment. Our shoes had long ago worn out, and many of us wore moccasins of green raw-hide, which, with our generally ragged outfit and skeleton plight, gave us a very grotesque appearance.

At length, we entered a glade, perfectly level and lawn-like,

Photo by C. Hart Merriam

Tree Yuccas on the Mojave Desert.

"A WILDERNESS OF DAGGER PALMS."

studded with live oaks and sycamores. We had fallen into a deep trail, and I do not remember that anyone suggested our possible proximity to human habitation. Immediately on our left were the smooth hills, rich in wild oats and clover, while before us the dale seemed to expand; but the trees concealed from view what lay beyond.

Here, early in the evening, we went into camp. When the morning dawned a mist lay upon the hills.

The party was well strung out, and, at the distance of half a mile, our family brought up the rear. Patrick brought down a hawk, and carefully stowed it away for his dinner. At the moment we were startled by the report of fire-arms. The mist cleared away, there was a burst of sunshine, and we heard the confused bawling of a host of cattle. Hastening along the trail, we presently saw our men, drawn up in the order of battle, and towards them rode a small body of horsemen. Arrived on the scene, we found ourselves in the presence of the venerable proprietor of this magnificent estate, and a number

of his vaqueros. The old man had flung his reata over the head of a coyote, which he had dragged to its death. Presuming the cattle to be ownerless, our men had killed one of them; but the face of the Spaniard expressed no resentment, on the contrary, astonishment and compassion.

ON THEIR DESERT COURSE.

Photo by C. Hart Merriam

Photo by C. Hart Merriam

Patrick — who had served in the Mexican war — was able to talk with him, and his brief explanations were abundantly confirmed by our appearance; but, as a diplomatic stroke, he designated my father as “un Padre,” whereupon the old Catholic reverently removed his sombrero, and repeated in a broken voice, “Padre! Padre! Pobrecito Padre!”

We were cordially invited to proceed, at once, to the hacienda. My brothers and myself were caught up by the three swarthy vaqueros, who quickly carried us across the valley in spite our squeals. We were at the base of the hill on which stood the adobe house and corrals of the Rancho de San Francisquito. Presently two vaqueros led in a coal-black bullock and slaughtered it for our use. Others rode down from the house with squashes, beans, corn-meal and milk, and there were tortillas for immediate eating. We fed like hungry animals, and some of us would have died from the sickness which followed, had not Dr. Irving, of Los Angeles, arrived most opportunely. Through those of our former association who had already reached Los Angeles, the Doctor had learned of our wanderings, and had come out to help rescue us.

When the time had come for our departure, we experienced a feeling of sharp regret. I cannot express my own sense of the

Photo by C. Hart Merriam

wonderful beauty and opulence of the valley and its surroundings. The green earth and the blue sky ; the level plain and the oval hills ; the lowing of cattle and the neighing of horses ; the busy life of the pastoral people whose language was so sweet, and whose hospitality was so simple, gracious and sufficient. I shall never forget their sympathy, whose quality was not strained, and was in strong contrast with that selfishness which is arrogant in prosperity and petulant in adversity. I shall never fail to be moved when I recall the womanly virtue that caused the wife of our host to meet my mother, at the brow of the hill, and embrace her with loud cries and the demonstration of sisterly affection.

From San Francisquito to the Mission of San Fernando was barely three leagues. But we started late in the afternoon, and camped within a stone's throw of the den of a grizzly bear—for which luxury we paid with a mule. The next morning vaqueros overtook us and carried my brother and myself on horseback to the Mission.

It was a perfect day—the air full of the odor of spring flowers and the song of birds, sweet beyond measure to us, fresh from months of the terrible trail across the desert. And most perfect was the courteous kindness with which we were received.

We were entertained at the table of the Father Superior, and were instructed by the Doctor to taste of every dish, but to "put the knife to our throats," as, at the time, we were peculiarly "given to appetite." Our sleeping apartment was a large room whose high windows were heavily barred, and whose strong door we were requested to secure against the murderous intrusion of the Mission Indians, who, aware of the transfer of California to the United States, were under an impression that the Americans had come to drive them from their homes.* The old gardener was loud in the expression of his jealousy, but Dr. Irving assured him of our kind intentions, and managed to quiet his suspicions.

We were permitted to sample the oranges and pomegranates, and in the evening were conducted through the old orchard. The ripe olives which lay under the trees were so tempting to the sight, that we filled our mouths with them. Never were appearances more deceiving. My mother asked Dr. Irving what they were, and he exclaimed in reply. "Where in God Almighty's world have you lived that you don't know what olives are!" To be sure! A Vermont woman, educated in a Vermont Seminary, and not to know olives by the double proof of sight and taste!

*As all of them have since been driven.—Ed

The morning after our arrival, the Indians were ordered to drive up a band of horses and mules, that animals might be selected for our journey to Los Angeles. A quiet bay pony was chosen for my mother, Two pillows served for a saddle; and when she was placed in position, I was lifted to a seat behind her. My younger brother was secured at the back of Dr. Irving, by the use of a silk handkerchief. I cannot recall other dispositions for the day. An amusing incident, however, is still fresh in my memory. Young Lummis St. John had taken a fancy to a handsome gray mule, and it was promptly caught and delivered to him. There was no saddle at hand, and a hackamore was used in lieu of a bridle. Nothing daunted, however, the novice vaulted lightly to its back, but he did not stay there. The level spine rose to an arch, the long, alert ears dropped upon the close-roached neck, the clean head was thrown between the stiffened forelegs, and after a few plunges, St. John measured his length on the ground. He arose, brushed his soiled garments, recovered his hat, and deliberately inquired "what might be the name of so peculiar and agitating a gait?"

Twenty miles to Los Angeles. We had walked twice as far within twenty hours, over waterless wastes of sand and stony mesa. This was a pleasure trip; and every rod of the way was enchanting.

We passed great herds of broad-horned cattle, graceful, swift and spirited; other herds of sleek mares, with their foals; adobe haciendas with their outlying huts of domesticated Indians; vaqueros breaking refractory broncos or rounding up the scattered cattle; occasionally a cart with great wheels of solid wood, drawn by oxen whose yokes were bound to their heads by rawhide thongs.

About half way, we halted before a small hacienda, and were saluted by a Señora, who invited us to enter for rest and refreshment. We were glad to accept her hospitality; and she served us with tortillas, milk and cheese. The former were sandwiched with beans and chile colorado, and the latter was made of sweet curd, much better, I think, than the smear-case of the Germans.

During our repast an Indian entered through a back door, shouting, "Mucho malo Americanos." He charged towards my mother, but was promptly met by Patrick's fist and fell like a log, only to be dragged out and imprisoned under a cartbed. He made his escape, however, and was in the act of renewing the assault, when he yielded to another blow and was locked away until our departure. "El Indio muy borracho," exclaimed our hostess, with a disgusted and apologetic air.

The remainder of our journey was without incident, and we halted in the evening on a hill overlooking Los Angeles.

The vesper chimes were calling to prayer: a violent use of the word chimes, I admit, as the old copper bells were out of tune, and the boys who wagged their clappers were out of time. Yet, somehow, all was harmony, whose secret we did not know, but whose power we felt.

My mother asked Dr. Irving if the pueblo market contained a variety. "Yes," he replied, "Everything in God Almighty's world." Our first stay was at the home of this generous-hearted man. His Spanish wife not only supplied our wants, but taught us to use the familiar words of her own language.

At the southwest corner of the Plaza there was a hotel in which my father obtained a half interest. This he was enabled to do by disposing of seven choice oxen, reserved out of a score, to illustrate "the survival of the fittest." The region was overflowing with oxen, but trained animals were in demand for freighting to the mines.

Our boarders were Americans; and they were always craving something to remind them of home. Some one discovered that the leaf stem of the yellow dock was a fair substitute for rhubarb, and my elder brother and I were sent in quest of the plant. As we found it in quantity along the stream that partly engirdled the town, our occupation soon ceased to be a diversion. These excursions brought us into frequent contact with Indians who seemed to have a peculiar delight in the terror they inspired.

The house was equipped with a bakery, a barber shop and a blacksmith shop. My father also had personal charge of a fine old vineyard; and when I afterwards saw Mission grapes discharged at Long Wharf, San Francisco, and sold at an enormous figure, I heartily wished that we had retained our interest long enough to market at least one crop.

There was a private school in the house of Mr. Wolfskill, where I learned how much I had forgotten. Our proximity to a large gambling-house was a source of positive misery. Indeed there was always something to remind us that we were in a town whose normal conditions were not improved by the new influx. True there was no conflict between the people and the Americans, but the latter seemed to have left the best that was in them at home; their immoral example could not fail of its effect upon simple-minded people of strong passions.

Shortly after our arrival a number of Southern bloods decided to assert authority upon the negroes employed by our house. One of them was staked down on his back, sorely

beaten and left, undiscovered, and without food or drink during four days and nights. Our steward — a tall and powerful black man — escaped from his enemies by leaping over a wall eight feet high, while the bullets whistled about him. A mulatto was brutally flogged, and the most trifling negro I ever saw was so tremendously aroused by fear that he distanced pursuit and did not rest till he was safe in Northern California.

I recall a tragedy of another kind, enacted in the center of the Plaza. An Indian had unyoked two large oxen whose gigantic horns spread like the antlers of an elk. They had always gone from their pasture to their work and from their work to their pasture, willingly and obediently; but, on this occasion, they halted, obstinately, midway the Plaza, evincing signs of aggressive hostility. An application of the goad only enraged them, and the driver was fortunate in escaping instant destruction. There the great creatures stood, pawing the ground, roaring and foaming at the mouth. Soon the arena was crowded with footmen and cavaliers, and the sidewalks with men, women and children. Barefooted Indians taunted the furious animals, and pricked them on to the encounter. Young Dons were there, mounted on superb horses, whose trappings were most elegant and expensive — housings of stamped leather decorated with floral designs in silk, and round, polished argents, finished in the perfection of the engraver's art.

Here was an occasion; and nothing could exceed the skill and courage of those who addressed themselves to it. The Indians were fearless; and I saw several of them tossed high from the long, curving horns, fortunately blunted at their tips. Four of the reckless creatures were reported killed. One horse was lifted, but sustained no injury. The wild sport was indulged amid laughter, whoops and "carambas;" and when it had exhausted itself, reatas were thrown — rattling like hail-stones — over the horns of the bellowing monsters, and they were hustled away, ignominiously, to their enclosure.

To describe the Los Angeles of an early date, would be to describe a town of Mexico. As to the ranch life, it was not widely different from life in the town. The adobe house was everywhere, practically, the same — a low structure with thick walls and roof of tiles. At its best, it was two stories high, with a ground-floor that was generally the ground. The windows and doors were in recession, and the building was proof against heat and cold, though not against "temblors." Outdoor ovens were in use, but the simple cooking was done by an open fire.

The women were kind-hearted and sometimes beautiful. As

a child, even, I could not help remarking the red lips and the "splendor of the dark eye."

The men lived on horse-back and were peerless riders. The best horses were carefully bred; and the approved type was of matchless beauty, action and endurance. The people who love horses do not always love work. They are bold, daring, fond of adventures, fandangos and fiestas. Life in the metropolis was very picturesque, and seemed to be free from care and anxiety.

The most vivid impression I retain of it, is the long and gaudily attired procession, winding like a serpent, and led by a mounted crier whose words were, to me, unintelligible.

Altogether it was a wonder-world to me, and I have witnessed, with sorrow, the passing of it as of a dream. The extinction of Mexican titles; of long-horns, mustangs and burros; the dilapidation or ruin of the old missions and the old time haciendas; the poverty and decay of the old families; the expulsion or extermination of coyotes, vultures, eagles and the sacred buzzards; the division and sub-division of the great ranges! Orchards, vineyards and grain fields, now, and frame houses; schools, colleges, railroads and commercial towns full of hum and bustle; the ancient glory departed forever!

LODI, CAL.

ELYSIAN FIELDS.

By JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

BETWEEN the cañon-cloven mountains and the shore
 Of iridescent, isle-encircling waves they rest,
 Those fair, immortal meadows, mine forevermore —
 Those undulating reaches vanished feet have prest.
 Unrivalled was the verdure of their gracious slopes
 Beheld by glamoured eyes in Love's fond ecstasy —
 What colors vie with those of Life's alluring hopes
 Before the years transmute to stars of Memory?
 How light the joyous laughter! Sweet, oh sweet, the song
 Of honeyed voice, bird-notes and falling water's play! —
 What recollections through those scented thickets throng!
 O minstrels of the morning! — Music of Yesterday!
 Bright paths, all petal-spread, through golden, poppied leas,
 Where happy silences were tenderer than speech —
 Environed by enchanted hills and lulling seas —
 Return, O vision past! — my longing eyes beseech!

San Francisco, Cal.

McGINNIS, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

*By E. HOUGH.**

HE two distinguishing personal characteristics of McGinnis were a vast amount of freckles and a great and abiding thirst; by which peculiarities he is even yet borne in mind at Arroyo City. His genius in yet other lines should entitle him to the grateful remembrance of his fellow men.

Why McGinnis came to Arroyo City just at the time of the pinching out of the Homestake vein and the shutting down of the New Jersey Gold Mills—facts which plunged the whole community into despair and sent half the population out of town—is something which only the peculiar mind of McGinnis himself could have explained. His advent occasioned no comment. No one asked or cared who was the red-headed stranger who punched his burro down the main street of the town and unrolled his blankets back of White-man's corral. It was supposed that he knew his own business, as every one did who had gotten so far away from the world as Arroyo City. Aside from this social attitude, a deep gloom and apathy sat upon the place. No one watched the stage road or the burro trails. The mail came once a week, if the mules were not alkalied on the flats this side of Socorro; but the mail was no longer worth watching, for few letters ever came. Arroyo City was dropped from the railroad folders as an example of a salubrious climate combined with great possibilities of mineral wealth. The local newspaper had despaired. The only two women of the town had left two weeks before. The barber was preparing to pack up and also leave. Hirsute, hungry and despondent, Arroyo City stood aloof and silent, too intent upon its own grief to care for any migratory man. As a prospective home, McGinnis could hardly have found a spot less promising.

The capital of McGinnis, aside from his freckles and his thirst, was somewhat limited. His burro was ancient and subdued, his blanket thin and ragged, his pistol minus the most important portion of a revolver—to wit, the cylinder—and withal so rusted that even had it boasted all the component parts of a six-shooter it could not have been fired by any human agency. McGinnis had a shovel, a skillet and a quart tin cup. He likewise had a steel-headed and long-handled hammer, in good condition; this being, indeed, the only item of his outfit which seemed normal and in perfect repair. Why he had this singular possession, coming as he did off the dry Socorro trail, where ex-

* Author of *The Story of the Cowboy*.

cess baggage was uncommon, no one asked or cared. The real reason was that McGinnis was a skilled mechanic and a millwright, and could use a hammer as could but few other men. This, however, was not of public interest nor of public knowledge at the time.

On the morning after his arrival McGinnis rolled out of his blankets, ate his breakfast of flapjacks and water, and put his hammer in his hip pocket, where some men put a gun who do not know how to carry a gun. McGinnis spoke to no one in particular, but headed up into the mouth of the curving valley where stood the silent works of the New Jersey Gold Mills Company. It was his intention to apply at the mills for work, as he later announced; but there was no one there to whom he could make application. The mills were shut down, partly because the local manager had not for some time heard from his company back East, and partly because the machinery was out of order, as new-fangled mining machinery always has a habit of being. McGinnis was not cast down because he found no one whom he could ask for work. He whistled as he walked through the open and barn-like building, looking about him with the eye of a man who had seen gold mills before that time.

"They've got their plates fixed at a lovely angle!" said he, "an' there's about enough mercury on 'em to make calomel for a sick cat. There's been talent in this mill, me boy!"

He crawled up the ore chute into the bin, and cast a critical gaze upon the rock heaped up close to the crusher. Then he examined the battery of stamps with silent awe. "This," said McGinnis softly to himself, "is the end of the whole an' entire earth! Is it a confectionery shop they've got, I do wonder? They'd do well to crush brown sugar with them lemon squeezers, to say nothin' o' the Homestake refractories."

He passed on about the mill in his tour of inspection, still whistling and still critical, until he came to the patent labor-saving ore-breaker which some inventor had sold to the resident manager of the New Jersey Gold Mills Company, along with other things. McGinnis drifted to this instinctively, as does the born mechanician to the gist of any problem in mechanics.

"Take shame to ye fer this, me man, whoivver ye were," said McGinnis, and the blood shot up under his freckles in his indignation. "This is so bad that it's not only unmechanical and unprofissional; it's absolutely unsportsmanlike!"

His ardor overcame him, and, hammer in hand, he swung down into the ore bin underneath the crusher. "Here's where it is, me man," said he to himself. "With that jaw screwed that tight, how cud ye hope to handle this stuff—especially since the

intelligent an' discriminatin' mine boss is sending down quartz that's more'n half porphyry. Yer little donkey injin, and yer little sugar mashers, and yer little lemon-squeezer of a crusher—yah! It's a grocery store ye've got, an' not a stamp mill. Loose off yer nut on the lower jaw, man; loose her off!"

McGinnis was a man of action. In a moment he was tapping at the clenched bolt with the head of his bright steel hammer. Slowly at first, and sullenly, for it had long been used to treatment that McGinnis called "unsportsmanlike;" then gently and kindly as it felt the hand of a master, the head of the bolt began to turn, until at length the workman was satisfied. Then he turned also the corresponding nut on the opposite face of the jaw, swung the great steel jaw back to the place where he fancied it, and made all fast again. "She's but a rat-trap," said he to himself, "but it's only fair to give the rat-trap its show."

McGinnis went out and sat down upon a pile of ore. It was a bright and cloudless morning, such as may be seen nowhere in the world but in the American Southwest. The Patos mountains, across the valley, seemed so close that one might lay his hand upon them. The sun was bright and unwinking, and all the air so golden sweet that McGinnis pushed back his hat and gloried simply that he was alive. He did not even note the cottontail that came out from behind a bush to peer at him, nor mark the sweeping shadow of a passing eagle that swung high above the little valley. His eye now and again fell upon the abandoned mill, gaunt, idle and silent; but he regarded it lazily, the spell of the spot and the languor of the air filling all his soul.

But at last the sun grew more ardent, and McGinnis knowing the secret of the dry Southwest, sought shade in order that he might be cool. He rose and strolled again into the mill, looking about him as before, idly and critically. "Av ye was all me own, it's quite a coffee mill I cud make of ye, me dear," said he familiarly. And at this moment a thought seemed to strike him.

"It has always been me dream to be a captain of industry," soliloquized McGinnis. "I've always longed to hear the merry hum of me own wheels, an' to feel that I was th' employer an' not merely th' employee." He mused for a few moments, too lazy to think far at one flight.

"It wud be nice," he resumed later, "to see the smoke of yer own factory ascendin' to the sky, an' to feel that yerself 'uz the whole affair, cook an' captain bold, ore shoveler an' amalgamator."

"All capital," continued McGinnis, "is too much dependant upon labor. The only real solution"—and he paused to feel in his pocket for a match—"the only reel solution is to be both capital an' labor. Then, if ye've anny kick, take it to yerself, an' settle it fair fer both." He paused again, and again the light of an idea showed upon his countenance. "This," said McGinnis, "is Occajyun!"

He wandered over to the little boiler which drove the engine, and took inventory of the pile of crooked piñon wood that lay heaped up near by. He sounded the tank on top of the engine house, and found that it was half full. Then, calmly and methodically, he took off his coat, folded it, and laid it across a bench near by. He picked up a piece of board, whittled a little pile of shavings, thrust them into the ashy grate, and piled some wood above them. Then he scraped a match, and turning a cock or so to satisfy himself that the boiler would not go out through the roof in case he did get up steam, he sat down to await developments. "She'll steam, for shure," said he. "She'll steam as much as wud do fer a peanut wagon, av ye'll give her time."

Before the morning was gone the little boiler began to thump and churn and threaten. McGinnis ran the belt on to the stamp shaft. He went up and connected the crusher, and shoveled a few barrows of ore into the hopper. Not long afterwards there was a dull and creaking rumble. The shaft of the stamps turned half around, slipped and stopped with a rusty squeak. Then came farther creaks, groans and rumbles. McGinnis walked calmly from place to place, tightening, loosening, shaking, testing, shoveling and watching. "It's wonderful;" said he to himself softly. "It's just wonderful what human bein's can do! If I hadn't ever seen this mill, I wuddn't have believed it! But I'll say at this point meself, that I'm not looking a gift mill in the mouth. Moreover, this runnin' of yer own mill, not bein' beholdin' to anny sordid capitalist, nor yet dependant on anny inefficient labor, is what I may call a truly ijeel situation in life. I'll stay here till the wood runs out. Not that I'll cut wood for annybody. Capital must draw the line somewhere."

No one noticed the smoke from the abandoned gold mill up the valley. Arroyo City was too much concerned with its own grief. A committee of citizens waited upon the barber, but the latter remained firm, and said that he could not in justice to himself reconsider his resolution to depart. All the citizens knew that when the barber left the camp was officially dead. Not even the editor of the *Golden Era* could ask Eastern capital to come into a mining camp which could not support a barber.

It would be straining optimism to the breaking point. As for McGinnis, it was quite forgotten that he ever had arrived. No one saw him when he came down that evening and took his burro up the valley.

McGinnis ran the gold mill by himself for two days, until his woodpile waned, and his thirst came on apace. Then he blew as big a noon signal as his whistle could accomplish, disconnected, blew off, and set to work to scrape his plates, whereon to his experienced eye there now appeared a gratifying roughness in the coating. He got off a lump of amalgam as big as his two fists, and seemed content. "It's ojus I've no retort," said he, "but likely enough I'll find some way below to vollitilize this mercury." So he packed up his burro and began the short walk down the valley to the town.

Big Larson and Jake Untermeyer heard the noon whistle at the mill, and knowing that the latter was not running, had not been running, and could not by any possibility be made to run, concluded to walk up the valley and investigate. They met McGinnis coming down, and mutual explanations followed.

"It's not that I own the mill beyant," said McGinnis. "I'm only the lessee. I'm capital an' labor both, an' likewise crew of the Nancy brig. An', havin' made a stake, I'm willin' to treat."

But Larson and Untermeyer could only gasp. A stake was something impossible; and alas! a treat was even more impossible. "There iss not any whisky or anything at all to trink," said Larson.

"Man!" said McGinnis, "If I believed that, ye'd be seein' a resimblance between me an' the lover o' that esteemed maiden Annie Laurie. I'd lay me down an' die. But I've already seen how little ye know about developin' yer own resources. Maybe ye've been overlookin' some other possibilities of yer counthry. What ye all seem to need here, if I may say it, is a reel captain of industry."

McGinnis went to the cabin which had once been the office of the assayer. The latter was gone, but he had left his crucibles and his furnace behind him; because it is not convenient to carry such things when one is afoot. McGinnis found a retort, adjusted it, set it going, and by night had his button of dirty, but quite valid gold. It lay heavy in his hand, and rested heavy in his pocket. "As a captain of industry," said he, "I must go out and see what I can do fer pore sufferin' humanity." He chuckled, and passed out into the street.

"As capital," said McGinnis to himself, as he walked on in the moonlight, "I am entitled to the first drink meself, an' after that to one or two as a laborer. Then, if there's anny

capital left after treatin' all around, I'll buy the town a public liberry, perviding the town'll make it sufficiently an' generally understood that I'm a leadin' an' public minded citizen. It's an ill thing to get yer right hand an' yer left too much confused when you're a-doin' of philanthropic acts."

But McGinnis' philanthropic intentions met certain difficulties when he sought to put them into effect. He wandered into the Lone Star, and placing his crude bullion upon the counter swept about him a comprehensive hand. To his wonder there was no response. A few of the assembled populace shifted uneasily in their seats, but none arose. "Do you take this for a low-down placer camp?" asked Billy Hudgens, with a dull show of pride, when McGinnis asked for the gold scales.

"No," said McGinnis, "it's a quartz camp right enough, an' all it needs is developin'. At this speakin', I'm capital, an' likewise easy money. What's the matter?"

A sigh escaped from the audience, as Billy Hudgens made reply. "Not a drop," said he. "All gone. Nothin' till the stage comes, an' likely enough there'll be nothin' then."

McGinnis voice dropped to a low, intense whisper. "Do you mean to tell me that?" he said. "Me, with my thirst?" He laid a hand on Billy's shoulder. "Friend," said he, "I've walked a hundred miles. I've developed yer property here. I've saved this community. I'm in a position to give this town a public liberry worth maybe forty dollars. Now, do you mean to say to me—do you mean—" He gulped, unable to proceed.

Hudgens nodded. McGinnis let fall his hand from the counter. "This," said he, "impresses me as bein' a time fer thought."

"Is there anny cookin' stuff, flavorin' extracts, vanilla—that sort of thing?" he asked a moment later. A pitying smile passed over the audience. "All gone, long ago, friend," was the reply. "We made 'em into cocktails. The stage driver took the last Jamaica ginger fer his mules. Things is plum hopeless."

McGinnis said nothing, but silently left the place. He moved up the street to the adobe where the barber had his shop. The barber was gloomily sitting inside, waiting for the stage, which might be along almost any day by this time. McGinnis entered, walked up to the mantel, picked up a tall bottle labeled "Hair tonic," smelled of it, and, without asking leave, raised it to his lips and drained it to the bottom.

"For industrial purposes, friend," said he. In twenty minutes he was lying in a deep and dreamless sleep.

"In some ways this fellow has talent," said Billy Hudgens,

as he looked at McGinnis in his peaceful slumber, "but like enough he's come to a show-down now."

All that night and until noon the next day McGinnis slept, steadily and soundly. The arrival of the delayed stage caused commotion for the time, and McGinnis sat up on the floor.

"How're you feelin' now, man?" asked Billy Hudgens.

"Friend," said McGinnis, "I'm feelin' some dark and hairy inwardly; but I'm a living example o' how man can triumph over circumstances." Wherewith he smiled gently, sank back and slept till dark.

"It wud have been too bad," said McGinnis to the barber, when he awoke, "if you had left this town before I came. What ye've all been needin' is some one to give ye a lesson in not gettin' discouraged."

With the stage there had come a lawyer, an Eastern man, sent out by the lambs of the New Jersey Gold Mills Company to discover what had become of all the money. This lawyer upon learning the story of McGinnis' operations, was disposed to take him to task for using other people's property. But what could he say to McGinnis?

"Sir," said the latter, "to a reel philosopher, life is but a glad, sweet song. Me initial *opus*, as they call it in New York, or me first trick, as we call it in Socorro, was the combination of labor an' capital in one individual, the latter bein' broke. I have nothin' but pride in that part of me experiments. As to the second act, which is of combinin' hair tonic an' strong drink into one ingradyint, if anyone tells you it's a good thing you may say for me that the report lacks confirmashun."

Whereafter, seeing that McGinnis was at least lovable and resourceful, as well as inventive, and the only man in the camp who had really solved the two great questions of the hour, the lawyer put him in as head shoveler on the ore dump. For the mill started up again, and the barber did not move after all.

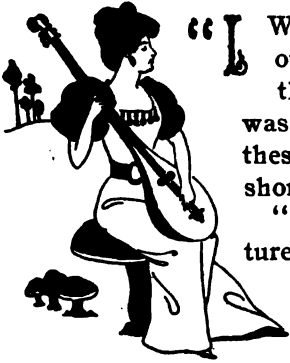
"It's a wee bit of a peanut machine, not bigger'n a collar box," said McGinnis when last seen; "an' at times it looks jubyus for the town's public liberry. But we'll not despair. Aside from the proverb about the will an' the way, 'tis well known that no disgrace can come to a reel captain of industry through a timporary change in the indushtrial conditions."

Chicago, III.



THOSE BLESSED POTS.

By AUSTIN LEWIS.



"I WENT into the library of a California city the other day," growled the artist resentfully, "and they had a row of Greek vases on a shelf. There was a printed notice underneath to the effect that these pots were intended to teach culture and art—a short cut to esthetic culture via Greek Pottery!"

"Surely the cultured Greeks can teach the uncultured West," half sighed the Eastern art lecturer on a tour in California.

"Not art, at all events," said the Western artist; "if the confounded schools would leave us alone, we should have our own art."

And the lecturer smiled. Art to him was a dainty thing, a matter of refinement, the product of civilization and the patronage of wealth.

"I tell you we have more real art in our little finger than the rest of the States in their whole body. What are we doing? Turning out more writers, more singers, more painters and more poets than any other place three times our population. We have the temperament and the environment, then we must have the art, eh!"

"Whoever heard of a great Californian artist?" queried the lecturer.

"What do you know about great, you little man of the schools?" retorted Langley, he of the red beard, whose blasphemies were the scandal of the pink-eyed white rabbits who infest all esthetic pursuits. "What do you think of this?" and he reached out a small group of Indians modelled in clay, which had lain hidden behind a large photograph.

There was no need to point out to Deering, the trained critic, the beauty and strength of the work; he was too skilled a connoisseur and too experienced a judge of esthetic values not to feel at once the power of the conception, and the way in which the artist, in defiance of conventionalities and academic notions, had realized the ideal. Still the dogmatism of the academy was in him; the unconventionality provoked a feeling of opposition, and he said:

"Yes; it is very fine—good work, but quite impossible!"

"Impossible, because it is Western, you mean," said Langley. "Give our work a name and damn us. You think that you are a judge. Now I can take that piece of work anywhere in Europe, from Edinburgh to Naples, and I shall get but one verdict—'superb.' You talk about American art at fifty dollars a

lecture and you don't know it when you meet it. You are like all the rest."

The critic waved an expostulating hand; the continual attacks began to worry him. "Of course," he said. "You are an artist yourself; you know as well as I do that you must have technique, professional skill; you must follow the rules."

"You think that the artist who made that did not know her art."

"It was a girl was it? Then I was right; a girl never did anything yet, to stick. Now I have you."

"No; for you know neither Western art nor the Western girl," said Langley. "Shut up awhile, and I will tell you about her."

"She was brought up [this ardent Westerner was a Scotchman by birth] down there on the edge of the Mojave. You don't know much about that do you? You know the Campagna a lot better. Well, there she lived and went to the little district school, growing up from the overall stage to the ragged frock degree, until she suddenly found herself embarrassed one day when she overheard one woman say to another that it was a shame that she did not wear longer dresses."

"Now, she had spent lots of her spare time modelling clay figures, just for fun, and partly by way of imitation of some of the rude work of the Arizona Indians which she had seen. The schoolmarm had some high-faluting notions, and had placed the Venus of Milo in the classroom. Of course, it should have worked a miracle on the child, according to the pot-worship theory, but it didn't. Bessie did not think a bit about it except that it was pretty, no more than you or I should have done if we had not been told."

Here again Deering dissented.

"Of course you must do that, or how could you look a Teachers' Institute in the face?" laughed Langley.

"Well, when the time came that she had to do something, the idea naturally occurred to her that she would like to go on modelling."

"Some way or other she got to San Francisco. The old man had a little money laid by, and, though it took all the pleasure out of life and nearly broke his heart to see the little girl go, he helped her, and she went to the city and struggled. Talk about devotion to art! You make me sick, you pedagogues. What do you know about devotion? To be a girl of eighteen, and to wear shabby clothes eternally, to live on the cheapest kind of food, in a little frowsy room, and to keep your principles when it doesn't matter a straw to anyone else whether you keep

them or not, and eke out your meager subsistence by occasional work as a super in a theater, that's what she did."

"Ah!" whispered the lecturer; "art is an arduous pursuit for a poor man, terrible for a poor woman."

"But she did that group!" said Langley convincingly. "Well, she worked. Lord, how she worked, until she had got all that could be got out of San Francisco, and much that she had to unlearn afterwards. Then she went to Paris."

"Oh, she went to Paris, did she?" said Deering, and he took up the group again and looked at it. "It's queer; I don't see that she went to Paris in this; are you sure that she did go to Paris?"

"I saw her there myself, working away, and still half-starved. It was there that I learned what I know about her."

"But how did she get to Paris?" said the lecturer. "I thought that you said that she was poor."

"I was never impertinent enough to inquire," said Langley of the red beard, with indignation, for there was that in the tone of the man which he resented. "And if she did, what is it to you? She had given up a good deal for art before that; what have you given up?"

Then he went on: "She could have done well enough there if she had adopted the Parisian ways, if she had copied the masters; but she was a Western artist, and they did not understand Western ways; so when she had learned all that she could she yearned to come home again."

"You don't know anything about that longing for California, do you, Boston Man? I am a Scotchman, and I do. Talk to John Muir, him of the mountains, and he will tell you the same thing. It's sickening to be over there in Europe and think of Tamalpais and the Contra Costa shore with Diablo behind—I used to go out and get drunk when I had the fit. She could not do that, and the homesickness grew worse and worse; then the old aunt who had given her the money to go with (so you might have saved the sneer), and had made her an allowance all the time that she was away, died, and my girl, now twenty-six, after eight years' unbroken devotion to her chosen pursuit, went back to do her work among her own people."

"She didn't expect much, and I can tell you that she did not get it. She took a little studio and began. She worked away and produced good genuine work, original and tinged with Western feeling; and, of course, as it was not a gross imitation of inferior European designs it did not sell. Art, like literature, is in the hands of our women, you know; then what chance do you think the poor girl would have? She ought to have

brought bonnets, not ideas, back from Paris with her. She broke up her studio after two years, and she gave me this when she went back to the Mojave."

"Was she content to settle there after a life such as you have described?"

"Content? I don't know. She married down there, and has three children."

"Perhaps that's all the better for her," cackled the lecturer.

"Perhaps, but what about us?" asked Langley.

"You know I am not at all sure about that work after all," said Deering.

"You are not, eh? You are like most of your kind; you don't know your business. I took it to Rodin—you know the old man. He was silent for a minute or two, and then said with one of his superb gestures 'It is the little Californian. She can design and model, too, eh?' You know what that means."

"Did Rodin say that? Let me look at it again. Shall I write an article and make her famous?" asked the lecturer.

"Give her the approval of the Boston blind pigs?" murmured Langley. "No, thank you. You could none of you see when you had the chance; you shall not disturb her now."

"Now to our beginning again. We have the artists—nature has given us them—but we do not have the public, the public that can really feel the artistic quality, and you cannot give them that feeling by any amount of Greek jars. Greek jars, Venuses and all that sort of thing make superficial humbugs, whose watch-words are 'refinement' and 'culture'—long words for plain lies. We have got to get away from 'refinement' and speak the truth to ourselves; God knows we're big enough."

The Boston lecturer sighed, but did not keep the secret; and through the following winter he was often to be seen standing on the hearth-rug, with a cup of tea in his hand, and in the midst of a band of women chattering about the wonderfully promising Californian artist who had given up her art for love and lived in the desert.

"Such a lovely lecture, Mr. Deering!"

San Francisco, Cal.



THE GIANT REDWOODS OF CALIFORNIA.

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IF the American People could see some things that go on under their national nose, there would directly be no such things to see. Which is another way of saying that the American People are not Born Scrubs. Corruption in our politics, and abuses in various branches of the public service, persist chiefly because they are done Behind the Door. The nation is big, and good-natured and busy; therefore careless; but it is not brutal, nor truly indifferent to wrong when face to face with the facts. The long and sickening record of our Indian policies, for which the phrase, "A Century of Dishonor," now current and accepted, is not in the slightest degree an exaggeration, has been possible not because we are a people insensible to fair play and humanity, but because the preoccupied public has very little realized what was actually being done; and has known each successive disgrace, if at all, only as accomplished and past. That this is true, is perhaps sufficiently shown by the fact that in spite of our consummate ignorance as to actual conditions, public sentiment has steadily demanded a betterment of these vaguely-known wrongs; and that within a generation the Indian Service has been very greatly improved—by pressure from the outside. There are still many things in it, however, which would be incontinently wiped off the earth if the people of this country really understood them. The transactions which form fitting new chapters to the same old serial of dishonor are still not only possible, but actually performing. The plain tale of some of the modern "Leasings" of Indian lands,

and of some of the modern evictions, when finally written, will not look much better than the darkest chapter in a dark record.

Certainly if the big American public could look down all at once through some magic focus, and see with their own eyesight precisely what is going on now in a desert corner of Arizona, there would rise such an instant roar of indignation and contempt as would shake the earth; and ten million unanimous hands would reach out in such pressure as would tip the Idol of Routine from its quaking pedestal.

For through such a glass we should all see, on this God-forsaken desert, the dry, hungry, cliff-nesting towns of the Hopi or Moqui, the People of Peace; the gentlest, most tractable and most inoffensive of American Indians; the first Quakers in America; since before Columbus, industrious farmers tilling with pitiful patience their barren fields of sand; artistic weavers of beautiful fabrics and fine baskets; conducting themselves, mutually and toward strangers, with gentle dignity and self-respect; of a reverence for law and religion so profound that we worldlier folk can hardly comprehend, and with family relations so beautiful as are hardly to be found unanimous in any community of later "Americans." Among and over these people who interest and attract every person with a mind that ever saw them, we should all see a reign of terror in the name of Education—the kind of "education" which thinks it can Drag a Horse to the Water, and Kick his Ribs and Beat him over the Head until he Thinks he is Thirsty. We should see the salaried representative of the United States Government, with absolutely despotic power over 2,600 Indians, who after four years among them can neither talk to them nor understand them; who, in place of having acquired leadership among them, has gained neither their liking, their confidence, nor their respect. We should see the reservation schools still filled only by raids of armed Navajos, the dreaded and immemorial foes of the Moquis, wild nomads who have for centuries murdered and plundered this weaker people, and who are therefore the natural "police" of the new regime. We should see the little village surrounded by these armed Agents of Civilization; the houses invaded; parents and children scared out of their gentle wits, and hauled, shoved and knocked about; screaming children of three or four years old dragged forcibly from their weeping mothers and driven off through the snow down to the schoolhouse, and left after school to clamber back up the icy cliff almost naked to the weather. We should see the teacher in charge of one of these schools coming up into the village; the children fleeing in terror, and with screams, at sight of him; the older people

withdrawing into their houses. We should see him enter an Indian home from which the mother and grown daughter flee at sight of him; and, in his rage at their terror, kicking all the crockery in the house to fragments and slashing the bedclothes to pieces with his knife. A gentleman of standing now treasures one of these slashed blankets.

We should see a father clinging to his five-year-old boy, who, in mortal terror because this Gentle Evangel of Civilization had flogged him, dared not go to school again. We should see the father and child torn asunder by violence; the child lugged off sobbing to school; the father forcibly hustled down off the cliff to the schoolhouse, his hands bound behind him with baling wire, and his hair sheared off roughly and publicly as a punishment. (Perhaps to some people it may seem "funny" to think that an Indian feels it a punishment to have his hair cut off by force. Quite aside from other considerations, it may be conceivable, even to the most careless, that an American would not take it exactly as a mark of esteem and courtesy if the Dog Catcher or some other official violently in the public square shingled his hair or shaved his beard, or otherwise changed his personal appearance to one the Dog Catcher deemed More Becoming.)

We should all see here the notorious "Hair-Cut Order," which aroused such universal derision throughout the United States that the Department at once promulgated a circular practically withdrawing the offensive and foolish legislation, although leaving it still open to be abused by tyrants. We should see the tyrant to whom this sort of a club was precisely the only sort of weapon adapted to his mind and his capacity. We should see that instead of using the "tact, patience and perseverance" strictly enjoined by the Department always, and even for the application of this Order, and instead of using this brilliant tonsorial regeneration as a means to Civilize the Indians (which was the Department's blessed plan and belief), he has used it as a punishment and a degradation, and a means of asserting his Brief Authority over the lives and fortunes of his unhappy wards.

We should see this oppressor and his be-pistoled Navajos surrounding a Moqui village; herding the men into a Council Chamber under threat of shooting, and there handling them, holding them and forcibly shearing them as they were so many sheep, sometimes leaving the scar of the shears on their faces. While we should *not* see it, there would be someone to remind us that cutting off the hair of these Indians as a punishment was absolutely forbidden by the King of Spain in 1621, who

sternly rebuked a few misguided blockheads of *his* day who had had so little sense. The King of Spain knew enough to know (and said) that for Indians this "was the greatest possible disgrace and degradation," and absolutely forbade any further such "cruelty," as he termed it.

We should see a general state of things to which the foregoing is a key. Although "corporal punishment" and "cruel or degrading measures" are absolutely prohibited by the rules and regulations of the Indian Service, we should see a boy so flogged for having dared to answer "yes" to a companion in his native language, instead of in English, that he had to be kept in quarters over night and medically cared for by the officials of this Humane Government. We should see the meek Hopi—the Quaker Indians—degraded in their own eyes and in the eyes of their aboriginal neighbors by having their fine heads of hair ridiculously bobbed short. And we should see that the spirited Navajos (also under the jurisdiction of this same Tin Minister of Mercy and Civilization) all wear their hair as they wish, except a few parasites who get their "job" from him only on condition of cutting their hair. We should see, also, that this cowardice is a standing joke among the people we are "civilizing"—for Indians never lack the sense of humor. We should see that this man who is the representative of our Twentieth Century civilization and Humanity in this special corner of the United States is universally detested by the Hopi because he bullies them, and universally despised by the Navajos because, while he oppresses the Moquis, he dare not lay a hand on *them*. All Indians like a joke; all Indians despise a coward.

We should see full schools, and well-made reports—and as it is not always that the Department can get an Agent who can do even thus much, it is properly and naturally grateful when it does find one—but we should see as well that this fullness of the schools includes many children of too tender years even for kindergarten, and others beyond the school age allowed by the regulations, and that all are herded by force and intimidation, practically always, and often in literal fact, at the point of the six-shooter. We should see, whenever the Superintendent or his trusty subordinates hove in sight, that babies run to hide, howling with terror. But we should also see, when some of the poorly paid women teachers, or decent visitors, or disinterested laborers in Indian fields approach, that all the population gladly comes forth to welcome them. And perhaps from this contrast we could guess, without the bother of being told, the impregnable truth that anyone fit to teach these Indians (or any others) could lead the Moquis forward in civilization if there

were not a gun nor a club in Arizona, nor a soldier left in America. No people are more amenable to just and friendly treatment. It is to be hoped that no people have ever had less of either. The cowardice, the brutality, and the doddering folly of trying to "educate a people with a club" probably need no serious dwelling upon. Almost any person fit to be at large is aware that for his own child, or for any other child, or for any assemblage of children, or for any aggregation of people of any age, there can be no education without the coöperation of the pupil; and that this coöperation cannot be had without the pupil's confidence and respect at least. Anyone who is bigoted enough and stupid enough to desire to do so, and who has at his back practically the whole military power of the United States, can of course maintain a temporary front of Success. He can keep his schools full during his term, by coercion and by intimidation, draw his salary, and leave to his successor the same old problem whether *he* shall continue to Educate by Assault-and-battery, or begin in the now more difficult task of soothing and leading this outraged, suspicious and embittered people.

The trouble is that there *is* no such Magic Glass, and that the remote American public cannot see what goes on in this Little Russia, a hundred miles from the railroad in the wilds of Arizona. For several years these facts have been notorious locally among travelers, students and all whom business or chance has thrown in contact with the Moquis; but this sort of intelligence travels slowly; and the fact that the Moqui Reservation is today the scene of a petty oppression which the whole American people would indignantly repudiate and put a stop to if they realized it, is not a matter of wide public knowledge.

Chas. E. Burton, the Superintendent and Disbursing Agent of the Moquis and Navajos, stationed at Keam's Cañon, Arizona, is the man responsible for, and actively operating, the state of affairs hereinbefore inadequately outlined. His routine ability to make out reports, to issue supplies, and to maintain the outward show of compliance with the Department's policies may be taken for granted, from the fact that he has so long remained; but this clerical ability is not the only qualification necessary in a man who has the power almost of life and death over 2,600 human beings, and who, from the purely official point of view, is charged with doing in that one place what the Department is aiming to do for all our Indians, viz., "to fit them for the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship." It is notorious to those familiar with the facts that Mr. Burton is absolutely unfit for such a position, by reason of his narrowness, bigotry, lack of understanding both of what Indians can

do, and how they can be got to do it. After about four years in the same spot he still has no weapon but Force. He has learned nothing; he has gained nothing. On the contrary he has lost even the prestige of his position among a people whose respect for authority is pathetic. He is absolutely unable to Lead them; and not only that—he is incapable of understanding that the only way to advance a people is *by* Leading them, his mind being so constituted as to fancy that the way is to Drive. Just Whip up, and Push on the Reins.

The League has several reasonable reasons to believe that Mr. Burton is not only a fair book-keeper but a conscientious man. Its present duty would be far pleasanter if he were of the vulgar rabble whose God is their Belly. But people who are about one-sixteenth of an inch wide between the eyes would never be dangerous at all if they had no "convictions." As every student knows, the Inquisition was "run" precisely by the most conscientious people in Spain. So also, in New England, was the flogging of Quakers and the hanging of witches. But Spain quit the Inquisition some years back; Quakers can now visit Boston and Go Home Alive; and it is about time to weed out from public authority the people whose mental Watches stopped 200 years ago. We must have Conscience in the Service—but even sooner than Conscience we must have Common Sense. Under any strict definition of the words, there is no need of choice; but loosely as they are used, any person fit to Go Out Doors would rather trust his own business or the Humanities, to a Reasonable Rascal than to a Sanctified Idiot.

There are two sides to a matter of this sort. From the official side, it is a wrong to the government that the Indian policy so laboriously devised and so expensively put in operation should be defeated in its aims by brutal, ignorant and oppressive application through unfit subordinates. From another side, which will appeal to quite as many Americans, it is a standing disgrace and pity—not half so much to them as to the American name—that these poor, gentle, unwarlike people, striving hard to wreak an existence by agriculture on a stingy land, should be so bullied and browbeaten, so outraged in self-respect and their rights as parents and as children, by a semi-educated representative of the government of the United States. The Sequoya League has made a scrupulous and thorough investigation of the facts; and while it cannot reach the universal public, and cannot compel to every eye the Magic Glass referred to, it means, within its limitations, to give as many Americans as possible to see somewhat clearly what is going on in that particular region. And so far as the knowledge it is

able to impart can spread, just so far it feels confident of the coöperation of the Americans to whom that knowledge comes. It doesn't believe that any American community between Bangor and San Diego would for an instant countenance the sort of procedure that rules at Moqui ; and it is prepared to prove that these methods do exist there. Nor does it believe that the Department would in any way sanction Mr. Burton's methods if it saw them face to face.

The other trouble with our Indian policies is that the Department does not, and cannot, See these things. In the first place, it does not Know Indians ; and in the second place it is administered at long-range, with its view obscured not only by distance but by the innumerable colorations of official routine and the personal interests of its subordinates—aided sometimes by the "business cowardice" of those who have "deals" to make with them or favors to ask of them. It is equally difficult for the public to have accurate knowledge of what goes on upon the Reservations, and in the Service in general. These places are as a rule remote from Public Haunt, hedged about with the divinity of red tape, and further protected by barbed-wire restrictions. It may not be a matter of public knowledge that an American citizen cannot come upon the Moqui Reservation without a Russian Passport. Technically, I am not sure that he can come upon *any* reservation. A good deal depends upon how the specific satrapy is administered. Perhaps no one—surely no one in Washington—knows better than this writer how many are the meddlesome people who should be kept off, or driven off, any reservation ; but it is not necessary to burglar-proof the reservations against scholars and real philanthropists, and all Americans ex-officio. At Moqui, Mr. Burton has succeeded in earning not only the utter detestation of the Indians. His despotism has reached to and antagonized practically every American, whether scholar, traveler or business man, who has come in contact with him. Meanwhile, his oppression of the Indians—that is, those he *dared* oppress, for he has been mighty careful not to lay hands on the Navajos, and even his salary-bent zeal to "civilize" them by cutting their hair has fallen into innocuous desuetude since 80 or 90 of them rode down armed to See if he Really Meant it—has been a matter of scandal and sorrow wherever the facts have been known.

The first campaign of the Sequoya League was to persuade the Government not to pay (as it had officially decided to pay) \$70,000 for a worthless property sold thrice, and lately, for one-third that sum, as is of notorious official record ; and not to put on that property, for their prompt starvation, 300 inoffensive

Indians already enough punished for the sole sin of their nativity by being evicted from their ancient home. That campaign was a success, though it was in the face of Routine, and had to invoke the direct personal aid of President Roosevelt several times. The Warner's Ranch Indian matter is familiar to readers of this magazine in the last year and a half. The League won because it was right; because it knew what it wished, why it wished what it did, and how to get it, in spite of Red Tape. And it will win along these lines just so long as the American character remains American; and when that ceases, so will the League—for it will never try other procedures.

Its second campaign is to secure for the gentlest Indians in North America a treatment at least up to average Indian standards of scholarship, decency and humanity—as of course the Burton regime is not. Incidentally, too, the League has some considerable American interest to keep the American name from being wallowed in any further gratuitous mire. If we *have* to kick some Indians, to show our Manhood—and to shave their eyebrows, and otherwise degrade them—let's try our paternal hand on the Navajos, for instance, who number better than 20,000, and are fighters, and *would* fight at the instant drop of any such Tenderfoot hat. It may be American to be Careless; but it isn't American to Lick Orphans and Cripples, and Run Away from Husky Boys of sixteen. And the League will win this fight also, Not because it is the League; not because you or I care about this special instance; but because the American People—and a roaring majority of the seventy-six millions of them—care for fair-play, horse-sense and mercy.

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CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIL.*

By CHARLES FISK BEACH, JR.

IN these last days much loose and unconsidered talk is going about in this country upon the subject of a so-called Anglo-Saxon world domination, and many of our people, who read the newspapers more than they think, seem somehow to have absorbed the notion that it is all very true, and all very nice, forsooth, that in the new century the Anglo-Saxon race — whatever that is — is to inherit the earth, and is to do to death all other and degenerate folk, the degeneracy and the decadence of all the other nations of the earth being duly assumed as a necessary major premise. It should seem that only a little reflection and analysis and some exact speech ought to make an end of this fatuous idea, and that only a dull point should easily suffice to prick a bubble so ill-inflated and so big with mischief. If all who talk without knowledge about the Anglo-Saxon race, and assume for verity all the nonsense they see in the newspapers about it, knew exactly what an Anglo-Saxon is, and what he is not, and why this talk is abroad in the earth, and could be made to realize to what national and international disorder and mischief it tends, we might have less of it in future. It is as a contribution to national sanity on this subject that this article is written.

When an American plumes himself upon his Anglo-Saxon extraction and inflates himself with the idea, it is more than a thousand to one that he is guessing—and guessing wrong. If, in any individual case, all the necessary assumptions happen, by the barest chance, to be correct, it comes precisely and only to this, that in the particular case the individual traces his lineage backward some dozens of generations to an ancestor, or group of ancestors, who, when first heard of, were half-naked savages in the woods of Germany—Saxons, Angles or Jutes—tribes of people distinctly inferior in civilization to their Southern and Western neighbors. After their settlement in England and a wild and barbarous existence there for some centuries, during which of themselves they made little progress in any direction—all the recent Alfred millenary rubbish to the contrary not, withstanding—they were ultimately subjugated and civilized by people from the north of France, who imposed upon them their name, their language, their religion, their law and their enlightenment. Whatever they have subsequently attained is the direct and immediate outcome of the civilization imported from Normandy and Brittany, and imposed upon them with an iron hand from Rouen and Rome. After a period of vassalage to their Frankish masters, these anglicized German savages came to be the middle, lower middle, and peasant, stock of the British islands. Wearing for many generations very awkwardly the civilization that had come to them from across the channel, they finally came to stand upon their own feet, a compact, serious, dull stock of people, having indeed, like every other race of mankind that has come to the front, their virtues, their excellencies and their limitations—not worse, perhaps, but certainly not better, than the races from which they had derived their civilization. From about the eleventh century, when the world was created (for them) to this present—they have in general followed, and not led, in the march toward higher and

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better things ; and it is the most untaught and insular conceit to pretend for them as a stock any essential preeminence. When you say that they are strong and serious, and not in general below a fair average of humanity, and that in their development they have been exceptionally fortunate in their isolation, you have said it all. If you are an Anglo-Saxon, my brother man, that is about what you are in point of genesis and genealogy.

To prate about the Anglo-Saxon race in the prevailing fashion is, as a matter of common knowledge, childish and absurd ; and as a matter of morals, less defensible than any other propaganda of race hatred that ever was heard of. It makes fools of people who believe that it imputes to them any peculiar racial sanctity or excellence, and its only and inevitable tendency abroad is to pit race against race in a most hateful and pernicious fashion, to stir up strife in the world, and to set the nations by the ears. No informed and no patriotic human being ought to be a party to it. Anglo-Saxonism, in its whole length and breadth, is wholly unimportant, so far as it has any basis of fact, and utterly mischief-making, if pressed. Whatever shadowy excuse or necessity there may be for it in the British Islands, there is no room for it in America. Few heresies can be further from the truth than the pretence that the eighty millions or so of human beings who constitute the American nation are Anglo-Saxon in stock, or that they constitute, in any true ethnological sense, a branch of that race. Saying a thing over and over, solemnly and with emphasis, to people who do not think much about it, makes it sound familiar and like the truth, and gives it the credence and currency of any other platitude, but it has no tendency to make it true. Even the purely English element of our population has drawn its nobler qualities, not from the German forests, but from the valley of the Seine, and here in America we have laid not only France and England and Germany under tribute, but the islands of the sea as well, and the most distant corners of the earth. We are Anglo-Saxons, yes, in a way ; and we are everything else besides. In the sum total of our better qualities we are more everything else than Anglo-Saxon. As a matter of mere national maternity, Spain is more our mother-land than England ; and France has been and is today more our intellectual stimulus and inspiration than all the rest of the world beside. Our language is a bastard French ; our religion, our art, our taste, our architecture, our drama, our kitchen, our manner of life, the whole substratum of our civilized existence are Latin more than Teuton. Rome, more than the jungles of middle-age Germany, has contributed to our twentieth century prime and prosperity. Our letters, our learning, our mental genesis go back in ordinary generation to the city on the Tiber ; and our intellectuality, as well as our material well-being, has filtered down to us, in a broadening current, from Rome, through Paris, to New York. Only a diverted stream has trickled around through the valleys of the Rhine and of the Thames. These are the truths we learn in schools, and forget like Greek and Geology in after life ; but they are as eternally true now as when they were new to us. Whatever Englishmen may do in the future by way of preaching Anglo-Saxonism, we in America, taking due account of the cardinal points of the compass and of the elementary verities, may well give over this unconsidered trifling. As a mere vaunt, it is silly ; as a menace, it is crime. Worse and more indefensible than setting the black race against the white in the South is it to stir up Saxon against Latin and Latin against Saxon in the world. In this wrong doing, so far as we have been drawn into it, our little finger has been thicker than our father's loins. The pretense that such bravado makes for the peace of the world, and the assumption

that the rest of mankind will bow down and acquiesce, are utterly shortsighted — worthy of the statesmanship at Westminster that, in these last days, departing from its high traditions, conceived and persisted in the war against the Boer — and all unworthy of the enlightened citizens of a free republic.

The attitude that many Americans lately assume toward England on the one hand and France on the other is one of the lesser evils of the dissemination of this pernicious notion. Indeed it has been made clear that the whole thing is an English propaganda, industriously and sedulously advocated there, preached persistently to us, and more or less unconsciously accepted here. It is all very well, and there may be sound reason enough, for England to dislike and fear her neighbor across the channel; but it carries it too far for her to attempt to teach us, or morally or intellectually dragoon us, to sympathize with her in that fear and that dislike. There is absolutely nothing in common between England and the United States in their several relations to France. So far is it from the truth that because England hates France we ought to do so, the fact is that her measure of antipathy should be our measure of friendliness. From the beginning England has been the enemy of our country. No matter what her present protestations, history cannot be blotted out. In our short lifetime we have been compelled to fight two wars with her in order to establish our national status. Within the memory of living men, her armies have invaded our territory and burned our capital city. At every great crisis in our existence as an independent people, we have found her in our path, and have had her to resist and push aside. What she inflicted upon us in our weakness, and what she is now inflicting upon other people less formidable than we, might well be apprehended today, but for our strength. We too have gold mines.

Moreover, under the present conditions, England is today our only great rival and competitor. If we are to be a great world-power, even on only one side of the globe, she is most in our way. Our commercial and territorial interests clash at a hundred points, and the chances of friction with her are for us, as against any other nation, as twenty to one. A shallow school of politicians, winking to the antiquary to say nothing, are preaching to us the amazing doctrine that war between the United States and England is essentially unthinkable for the future by reason of our racial oneness. In fact we are more likely to have war with England in the near future than with any other nation on earth, taking fair account of the reasons for which people usually go to war. The British possessions in North America constitute for the moment the surest and the only substantial guaranty of peace between the two countries. English statesmen know as well as we do that Great Britain is on this continent at sufferance, and that, in the event of war with us, the chances are we should not in the outcome leave her so much as a coaling station from Panama to the Pole. This consideration may not flatter her imperial pride, but it is the only guaranty worth a fig that England can ever have against war with us.

Nothing more clearly suggests the hollowness of their whole scheme of so-called imperialism than this fact. England sitting tight on her little island would be one thing, but spread out over the earth as an empire is quite another. Her possessions are everywhere a source of embarrassment and weakness instead of strength, except so long as she can keep the peace with her powerful neighbors. Her statesmen have taken good care to do this ever since they set up in the business of empire-building. Her colonies — which have her more than she has them — so far from strength-

ening her as against the rest of the world, put her in the power of her rivals. They are her hostages to fortune, and they make her position in the world very much like that of a railway built through the Granger States by Eastern capital. Spread out to the ends of the earth she is obliged, in order to prevent disintegration, to submit with what grace she can muster to our dictation at Panama and in Venezuela, to Russia in China, to France in Turkey and Egypt, and even to Germany in Persia, and so on around the circle, wherever any serious conflict arises — an inevitable but inglorious predicament for an Imperial Power. The plague of it for her is that even the small politician at Washington, or Paris, or St. Petersburg, or where else you please, not needing to content himself with twisting the lion's tail in a diplomatic way, can pinch his ears and poke into his ribs for sheer amusement, and the lion must perforce be complacent on penalty. He may growl a little and bluster a bit, but nothing more.

It is this embarrassing and absurd situation to which imperialism reduces England that drives her to Anglo-Saxonism as a plea for an alliance with the United States against the world. The truth is that an empire such as the English people have patched together has no place under modern conditions and in face of the existence of four or five other first-rate powers. It is an affront to every other self-respecting power for England to arrogate to herself the mastery of the seas, to assume to police the globe, to seize upon strategic points all over the face of the earth, to install her squadrons in waters adjacent to foreign states, and generally to take on the air of a proprietor and an arbiter the world over. Such international impertinence other powers will put up with only until some fair occasion offers to challenge it. Least of all will the United States endure it, as soon as it happens to run counter to our national intentions or interest, or even to our national conceit. To erect and to seek to perpetuate such an overgrown imperialism in these days is to challenge Christendom and to invite assault. The whole house of cards will tumble the moment that England is involved in a serious quarrel with any rival. She can have her empire only so long as she contents herself with mere bravado, refrains from violence, and manages to prevent a rupture with any great power.

Face to face with this situation, realizing that the continuance of her empire depends on fair weather and a smooth sea, and seeing the door shut in her face on the Continent, England finds herself driven to seek countenance and support from us. With no friend or ally on the earth, she turns to us with her Anglo-Saxonism, which, pressed to its legitimate conclusion, would only relegate us to the status of the largest British colony. For her, we are Anglo-Saxons, only because thereby she would bolster up her empire. Powerful as she is at home, she need everything from us, while we need nothing from her. We have nothing to bolster up. So it has come to pass that England first preaches to us the doctrine of oneness of race — which she calls being Anglo-Saxons — and then insists that we are as much disliked on the Continent as she is. Everywhere in the world, England and Englishmen are cordially disliked. For a century their procedure has been such as to offend and affront the nations, with the result that they are entering upon the new century handicapped both with their top-heavy and cumbersome empire and with the dislike and active animosity of the whole world. It is, therefore, necessary to imbue us with the notion that we too, are disliked abroad; and that this animosity is ground for our standing together, because all the world is against the Anglo-Saxon.

To tell America that she is disliked in Europe as England is disliked is

to say the thing that is not. The English press must be credited with practically the whole of this persistent mis-statement. Inspired from Downing street, it has harped, time out of mind, on this string. While the American press debauches, and the French press inflames, the London press deceives. Nowhere else within the four corners of the earth is such transparent nonsense consistently and persistently put out with a straight face for truth, as in the columns of the daily English newspapers. Nowhere else is found a reading public so docile and gullible — a people who read every morning, and believe every hour, what they find out next day to be untrue. But the printing and the believing, the fabrication and the faith go on, as we all know, *die in diem*, world without end.

While there is thus every reason why Europe should be hostile to Great Britain, because she is in everybody's way, there is no reason why that hostility should extend to us. We are not crowding ourselves into any part of the eastern hemisphere, and we are not flaunting an empire in the face of christendom, nor treading upon any European corns. Aside from Germany, which may safely be regarded in this connection a negligible quantity, there is no European State where there can be found today any especial or exceptional dislike for America and the Americans. Nowhere in Europe is there any disposition to class us with the English, except so far as we put ourselves in that class, or so far as the English themselves are seeking to bring it about by their chatter about the Anglo-Saxon race. If the American behaves himself and goes honestly about his business, buying, selling and getting gain as he finds opportunity for trade, he will fare as well in Europe as anybody else, the inevitable friction of trade competition affecting him no more than the rest. He is now on a perfectly even keel in Europe, except so far as Europe may suspect that he is playing into the hands of Great Britain. Eliminate that idea, and the United States may go on well, and will get on well, all over the world. Of course, if we join hands in a world-plunder with England, and shout ourselves hoarse and out of breath over Anglo-Saxon domination, or if we allow ourselves to become a sort of tail to the imperial kite that England is flying, we shall come in for a share of continental ill-will. We behaved, for example, badly enough in the Dreyfus affair, stupidly following the English lead; so inexcusably, indeed, that, if the tables had been turned, we should have set no bounds to our wrath at a similar officious interference by a European people in a domestic concern of our own. But France behaved rather decently over that and has pretty well forgotten it; so that, if we manage to exercise better taste and better judgment and more self-control another time, it cannot count for much against us. But we cannot go on indefinitely in that way and win. We have only to forswear Anglo-Saxonism absolutely to be at peace with all the earth.

With France, above all other countries, our future relations can and should be cordial and kindly. With her we have only the very slightest occasion for friction, and a hundred-fold more reason for close friendship than any other great power. Neither our territorial and commercial, nor our military and naval interests clash at any point with hers. Her ancient friendship and her present good-will towards us augur well for the stability of Franco-American peace. The two great republics, children of Washington and of Lafayette, owe it to the human race and to posterity to stand close together in the forefront of an advancing civilization. This is not merely sentiment and good politics — it is business. France and Russia stand today, and promise to stand, for the future, for the physical might of Europe. Italy, drifting more and more from her Germanic commitment, is finding in these two gigantic powers her normal international association. Such a triple alliance, probable in the near future, will be invincible on that side of the Atlantic. There lies our safety, and there is our surest alliance if we are to join hands across the sea with any foreign powers.

There is an undue emphasis at present, it seems to me, in the talk about Germany. At the moment, she is scarcely able to take care of herself, seemingly on the verge of general bankruptcy growing out of her overstrain for a series of years to exploit her industries, and to maintain her army as against France, at an expense quite beyond her means. Then, too,

her imperialism, founded as it is upon a doubtful and rather loose alliance of semi-independent principalities, is an experiment. Sandwiched between France and Russia, essentially powerless as against the accumulated wealth and boundless credit of the one and the weight of numbers of the other—and the unified naval and military prowess of the two—straining her back to maintain an army which she cannot afford, and to create a navy that she cannot use when she has created it, she is more a menace to herself than to anyone else. Facing further complication of her finances in her efforts to compete with her richer and stronger rivals on sea and land, she will do well for the next half century if she conserve herself, and if she succeed in the fullness of time in realizing that dream of German unity that has eluded the grasp of Teutonic kings and statesmen for more than half a thousand years. She must placate her agrarians, and make her peace with the great towns, and stablish her manufacturers, and fatten out her slender purse, and assure herself—and then the world—of her steadied imperial existence, before she will constitute a peril for us. Until she is as rich as France, as numerous as Russia and as well-equipped in mercantile marine as Great Britain, or at least until she comes to the front in one or the other of these directions, no one of the greater powers need much concern itself about her. The Germans have always been an intelligent and aggressive race, always a world-factor to be reckoned with, but never at any time a financially independent or a superlatively powerful people. Poor, industrious, divided and unlucky, Germany has always made a good fight for about third place on the Continent. The happy combination of accidents, by force of which she prevailed in the war of 1871 with France, has given her for the time being a relative consequence in Europe which a Teutonic power never had before. That has a little turned her head, being all so different from the old order of things. And still your German takes himself and his commerce and his emperor a bit too seriously; and there is a volume of talk in the world just now about Germany and the Germans which is out of proportion to their real or immediately prospective importance. If other people therefore allow our German friends to do all the talking of this sort, it may develop that some large part of the present German world-consequence is verbal. But however that may be, and whether Germany works out something or nothing from her present complications, is more a problem for John Bull than for us. Germany is on his hands, not on ours.

Hæc fabula docet that the path of safety for the American nation leads anywhere rather than to London. No one was ever partner with Albion but to his hurt. From whatever point we view it—the war in the Crimea, or the rape of Egypt, or the squabbles over Turkey, or the control of the Suez Canal, or the Venezuela aggressions, or the Newfoundland embroglio, or the very recent attempts to muddy the water at Panama, or the South African outrages, one after the other—it is the same. England is a good partner only when she is not in the firm, and when she has no voice in the directorate. At the moment, she has nothing to offer us in exchange for our exceptional and exclusive friendship but the hot end of the poker and the ill-will of Europe. It isn't a matter of saving or losing her trade, or of increasing our business with her or her colonies. Trade follows the price-current, not the flag, or sentiment, or oneness of race. People buy where goods are cheap and to their liking, not from affection for the shop-keeper. Speaking commercially, we shall not lose twenty shillings a quarter through snubbing England never so brutally, or gain a guinea a year by falling into her arms never so effusively. She has traded with us—it is common knowledge—and will continue to trade with us, only as it is to her commercial interest; and she will do more of it, rather than less, as time runs on, even though we should be never so much at war with her. Commercially and financially, she is relatively and actually decadent; her business is in the hands of the trades-unions and of mediævalism; her army is the laughing stock of Europe; her statesmanship is at the lowest ebb and her consols are below par; politically she is as clay in the coarse hands of a pushful bagman, whose cheap and unscrupulous commercialism has debauched the moral sense, the high ideals and the intellectual independence of her people. Her navy, many shrewd men in her own country fear, is little better than her army. Bismarck's prognostic and Gladstone's apprehension that South Africa would be the grave of the British Empire are slowly fulfilling themselves. The empire as an academic speculation, and as an iridescent dream, was all very well. It was matter for a poet laureate, for old ladies

over their tea cups, and for boys in their enthusiasm at Eton and Oxford. But put to the test of war, whether on sea or land or in the markets of the twentieth century and in the face of a tempest, it works out zero. Less formidable than the figure of iron and of clay in Daniel's vision, it turns out that

"Its head is made of pea-straw,
Its tail is made of hay."

The Spanish empire only a hundred years ago was greater in extent than England's empire of to-day, her language more widely spoken, her money more current, her religion more disseminated and her sons more aggressive and powerful at the ends of the earth. What English guild or company has a tithe of the civilizing, creating, conquering and educating force of the Society of Jesus, or ever achieved anything in colonization, in empire-making or in commerce like to it? In a short century, Spain and her empire are written off the world's balance-sheet, and are gone the way of all things. That was one case, (was it not written two thousand years ago?) of taking the sword and perishing by the sword.

THE CITY SQUARE.

By DAVID ATKINS.

THIS is that magic carpet which bears back,
O'er time and space to distant lands and days,
The thoughts of old sad men who, bowed and slack,
Unseeing gaze.

The laughter of glad children in the grass,
The frail blue smoke that mounts the evening sky,
Lovers who lower voices as they pass,
Bring dead joys nigh.

And, with the sun's last glory, for a while,
Lifts, like a mist, the city; and these men
Stand knee-deep in the grain again, and smile
As they did then.

For youth, long lost and longed for, lives once more;
And loiterers on the threshold space of Death
Breathe the free winds that swept youth's scented shore
With each faint breath;

And stranded broken venturers grown old,
Whose eyes have seen the wonders of the deep,
Make of high buildings headlands, and behold
Again the green sea's sweep.

And dreaming, as the darkness falls and night
Is pierced by the first lamp, they see stand clear
On some dull coast the evening-kindled light
That marked home near.

Again great hopes forgotten stir the heart—
Brave projects planned when first Life's lips were kissed,
And swift the bitter tears unbidden start
For youth's dishonored tryst.

This is that magic carpet which bears back,
O'er time and space to distant lands and days,
The thoughts of old sad men who, bowed and slack,
Unseeing gaze.

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THE Club has now passed the \$6,000 mark in moneys raised to carry out its work of protecting and preserving the Old Missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California. With this sum it has already accomplished a very large amount of protective repairs. Some idea of the extent of its work may be had from the fact that among other items it has built nearly three acres of roofs; that it has saved the chief buildings at four Missions which were rapidly being destroyed, so that these eight structures—including one which is 240 x 60 feet, and several others over 100 feet long—will last another century.

There is still a vast amount of this work to be done; and the Club urges all good Americans to assist in it. Membership is open to anyone, and the dues are but \$1 per year. Life membership \$25. All moneys go direct to the work. There are no salaries. The Club is a permanent, incorporated institution. It has long leases on the Missions of San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando and Pala; at each of which it has already made extensive repairs. It has also made repairs at the San Diego Mission, and will this spring undertake to replace some of the beautiful arches at San Luis Rey, thrown down by a recent storm.

The Landmarks Club Cook Book, a handsome, bound volume of over 260 pages, with an extraordinarily fine collection of the choicest recipes from everywhere, and a larger array of authentic Californian and Spanish dishes than can be found anywhere else in English, is issued by, and for the benefit of, the Club. It also contains twenty-one views from photos, showing something of what the Club has already done. The book can be had from Mrs. Mossin, as above, or at the office of this magazine. Price, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$5,999.50.

New contributions—L. Maynard Dixon, San Francisco (in services), \$10.

\$1 each—Miss Helen Carter, Pasadena; Mrs. Mary A. Davis, Banning, Cal.; Albert McFarland, Mrs. Albert McFarland, Hugh Gibson, Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, Mrs. Fred W. Wood, Los Angeles; Mrs. M. F. Woodward, Buffalo, N. Y.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

VI.—WM. DAMPIER, 1686.—Continued.

SEPTEMBER 3. 1684 they sailed out of the Gulph of Amapalla directing their course to the Coast of Peru, having their share of tornadoes, with thunder, lightning and rains, which "are very frequent on these Coasts from *June to November*." . . They plied along the shore and on the 20th of *September* came to an Anchor near the Isle of *Plata*, said by some to have been given this name by the *Spaniards* "ever since Sir Francis Drake carried thither the *Cacafoga*, a rich Ship of theirs, laden with Plate."

After a day's stay at Plate Island they continued their voyage to Point St. Helena, where stood a wretched Indian village, also called St. Helena. — "Some of our Men, being sent in the Night-time to take the Village, landed in their Canoes in the Morning, & took some Prisoners, and a small Bark set on Fire by the Inhabitants, alledging that they had done it by special Order from the Viceroy. Our Men coming back the same Evening, we returned again to the Isle of *Plata*, where we anchored *September 26*. which very Evening, we sent some of our Men to *Manta*, an Indian village, two or three Leagues west of Cape *St. Laurenzo*, to get more Prisoners, in hopes of better Intelligence. *Manta* is a small Village, inhabited by *Indians*, on the Continent, seven or eight Leagues from the Isle of *Plata*. Its buildings are mean and scattered. . . . The Church here is very fine, and adorned with carved Work, because this Place was formerly inhabited by *Spaniards*.

"We returned to our Men, who landed, about Day-break, one mile and an half from the Village; but the Inhabitants, being already stirring, took the Alarm, and so all got away, except two old Women, who, being taken Prisoners, declared, that the Viceroy, upon News brought him, that a good Number of the Enemies were come over the Isthmus of *Darien* into the South Seas, had ordered the Burning of their Ships, the Destroying of all the Goats in the Isle of *Plata*, and no more Provisions to be kept, than for their own present Use."

They staid at the Isle of *Plata* "unresolved what Course to take till *October 2*, when Captain *Swan*, Commander of the *Cygnat* of *London*, a rich Ship, wh was designed to trade on that Coast, came to an Anchor in the same Road, but being disappointed in his Hopes to traffic thereabouts, his Men had forced him to take aboard a Company of Privateers he met with at *Nicoya*, . . . under the command of Captain *Peter Harris*. . . . Captain *Swan's* Ship being unfit for Service, by reason of his Cargo, most of his Goods were sold upon Credit, and the rest thrown overboard, except the fine Commodities, and some Iron for Ballast. Then Captain *Swan* & Captain *Davis* joined Company by Consent; & *Harris* had a Small Bark given him. Our Bark, wh had been sent three Days before cruising brought in a Prize laden with Timber, wh they had taken in the Bay *Guaiacuil*. The Commander told us it was credibly reported at *Guaiacuil*, that the Viceroy was fitting out ten Frigates to chase us out of those Seas. This made us wish for Captain *Eaton*; it was resolved to send our small Bark towards *Lima*, to invite him to join Company with us. This done, we fitted up another small Bark into a Fireship; & *October 20* sailed for the Isle of *Lobos*."

"November 2. we lay about six Leagues off *Payta*, whence we sent several Canoes armed with 110 Men, to attack the Town, a small sea-port belonging to the Spaniards at 5° 15'. It has two Churches, tho' not more than seventy-five or eighty Houses, low, and meanly built. . . . November 3 early in the Morning, our Men landed four Miles South of *Payta*, where they took some Prisoners that were set for a Watch, who told us, that the Governor of *Piura* was come with 100 Men to their Assistance: Notwithstanding this, our Men attacked the Fort on the Hill, and took it with little Opposition; whereupon the Governor and Inhabitants quitted the Town: Our people soon entered it, but found it empty of Money, Goods and Provisions. That same Evening we came with our Ships to an Anchor not far from the Town, a mile from the Shore. . . . We stayed six Days—in Hopes of getting a Ransom for the Town; but perceiving we were not likely to have any, it was laid in Ashes. At night we set sail hence, with the Land Wind toward *Lobos*."

They next "formed a Design against the town of *Guiaquil*," and at Point Arena they took "some of the fishermen of *Puna*, and afterward their Watch, together with the whole town and Inhabitants. The next Ebb, we took a Bark laden with *Quito* cloth, coming from *Guiaquil*;" then a Bark laden with negroes—and the Masters of two other Barks with a load of negroes, failing to get the negroes themselves; and they were also unsuccessful in their attempt to take *Guiaquil*, and returned to *Puna*, "and, in our Way, seized upon three . . . Barks, laden with 1,000 lusty negroes; out of them we kept about sixty, and left the rest with the Barks, behind; whereas, if we had carried them all to St. Maria, on the Isthmus of *Darien*, we might, with their Assistance, have worked the Gold Mines on that Side; and by erecting a Fort or two at the Entrance of the River of *St. Maria*, and with the Assistance of the Natives our Friends, and some English & French Privateers from all Parts of the *West Indies*, have not only maintained ourselves there against all the Power of *Spain*, but also extended our Conquests to the Coasts and Gold Mines of *Quito*." They set sail again on the 13th of December, and in three days arrived at the Isle of *Plata*, where, after having provided themselves with fresh water on the Continent, they parted their Cloth and directed their course to *Lovalia*, a Town in the Bay of *Panama*. "As our Design was to look for Canoes, in some River or other unfrequented by the Spaniards, so our Indian Pilots were but of little Use to us." . . . "We endeavored to make the River of *St. Iago*, by reason of its nearness to the Isle of *Gallo*, in wh there was much Gold." . . . "We entered the River *St. Iago*, with four Canoes December 27 . . . where we discovered two small Huts," in which was "nothing but a few Plaintains, Fowls, and one Hog." . . . "We left the River December 29, and crossed these small Bays in our Canoes. In our Way we saw an Indian House, whence we took the Master, and whole Family, and came at Twelve at Night to *Tomaco*: Here we seized upon all the Inhabitants; and among the rest, one *Don Diego de Pinas*, a Spanish Knight, whose Ship was not far off at anchor to lade Timber: So we took her and found thirteen jars of good Wine aboard her, but no other Lading. An Indian Canoe came aboard us, with three of the Natives, who were straight and well-limbed, but of low stature, with black Hair, long Visages, & small Noses & Eyes, and of a dark Complexion. The 31st, several of our Men . . . returned with their Canoes, & brought along with them some Ounces of Gold they had found in a Spanish House, but the People were fled."

"January 1, 1685 . . . we took a Packet of Letters in a Spanish Boat, sent from *Panama* to *Lima*, whereby we understood, that the President of

Panama wrote to hasten the Plate Fleet thither from *Lima*, the *Armada* from *Spain* being come to *Porto Bello*: This News soon made us alter our Resolution of going to *Lovelias*; instead whereof, it was resolved to rendezvous among the *King's* or *Pearl* Islands, not far distant from *Panama*, and by wh. all Ships bound to *Panama* from the Coast of *Lima*, must of Necessity pass. Accordingly we sailed the 7th; the 8th we took a Ship of 90 Tons, laden with Flour. . . . The 13th we pursued our Voyage to the *King's* Isle, being now two Men of War, and two Tenders, one Fireship, & the Prize: . . . They brought their Ships into a convenient careening place in a good deep Channel enclosed by land, at the North side of *St. Paul's*, one of the *King's* or *Pearl* Islands. "After having cleaned our Barks first, we sent them the 27th to cruise towards *Panama*: They brought us, the Fourth Day after, a Prize, coming from *Lovelias* with Maiz, or *Indian* Corn, Salted Beef and Fowls. . . . Our Ships being well careened . . . we sailed out from among the Isles the 18th . . . and the Next Day cruised in the Chanel toward *Panama*, . . . we anchored directly opposite to *Old Panama*, once a Place of Note in those Parts; but the greatest Part thereof being laid in ashes in 1673. by *Sir Henry Morgan*, it was never rebuilt since. . . . The 20th we anchored within a League of three little rocky Isles, called the *Perico* Islands; and on the 21st took another Prize, laden with Hogs, Beef, Fowls and Salt, from *Lovelias*. The 24th, steered over to the Isle of *Tabago*, in the same Bay six Leagues South of *Panama*: . . . The North Side has a very fine fresh-water Spring, wh falls from the mountains into the Sea. Near it formerly stood a pretty Town, with a fair Church, but the greatest Part has been destroyed by the Privateers.

"We set sail, March the 2d, towards the Gulph of *St. Michael* in quest Captain *Townley*, (who they told us was coming with 180 *English* over the *Isthmus of Darien*)" . . . "Near six Leagues to the South of the entrance of the River of *St. Maria*, the *Spaniards* built, about twenty Years ago, the Town of *St. Maria*, on account of its Nearness to the Gold Mines. Soon after it was taken by Captains *Coxon*, *Harris* and *Sharpe*, but was rebuilt soon after again; for, when Captain *Harris* (the Nephew of the former) took it a second time, he found in it great Store of Wine, iron Pickaxes, and other Instruments the Slaves used in digging the Gold-mines." "Mr. *Harris* got 120 Pounds of Gold there," and one lump as big as a hen's egg he kept by him. . . . "March 3. as we were steering for the Gulph, Captain *Swan* kept near the Continent, as we did nearer to the *King's* Isles, where, at Two of the Clock in the Afternoon, near the Place where we had careened our Ships, we met Captain *Townley*, with his Crew, in two Barks they had taken, one laden with Brandy, Wine, and Sugar, and the other with Flour." . . . Sailing toward Point *Garrachina* in search of fresh water "we took a Vessel laden with Cocoa from *Guiaquil*." . . . April 3d they anchored at *Perico*. "Our Men took a Canoe, with four *Indians*, and a Mulatto; who being found to have been in the same Fireship that was sent out to burn our Ship, was hanged immediately. Captain *Davis* sent his Bark to the Isle of *Oloque*. . . . Here our Men met with a Messenger, sent to *Panama* with an account that the *Lima* fleet was sailed: Most of the Letters had been thrown into the Sea; yet of the remaining Part, we understood that the Fleet was coming under a Convoy, composed of all the Ships of Strength that they had been able to bring together from *Peru*. Being informed that the *King's* Ships always came that Way where we now lay, we sailed the 10th from *Tobago* to the *King's* Isles and the 11th anchored at the Place, where we careened. Here we met with

Captain Harris. . . . The 19th, 250 Men were sent in Canoes to the River *Cheapo*, to surprise the Town of the same Name. . . . The 250 Men . . . returned the 24th having taken the Town without the least Opposition; but found nothing worth mentioning there. In the Way thither, they took a Canoe with armed Men, sent to watch our Motions; but the Men escaped for the most part. The 25th being joined by Captain Harris, we sailed the 26th and arrived at *Tobago* the 28th; and finding ourselves now 1000 strong, it was consulted, whether we should make an Attempt upon *Panama*; but being informed by our Prisoners, that they had received a considerable Reinforcement from *Porto-Bello*, that Design was laid aside. May 4. we sailed again for the *King's Isles*, . . . we sent two Canoes to the Isle of *Chapelio*, to get some Prisoners. They returned the 25th, with three Seamen of *Panama*, who informed us . . . that they expected every Day the Arrival of the Fleet from *Lima*. On the South Side of the Isle of *Pacheque* lie two or three small Isles, and betwixt them a Chanel not above seven Paces wide, and a mile in Length. On the East side of this Chanel we lay at Anchor with our whole Fleet, consisting of ten Sail, but only two Men of War, viz Captain Davis, thirty-six Guns, 156 Men, and Captain Swan, sixteen Guns, 140 Men, the rest being provided only with Small-arms, making in all 960 Men; we had also one Fireship. . . . About eleven o'clock . . . we discovered the *Spanish Fleet* three Leagues West North-west from the Isle of *Pachaque*, standing to the East, we being then at Anchor a League South-east from the Isle, betwixt it and the Continent. About three in the Afternoon we sailed, bearing right down before the Wind upon the *Spaniards*, who kept close on a Wind to come up with us; but Night approaching, we exchanged only a few Shot. As soon as it began to be dark, the *Spanish Admiral* put out a light at his Top as a Signal for the Fleet to come to an Anchor. In half an Hour after, it was taken down again; but appeared soon after as before, wh we supposing to be in the Admiral's Top, kept under Sail, being to the Windward; but found ourselves deceived in our Expectation, by a Stratagem contrived by the *Spaniards*, who, having put this second Light on the Topmast-head of one of their Barks, sent her to the Leeward; so that in the Morning, we found they had got the Weather-gage of us. They came up with full Sail; so we were forced to make a running Fight of it all Day, almost quite round the Bay of *Panama*; for we came to an anchor against the Isle of *Pacheque*. Captain Townley, being hard pressed by the *Spaniards*, was forced to make a bold Run through the before-mentioned Chanel betwixt *Pacheque* and the three adjacent Isles; and Captain Harris was forced away from us during the Fight. Thus our long-projected Design vanished into Smoke. The *Spanish Fleet*, according to the Report of some Prisoners taken afterward by Captain Wright, consisted of fourteen Sail, besides *Periages*, or Boats of twelve or fourteen Oars apiece, among wh were eight Ships of good Force; viz from eight to forty-eight Guns. They were computed to have 3000 Men aboard the whole Fleet, and two Fireships. . . . We do not know their Loss. We had but one Man killed." . . . The English sailed away June 1 in quest of Captain Harris and met with him June 15 at the Isle of *Quibo* or *Cobaya*. "The City of *Leon* was pitched upon as being nearest us" and . . . "meantime 150 men were sent to make themselves Masters of *Puebla Nova*, . . . in hopes of getting some Provisions there. They took the Town with much Difficulty, and returned the 26th; but met with nothing there, except an empty Bark. . . . July 5. Captain Knight came to us" . . . in the bay of *Guiaquil* "he took two Bark-logs with Wine, Oil, Brandy, Sugar, Soap &c." . . . "Two Miles on this Side the City [of *Leon*] is an *Indian Town*, where a pleasant sandy Road leads you to the City, the Houses whereof are Stone, and large, with Gardens about them; but low, and covered with Pantile. It has three Churches and a Cathedral." . . . After "some Opposition" the town was left "to our Peoples Mercy." . . . "The *Spaniards* killed one of our Men, that straggled behind, being very old, and refusing to accept of Quarter, and took one *Smith* Prisoner. Next Day, the Governor sent Word he would Ransom the Town. We demanded 30,000 Pieces of Eight, and Provisions for 100t Men for four Months; wh he not relishing, we set the City on Fire, the 14th, and marched toward our Canoes next Morning. Smith was exchanged for a Gentlewoman. We released another Gentleman upon his Parole to deliver to us 150 Oxen for his Ransom; at *Rio Leja*, the Place we intended to attack next."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

There used to be—and some say it is still extant—an American diversion which an American general and Minister Plenipotentiary embalmed in literature. So far as the Lion remembers, it is the only American game immortalized by the Diplomatic Corps. Maybe it is the only one typical enough to merit this distinction. By taxing his memory, the Lion can remember having seen it played. There were certain circles at Harvard, in early days, which believed themselves to be initiate; and in various clubs of New York, Chicago, and other American vortices, there was a like self-confidence. Doubtless, also, the case is not exceptional of the Harvard man who discovered in Arizona that his Riding of the Goat had ceased too soon. One such, in my Hearing—and this is no exaggeration—thrust a happy fist toward the center of the table, where certain desirable objects were lying, with the serene, if enigmatic, epigram: "Four Aces." But the Rude Person across the table—for this athletic pursuit is (or used to be) followed at tables—answered in an irritating drawl: "No good! I got two deuces, and These"—"These" being a Colt's .44, which for optical reasons that I cannot explain seemed to cover the table and to be Looking for Somebody.

The Senate of the United States is, of course, a peculiarly undergraduate body; and the fact that most of its members have heard of Minister Schenck's Post-Raphaelite Drawing does not seem to have done them any corporate good. And anyone congenitally Freshman has no business with this recreation—nor yet anyone too Deadly Smart.

Now any real Westerner would look just one second between the eyes of the Other Man—which same is just now President of the United States—and then either deposit his "hand" gently upon the table, or else count his aces over again. The Gentle Art of Bluffing is no monopoly of the Tenderfoot Country; but a Westerner doesn't Bluff Stone Walls. He knows enough to reserve this amusement for people that waver in the eyes, and whose Faces Get Away from them.

But the Senate is not Western. It is an aggregation of pompous Tenderfeet, with neither the Eye nor the Hip for a proper

Bluff. It is so freshman in Poker as to look right in the face of its smiling master—and whatever the Constitution says, he *is* master, because more Man and Longer Stayer—and actually thinks to Scare him with its Jacks-Up!

The Senate has employed its inelegant leisure—for which the public pays—in a strut of Doing Nothing. It has particularly attended—if “Attention” may be predicated at all of its universal Glassy Eye—to smothering the two things the President particularly urged, in the name of national honor and common humanity. There is no polite language in which an outdoor person can express the outdoor opinion of a set of people who could frequently encounter such a Man and think to shanghai him so cheaply. The President is no demigod. He is just a Man. Providentially, he chances to come when a Man is the very thing we most need. Four hundred years ago the superstitious high priests of Mexico danced in human pelts put on soft from their sacrificial victims. Today our politicians gyrate in the skins of men—but men's hearts are not in them. The whole nation knows what an advantage it is that we have now, and superior, a Man who Grew in the Skin he Wears.

The Show-Down came. The ace-high bluffers had for their pains the comfort of coming back to their neglected duty and hitching there till they finished it. The Extra Session was no joke. They had to go through the motions of it. Of course it was quite like the Senate to stick a card up its Freshman sleeve, and to hang Reciprocity with Cuba upon ratification by Senate and House concurrent. But if the Senate has not yet learned what Hit it in the Face, it will Learn. It will Have to learn. This particular matter, pledged by McKinley and his contemporary Congress, and by Roosevelt—and by every instinct of American honor—will go through. The American sense demands it, the President is Man enough to Stand for it; and the Senate, better than distinguish itself further as a Small Body of Wind, entirely surrounded by Trusts, might just as well Ratify.

A BEGINNING
OF THE
END.

Since the earlier pages of this magazine were written, welcome news comes that not only have the warrants for purchase of the Pala property for the Warner's Ranch Indians been approved by the Treasury Department, but that the money is at last in the hands of the long-waiting vendors. Thus another coil of the slow length of Red Tape is unwound. Nothing now intervenes but the actual removal.

The chairman of the Commission has been authorized by the Indian Department to assist the Agent in this removal; and is now attempting, in consultation with all the parties interested, to achieve this difficult task with the least possible hardship to the Indians.

There is still, unfortunately, no law of man by which irremediable imbeciles can be estopped from adding to the sorrows and the uncertainty of the Indians, and to the probability of collision when the slow law finally does step in to enforce their actual eviction. One half-baked muddler, signing himself George Larando Lawson, has but now finished writing to a Los Angeles paper articles essentially calculated to make the matter more difficult for the sufferers—and incidentally to earn a dollar or two for himself.

The eviction, when it comes, as it will now very soon come, might be as tragic as the historic cases at Temecula and elsewhere, but for one thing; and that one thing is that the Indians, though easily confused and bedeviled by slobbering "Americans" (who have sprained their scant wits to mix the Indians up), have, within their own better-balanced heads, not only such a respect for Authority as no American community can even comprehend, but a serious amount of that horse-sense which seems to be divinely withheld from volunteer correspondents. All the trouble whatever that has been in this Warner's Ranch case; all the possibility of trouble to come—of hardship or of violence—has been caused solely by the unleavened or irresponsible Americans who have made it difficult for the Indians to know what *was* Authority. Except for this confusing of counsel, they would have removed to the new home at the word of command; not gladly, not willingly, but because they are a people unspoiled enough to Respect the Law. It has been reserved for a class of Americans (whom I would pillory by name, so far as my short voice can reach, if I knew them) not only to increase the agony of this simple people in the loss of their home, by multiplying their doubts, their suspicions and their uncertainties, but actually to imperil their lives. For when, after all its red tape is untangled, the law finally says "Go!" they will go, whether they wish or not; whether or not these dough-minded meddlers have persuaded them to resist. The Supreme Court of the United States has settled the case; and its mandate is going to be enforced, even if wrong; and even if it requires the whole military force of the United States to enforce it. There will be no Red Tape about *that*.

It is believed among those whom the Indians know, and whom they respect as much as they can by this time respect any white person—which naturally is not saying much—that they will go peaceably, like the law-abiding people they are, to the incomparably better home the Government has bought and paid for, and will now improve with far better facilities than the old. There are a few Americans who have given

their time for many months to help these Indians, without a cent of compensation of any sort. There are other Americans who have taken pains to increase the hardship of the Indians—for money, for notoriety, or only because they were natural-born muddlers. In the crisis, the Indians' friends will be there—not only to make it as easy for the Indians as they can, but to share whatever friction the gossip of the irresponsible may have made inevitable. And while this is as yet unofficial, it is pretty safe to presume that the meddlers, the mischief-makers and the vulgar-curious will be chased off the scene of a sorrow that concerns only the mourners and their official guardians. People who haven't enough natural decency to keep away from a funeral to which they are not invited, will probably have to retrace their 60-mile trip a good deal more inconveniently than they made it.

LONG

AND SHORT

SWEETIN'."

Beet sugar and cane sugar, maple sugar and sorghum and honey, and various other saccharine products are considerably employed in this country; but among them all none has as yet so large an output or consumption as the Sweets of Forgetfulness.

The Lion is not an ancient beast, yet he can remember rather distinctly a person by the name of Lincoln, and some slight friction (with which said Lincoln had something to do) between certain sections of this Union concerning, among other things, the evolutionary hue of the human epidermis. He can remember also a time when this man Lincoln, whose first name, unless memory is at fault, was Abraham, had some consideration and praise as an American. It is rumored that he was a Republican, and that he wrote, and made operative, certain peculiar ideas as to human rights. There is a date in American calendars which under pretext of the birthday of this Wayback Gentleman, is more or less maintained as an American holiday—a chief feature of the "celebration" being to use the Dead as a Blackboard for the Orator of the Day to write himself all over.

The last birthday of Abraham Lincoln was observed by a Republican Committee of the Republican Senate in deciding that Lincoln was a fool, and that the Republican party began wrong. It was not a partisan measure aimed at the damnable Democrats. It was no dig at the memory of Andy Johnson nor of Pierce; it was honoring the Emancipator's birthday by slapping in the face also the Emancipator's successor, the present President of the United States, also a Republican; and incidentally the face of every man that fought forty years ago, not just because he "loved a scrap," but because he thought there was, or should be, such a thing as human freedom.

One must often feel that of all countries this is a hard one to guess ; but after all, this is only a country. It is inhabited still, as other countries have been, by mortal human beings ; and in every country, no matter how many fools or tyrants have obstructed its progress, or marked its path with blood, the Law of Gravitation has still held good—and the Law of Gravitation for humanity is the Right. It took a hundred years for the American people to decide that the practice of owning persons—as George Washington himself did—was a mistake ; but they did decide, and they made it legally impossible to record title in flesh and blood. It may take another hundred years for the same country to discover another equally clear lesson in humanity ; but it will discover it. That is just as sure as that there shall be another hundred years, and at its end the country.

Meantime those who can best sympathize with the feeling of decent people in the South—not of the rabble, but of the God-fearing, law-abiding (as they understand law), honorable people from whom the prejudice of race (burned in by personal experience and sorrow) has not yet been eradicated—will be precisely the ones who most honor Roosevelt for his present stand with relation to Collector Crum. The President is a young man ; he is an ambitious man. He knows all the arts of the politician and a good share of the tools of the statesman. Unless he is more than human, he would like to succeed himself ; to have the personal seal of the American people in confirmation of his accidental elevation. As he is not a fool, he knows how he might make this result most probable, barring accidents. But that Roosevelt would Rather be Right than be President, if it comes to a show-down, his action in this matter shows emphatically. For a man with backbone he has been remarkably politic ; for a man in politics he has been a cordillera of backbone ; but when it comes to a question of his own challenged manhood, and when it comes to tearing out the very cornerstone not only of the Republican party now dominant, but of the whole present superstructure of the Republic, he stands immovable as against the politicians—and a great many publications and people that ought to be ashamed of their company in this instance—immovable, and with his back against the wall of human rights.

It may not be pleasant for the people of Charleston to have a Colored Collector. If they owned him and could *send* him to “collect,” it would be all right ; but to have him hold an office that one of the Superior Race might extract the milk of, is naturally hard. It is not easy for the people of Indianola to have a mulatto for postmaster. It would have been good

enough to have her fetch their letters in the old days ; but not now, when the handling of them brings a salary. But our brethren of the South should remember that neither is it agreeable to a majority of the nation to have made a national question this sort of bickering not over a man's character, not over his scholarship, not over his behavior as a citizen ; but over the accidental color of his skin.

There are a good many streaks in the United States just now, for various reasons ; but a thousand to one, the American people will back up an American President who in the first place is man enough to stand up to what he believes, and in the second place is American enough to believe that America is in fact not only the Home of the Brave but the Land of the Free. We took some national pains to see about the Free part ; and the President is right in believing that we Meant it. We are pretty good forgetters ; but we are not quite ready to wave an indifferent hand over a million graves and say : "Oh, well, what's the odds !" It cost something to establish Opportunity for all Men ; and we'll just keep our purchase. It was worth the price.

TO WHOM
IT MAY
CONCERN.

When you have proved by the Census that half the States of the Union would have been kept out of statehood by the rules now attempted to be applied to exclude Arizona and New Mexico ; when you have proved by the Constitution of the United States and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that, even beyond the inherent right of American commonwealths to self-government and home-rule, the two Territories have an added claim upon the national honor, such as no old State ever had when it asked admission ; when you have proved by the official record that these two far Western Territories compare favorably in material progress with the other States at admission (and with many of them even now)—when you have proved all these things, which are provable, the man who needed to have them proved still needs a more primary lesson. He needs to be taken back so far as his A, B, C in the great scientific truth of the Humanity of Man, and shucked of some of his deeper ignorances.

Now the Face of the Opposition to statehood for the two Territories has been "statistical and numerical ;" and I have already shown how childish, how absurd and how ignorant this mask was—and proved it by the census. But the *real* Reason for the Opposition has been Provincialism—partly the provincialism of the Easterner who has never seen the West, and could hardly understand it if he saw ; but still more his secret suspicion of all peoples he does not know. This bigotry has been as a rule very diplomatically concealed, although now and then it has found full vent. But in the Opposition's every movement it has been visible as a determining factor ; and it is as ignorant as their now exploded "facts and figures."

A Westerner doesn't have to be a Mormon in order to laugh at the Tenderfoot terror—shared by one or two better men who

are *not* Tenderfeet—over the Mormons. The people who fear letting in Arizona lest it be “controlled by Mormons” doubtless do not know what Tourists they are. They do not know that one may travel pretty seriously in the Southwest for years and never see one Mormon; and that to find a single Mormon in Arizona the Eastern shiverer would have to make a longer, and more difficult, and more out-of-the-way journey than he probably ever made in his life. And it may further be remarked that he would have to make a longer journey yet, to find a lazy Mormon, or a pauper, or a polygamist. What Mormons there are, in a few little remote communities, have a religion, doubtless, that none of us care to embrace, and that none of us are compelled to; but they are *not* Devouring Goats but industrious farmers, and, anyhow, they weigh as much in the policies of either Territory as a Boston man would in a camp of scouts. To keep an American community out of its rights because in it are a few persons whose religion is disapproved by the majority of the American people, is quite as just as it would be to shut New York State out from participation in national politics because of its incomparable immorality and political prostitution; and perhaps it is not foolish to remark that in any event it is neither American, nor safe, to begin to limit the privileges of citizenship and of freedom by religious standards. One of the things the Constitution was expressly made for was to forbid these idiot bigotries.

The Opposition was smart enough—after the disastrous experience of its sort some years ago with the A. P. A.—to make no open specification against the Catholics in the Territories, who are far more numerous than the Mormons; but this is one of the real grounds of the opposition. It is a new form and application of that un-American and unmanly proscription which had its fair trial in the United States, and was heard to its last gasp, and was condemned by the American people, and buried and damned so deep that even its zealots dare not resurrect or confess it. The American principle is that a man may believe any creed he likes, so long as he really Believes and Lives Up to Something; and that the standard of his usefulness as a citizen is measured, not by his Denomination, but by his personal Character. Certainly, under this standard, the people of the two Territories can afford comparison with those of any Eastern State.

Another phase of the same Tenderfoot intolerance is that which deals with the “illiteracy” of a large class, in New Mexico particularly. Now census statistics are very useful as far as they go, and for people old enough to play with jack-knives—for instance they show the literacy of California to be about double that of the whole nation—but they are not the last word. There have been a great many useful individuals in the world who could neither read nor write; and that is all the census deals with. The semi-educated provincial, too, tends to forget the difference between Instruction and Education. The people of the Territories average much less instructed than those of the better Eastern States; but if I am any judge of what Education is, they average rather better Educated. Edu-

cation is that training, that Drawing Out, which fits a person to his environment and to its possible contingencies. Now I personally know a great many thousand people in the East who not only can read and write, but are miracles of memory and of literature; but if they were taken out ten miles from the railroad in Arizona they would be hopelessly lost. Their learning would dissolve in tears.

You can hardly find a ten-year-old boy among Senator Beveridge's dreadful Illiterates who would not be more of a man, more at home, more self-reliant, more resourceful, less Likely to Cry, if picked up bodily in his sleep, and whirled through Space and dropped down in an unknown desert, than the Senator or half that agree with him. And this has something to do with Education, in any decent sense of the word. As a matter of fact, the very people in whom this inability to read and write so horrifies the Tenderfoot are Educated enough to live happy, decent, honorable and self-reliant lives, which is at least as much as any of their critics do. They know how to take care of themselves and their families. They are Educated enough to be human to strangers. They are the sort of people too well-educated to enter into the follies now cumulative in our civilization. They are trying to learn the useful lessons that modern progress can teach, and they *are* learning—if slowly, as all real learning is inevitably done (for snapshot lessons, or a cramming for examination, never get into the bone). As Lumholtz remarks of the aborigines of Mexico that they are "incomparably better informed as to their flora than even the most cultured classes with us," so it is true generically of these people of New Mexico and Arizona—that is, these native peoples against whom the cry of Illiteracy is raised—that they understand their environment and their relations to their world, and their obligations to it, far better than does the average Eastern community with reference to its relative surrounding.

The trouble with this whole matter is that part of the "educated" jury is trying to pass on Education in a case it knows nothing about; and that is not really an "educated" procedure. It recalls what Max O'Rell said of the Bostonians, that they were "educated in advance of their intelligence;" where of course he should have said "instructed." We go about these things in a way that is certainly not critical. In the first place we decide offhand that strangers are wrong *ex officio*; and when we condescend to make investigation, in a senatorial junket with eyebrows and nose up, we do it condescendingly. But no people were ever discovered from above. We know people only by seeing them face to face, level-eyed; and if the congressional committee could have had the good fortune to be so constituted, and so educated, and so piloted, as to meet the people of the Territories on an equality, doubtless a glimmering of this eternal truth would have reached them.

It may be remarked, furthermore, that these "illiterate" peoples of the Territories are educated enough to have manners and breeding so much superior to that of the average American that there is no easy comparison.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

who succeeded in deluding a king and all his court into pinning their faith to a robe of surpassing beauty which not one of them all could see; and in persuading the trustful monarch to exhibit himself in stately procession, clad in nothing whatever but this unsubstantial garment. Their secret was a simple one, and has since found much favor with craftmen of various sorts—leaders of party machines, by way of example. It lay merely in convincing each one that all the rest could see the fabric and were enchanted with its exquisite beauty, none daring to confess that he alone was lacking in keenness of vision or delicacy of taste. Just the reverse of this has been quite too commonly the habit of Mr. Henry James. The gorgeous fabric has been there right enough, woven and cut with marvelous dexterity, but the body which it seemed to cover has wontedly been nothing at all worth mentioning, or worse—something altogether unfit for mention. But among the eleven stories included in *The Better Sort*, just published, are some of a radically different type. Lacking no whit of subtle intricacy of thought or intimate fitting of phrase to idea, there is a breadth and a vitality withal to which Mr. James has not of late accustomed his readers. And only a couple of them leave a distinctly unpleasant after-taste in the mouth.

The one which reaches farthest—indeed, the only one even of this lot which may fairly be called generic—is *The Birthplace*. The story is of an utterly sincere and devoted disciple of "the supreme poet," who gains, by almost unbelievable good-fortune, the appointment as custodian of "his early home. . . . the Mecca of the English-speaking race." His duty is chiefly to feed the eagerness of adoring pilgrims from afar with minute details concerning the Sacred Presence which had long ago sanctified the place once and for all—here He Ate, there He Slept, just about at this spot He Was Born. But presently questions begin to arise in his mind as to the validity of the tradition which he is retailing—for a salary. This grows into a conviction that it has mostly been invented, and for commercial purposes. It becomes almost impossible for him to continue to tell what his audiences expect to hear—but he knows now no other way to earn a living—and there is his wife! So, after mighty struggling, he strangles conscience and critical sense together, and even gains a renewed unction of utterance that doubles his salary.

Of course, there never was a Mr. Gedge, at Stratford-on-Avon, to wear this robe of Mr. James's spinning—but what a host of professional expounders at various shrines, political, economic, literary, and even religious, it fits with precision and in very fact! And, of course, it does not follow that Mr. James will continue to put blood and meat into his stories—but if he only would! Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

ANSWERING
HIS OWN
QUESTION.

Six lectures, delivered at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for Columbia University, by John C. Van Dyke, are now published under the title of *The Meaning of Pictures*. Their purpose is to point out the different ways of seeing and judging the work of the artist, the standpoints of different schools being considered as well as that of the viewing public. The author sums up the lectures in his concluding paragraph, by stating their chief burden to be "Raising ourselves above prejudice"—in other words to listen to the special pleas of each school and accept them all at their true value, but no one to the exclusion of others. The doctrine advanced by Prof. Van Dyke is a broad and tolerant one, and he maintains it in a way to entertain and instruct as well as to carry conviction. Yet sometimes—rarely to be sure—he allows the zest of the argument to carry him upon ground that is more than doubtful. For example, he is making the point that while a picture is better for having a meaning, it need not necessarily draw a moral or tell a story. After the very obvious statements that many noble ideas can be better expressed in literature than in painting, and that there is no excuse for telling badly in one way what can be well told in another, he proceeds:

Why waste effort in cutting glass when you can blow it? Why chisel curtains in marble when you can weave them in cloth? . . . And why describe landscapes in writing when you can do it so much better in painting?

Now a review paragraph is no place in which to take even the first steps toward a discussion of the hows and whys of the various methods by which it has been permitted that truth and beauty may be communicated. Certainly every noble idea is entitled to expression in every way in which it can be well expressed; and that form of expression is best, at any given time, and for any particular audience, which at that time and to that audience conveys the thought most thoroughly. It is impossible to believe that Prof. Van Dyke does not count the splendor of finely cut glass worth the cost of the cutting, nor that he counts the time and loving skill and inspired labor that went to the carving of the stone curtains of the Alhambra, or the embroidering of the Taj Mahal, as wasted, or possibly better employed at the weaving of silken tapestries or woollen rugs. And curiously enough this very questioner has answered the last of his own questions quoted above, in his recent book, *The Desert*. Some master of the brush may one day catch the vision of the desert as Prof. Van Dyke has caught it, and—with a lifetime of labor and a gallery full of pictures—convey so much of the truth about it as he has done. But that genius has not yet appeared. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

SCIENCE
THAT IS
NOT DRY.

Thoroughly scientific in both method and manner, and as accurate and complete as painstaking labor, with the assistance and criticism of some of the best ornithologists in the country could make it, Florence Merriam Bailey's *Handbook of Birds of the Western United States* takes its place at once as the standard authority within its field. There are introductory chapters on collecting and preparing birds, nests and eggs (by Vernon Bailey); on bird protection (by Theodore S. Palmer); on migration, life-zones, economic ornithology, and kindred subjects; local bird lists; a satisfactory list of books of reference; and a color key to assist beginners in their identifications. In most cases, the technical description of the bird is followed by a brief biographical paragraph, invariably terse and full of interest, and there are over six hundred cuts, besides the thirty-three full-page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. In brief the book is as nearly indispensable as any book may be, to bird-students of whatever degree. The habit of sound and scholarly work is deep-rooted and of long standing in the families to which Mrs. Bailey has been elected by birth and

marriage, and this volume adds materially to the weight of evidence of that fact. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$3.50 *net*.

To say of such a book as A. C. Laut's *Story of the Trapper* that it was "as interesting as a romance," would be very small praise indeed. It is, indeed, the condensed extract of Romance—the summing up of hundreds of lives which, for their combination of daring adventure with sober usefulness, have not often been matched in history. The day of the trapper as a maker of history—as a scout far in advance of the skirmish line of civilization—is past, nor can it ever return. But its record, incomplete as it is, and must remain, will stir the blood of mankind so long as red blood persists in its veins. For Miss Laut's book no better word is needed than that it may take its place unabashed with Hough's *Story of the Cowboy*, Grinnell's *Story of the Indian*, Shinn's *Story of the Mine*, and the others which have gone to make up the "Story of the West" series. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

MEN WHO
HAD ROOM
ENOUGH.

The struggle between Stryne, orator of the sand-lots, and Ruspoli, cousin to King Humbert, for the hand of a spoiled San Francisco beauty, queen of the Nob Hill set, furnishes Mrs. Fremont Older with the argument for a melodramatic novel, *The Socialist and the Prince*, which is strong enough to win the suffrage of the most seasoned gallery-god. The publishers state that they were the first to whom the manuscript was offered, and that Gertrude Atherton has endorsed their judgment with the really delicious phrase that the book "is full of popularity." They also give assurance that the author "speaks fluently German, French and Italian, and reads Greek and Latin at sight." It is a pleasure to offer such confirmation of this statement as has been gathered by collating from the pages of the book no less than twenty-nine separate and distinct evidences of varied linguistic attainment, ranging from "*Dio mio!*" and "*Buona notte!*" to "*Vraiment?*" and "*Tiens!*"—and even so far as "*Padre.*" Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE
PROOF OF
SCHOLARSHIP.

Carl Hilty, for almost thirty years Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Bern, and author of a number of scholarly books on subjects within his special field, has put his interpretations of life, its meaning, value and purpose, into a series of tonic and stimulating essays. Seven of them, translated by Francis G. Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard, are now published in English under the title *Happiness*. Closely logical, unevasive, pungent and undecorated, they are nobly devout and sincere. Professor Hilty regards dogmatic theology and speculative philosophy as equally worthless for staff or compass on the Way of Life. He holds a firm faith in the moral order of the world to be the first and most essential condition of true happiness, and work done in that faith the second. The book may be recommended without reserve. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25 *net*.

A LAWYER
ON
MORALS.

Gertrude Atherton's *A Few of Hamilton's Letters* includes, besides a judicious selection from the voluminous correspondence of that great and many-sided statesman, a copy of the letter describing a West Indian hurricane which led directly to his coming to America, and newly discovered facts which appear to clear up whatever doubt existed concerning his parentage. Mrs. Atherton's comments on the fact that none of her hero's love letters to or from any woman except his wife have ever been discovered seem to express both surprise and grief. She is certain that his "annual receipts must have been heavy;" and can only conclude that his honor and

THOSE
MISSING
LOVE LETTERS.

wariness led him to destroy promptly all he received, while his thorough appreciation of his weakness for woman made him very careful of himself on paper. Another of her interesting conclusions is that "probably no reviewer living has any enthusiasm left in him." This seems unkind while the loud acclaim with which *The Conqueror* was greeted is still echoing in her publishers' advertisements. And, as I recall it, some at least of the reviewers who could not wholly approve that work showed no lack of enthusiasm in "slating" it. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

SOME

CURIOUS

OVERSIGHTS.

One may well admire the patient and careful industry which has gone to the making of Ernest A. Baker's *Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction*, even while wondering why it was not applied to better purposes. The intention was to give a reasonably complete list of all English fiction (including translations) "which the ordinary reader is apt to care about," with a brief descriptive comment in each case. About 4,500 titles are covered, and there are careful and complete indexes and a historical appendix. It was not to be expected that such a list should be exhaustive, but there are omissions among the American authors that are surprising. Capt. Charles King, Jack London, Josephine Daskam, Charles Major, Edward Townsend, H. H. Boyesen, Cy Warman, Stanley Waterloo, Pauline Bradford Mackie—certainly each of these should have been represented by at least one title, and many others, well entitled, have been overlooked. H. C. Bunner is named, but not his *Short Sixes*; Owen Wiater, but not *The Virginian*; and Robert W. Chambers, but not *The King in Yellow*. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

A BARGAIN

AT THE

There is a distinct vein of cynicism running through Edith Wyatt's *True Love*, but it is ladylike and not unduly mordant. PRICE. The heroine is unusual, for the very reason that she is "an entirely normal and usual girl, without remarkable fortune, talents, beauty, or degree." It takes her three years to learn "all the huge and painful difference between a superficial man and a genuine one"—time well invested for any usual girl, if she can really learn it all. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The keynote of the three stories of seafaring men by Joseph Conrad, published under the title of the first of them, *Youth*, can be best indicated by a quotation:

"The East looked at them without a sound. I have known its fascinations since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues and overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength."

There can be no question about the skill, power and knowledge displayed in the tales; but from their tragedy, heightened by the bitterly cynical humor which pervades them, glimmers no ray of helpfulness or hopefulness. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Edward W. Townsend draws a very unflattering picture of conditions surrounding work in a New York "yellow" newspaper, in *Lees and Leaven*, and seems to intend that some actual editors and proprietors shall be recognized and recognize themselves. Their doings, however, are only incidental to the main course of the story, the chief value of which lies in its exploration of certain devious ways of human character. But it is a very readable story besides. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Each of Sewell Ford's *Horses Nine* has a story to himself—and an excellent good one. One of them served in the New York fire department, another on the mounted squad of the police force, a third at hauling heavy trucks through the crowded streets, and so on. In each case the story is told, as near as may be, from the horse's point of view. The illustrations are by Frederic Dorr Steele, and our own L. Maynard Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

The young clergyman who is the leading figure in Elsworth Lawson's *From the Unvarying Star*, is really a fine fellow, earnest, fearless, well provided with common sense, and capable of the utmost self-sacrifice. The devices of the enemy do not prevail against him, though his future seems cloudy more than once, and the epilogue shows the barometer fixed at "Set Fair." The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

In his book on *Forgery, Its Detection and Illustration*, Daniel T. Ames proves to the satisfaction of any reasonable mind—as he has already proved in hundreds of specific cases to judges and jurors—that a genuine expert in handwriting need not guess, but may know, in most cases with a very high degree of certainty. Mr. Ames is the Dean of his profession, and no one can speak with higher authority in any matter connected with it. His book is not only indispensable to lawyers and of the greatest value to anyone whose occupation requires him to pass on the identity of handwriting—it will interest most readers who read for value rather than for idleness. Published by the author, 22 Post street, San Francisco. \$3 in sheep; \$2.50 in cloth.

Appleton's "Series of Historic Lives" is introduced exceedingly well by two volumes from Reuben G. Thwaites, the scholarly secretary of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. The material for *Father Marquette* has been largely drawn from the rich storehouse of the "Jesuit Relations"—the editing of which had already put every historical student permanently into Mr. Thwaites's debt. For *Daniel Boone*, a great wealth of material gathered by the late Dr. Lyman Copeland Draper was available, and has been discriminatingly used. The illustrations in each volume are of unusual interest. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1 each, net.

It was well to issue a new edition of an almost forgotten book, *A Week in a French Country House*, if only to revive for this generation the memory of its beautiful and gifted author, Adelaide Kemble—whose seven years of golden success as prima donna in grand opera were followed by almost forty more as loyal wife of an English gentleman (Mr. Sartoris), as gracious hostess, and as dear and trusted friend of such men as Browning, Liszt and Lord Leighton. The present book has a good portrait, two illustrations by Lord Leighton, and a charming preface by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Whoever believes that the Roman Catholic priesthood is a sort of pirate's cave, the habitual abiding-place of greed and lust and falsehood, will count Zola's final novel *Truth*, well named. But I have never met a man who knew even one priest well who did believe it. The story is powerful, if somewhat tediously drawn out. But it seems to give proof, if any were needed, that the flavor of foulness was good in Zola's mouth for its own sake. The plot follows very closely in most respects the Dreyfus case, but the crime on which it is based is one that may not be named. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

The Lighted Taper is the story of a young gentleman who succeeds in spending four years at Harvard and three at the Hartford Theological Seminary without ever reading a novel or entering a theatre, and in remaining quite unscarred by the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Nevertheless, a church calls him to instruct its members as to the laws of life and its significance, and simultaneously he discovers that there is at least one beautiful and desirable young woman in the world. Thereupon—and thereafter—things happen to him. Botolph Book Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Washington's Road—that one of the three highways leading from Cumberland on the Potomac across the Alleghanies to Pittsburg on the Ohio, which follows the old Indian trail once known as Nemacolin's Path—is the standpoint from which Archer Butler Hulbert views our first President and his times. He counts it not the least of Washington's claims to greatness that he saw the importance of the West to the nation and led the way in securing it. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

The "leading juvenile" in Mrs. Wilfred Ward's *The Light Behind* was educated for the Catholic priesthood, but chose instead the Bar, Poetry and English Politics. He was assisted in his struggle upward by a great lady, unhappily married, with whom he later fell in love. The resulting situation is finely handled by the author, and the story is well above the average. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

In *A Wanderer's Legend*, Maxwell Somerville, Professor of Glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania, brings the Wandering Jew before the ecclesiastical conclave at Nuremberg, in 1529, and has him entertain and instruct that reverend body during many days with a relation of his

travels. It contains a large and scrappy assortment of information. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Margaret Doyle Jackson's *Daughter of the Pit* is an interesting study of life in a manufacturing and coal-mining town of England. Its sombreness is relieved by the arrival of the Fairy Prince, disguised as the young American inventor of a coal-cutting machine. In due course he wins and rewards his Cinderella—a collier's daughter who is serving as "pupil-teacher" under a harsh mistress. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The Story of Siena falls nothing short of the high standard already established for the "Series of Mediæval Towns." Edmund G. Gardner has well carried out his intention to make of the book not only a history, but a guide-book to "that most fascinating of Tuscan cities and its neighborhood." The illustrations are notably good and well selected. J. M. Dent & Co., London; the Macmillan Co., New York. \$3 net.

The characters in Arnold Bennett's *Anna of the Five Towns* are well drawn and worth getting acquainted with, and the story is wholesome in spite of its bankruptcy and two suicides. The scene is a pottery-manufacturing neighborhood in England, and the centre of the stage is generally held by the daughter of a wealthy miser, who is prominent in the affairs of the Wesleyan church. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

As to Robert V. Carr's *Black Hills Ballads*, it may be said that some of the verses in the "vernacular" are very well worth the while. The attempts at more formal English are on the whole distinctly less successful. The true poet may doubtless claim some license, but is hardly entitled to such phrases as "I have sang," and "they doth." The Reed Publishing Co., Denver.

A strong and original note sounds through *The Morning Road*—a book of verses by Thos. Wood Stevens and Alden Chas. Noble. One of the best of the poems, *Arizona*, was published in this magazine some months ago. It is a beautifully made little book, too. The edition is limited to 200 copies on Japan paper and 15 on vellum. The Blue Sky Press, Chicago. \$1.50, paper; \$5, vellum.

Two such sparkling stories as *The Turquoise Cup* and *The Desert*, by Arthur Cosslett Smith, may be allowed to stretch somewhat the probabilities without serious challenge. Both tell of the winning of a maid by a man, the scene of one being Venice, of the other the Sahara Desert. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Shan F. Bullock adds another to his beautifully simple, delicate and sympathetic studies of life on "the Ould Sod" with *The Squireen*. His touch is uniformly sure and light, and he has thoroughly learned the art of interesting without trick or sensation. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Sudermann's *Es Lebe Das Leben* has been brilliantly translated into English by Edith Wharton. It is a powerful and pitiless study of a long-deferred payment for the defiant joy of years before. As usual, more people had to pay than shared the joy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25 net.

Christian Binkley has qualified himself clearly as both singer and thinker, with his *House of Days*. His range of subject is rather wider than common, and his note is usually both musical and unstrained. My personal preference is for the word-pictures with which the volume opens. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.25 net.

The series of Pocket American and English Classics continues to grow in length and usefulness. Its latest increment is a selection from Wordsworth's shorter poems, with the customary critical biography, bibliography and notes. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents.

With Field and Riley for models, Alfred James Waterhouse has produced some *Lays for Little Chaps* which please the youngsters on whom I have tried them. Which is competent evidence that they will entertain others likewise. New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. \$1 net.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

PROSPERITY AND DISCONTENT.

A RECENT editorial in this department noted the striking contrast of our times. This is the fact that on one hand there is every evidence of great material prosperity, and, on the other hand, deep-seated and widespread social discontent. The time is past when any one questions the genuineness of the prosperity. No one longer pretends to say that the matter is exaggerated for partisan effect. Taking the nation as a whole, we are doing more business and making more money than ever before. Bank statements, trade reports and statistics of railroad traffic furnish abundant evidence of this fact, even if it were not obvious enough upon the face of the situation. It is not equally easy to get precise facts about the extent and nature of existing social discontent. Nevertheless, it is palpably with us, and is attracting very great attention throughout the United States. What we have needed is some big-minded, tolerant soul, with a head for facts and social tendencies, yet with a heart to feel the needs and aspirations of the common man, to furnish us with a readable and reliable account of existing discontent. Somebody has now done this very thing. It is John Graham Brooks, well known as a writer and lecturer on economic subjects at Harvard and other educational institutions. He has written a book which covers the field completely and brings the subject up to date. Its title, *The Social Unrest*,* expresses its scope and purpose.

The author has done his work in the only way that could make it worth while. Instead of immersing himself in statistics and official reports he has gone out and studied his subject at first hand. He has talked with the men who do the real work of the world—with the captains and with the rank and file. He has gone repeatedly to the mines and shops, to banking parlors and to the offices of great corporations. And he has gone with note-book in hand to record the opinions of those who know most about the object of his study.

* Published by The Macmillan Co., New York and London.

The result is a book which ought to be known to all who have the slightest interest in the economic future of the country.

The author performs a good service in directing our attention to the fact that the present social unrest is no greater than that which has prevailed at other periods in our history. He goes back to the beginning of Berkeley's reign (1661) and to Bacon's Rebellion to show that discontent has often been abroad in the land, and that some of the wisest and most patriotic minds have at various times given utterance to the gloomiest predictions. The ten years preceding the Revolution, and the ten years immediately following, were decades marked by the utmost anxiety on the part of thoughtful citizens. Hear Josiah Quincy saying, for instance, "Jefferson is a transparent fraud, and the nation is hastening to a fatal crisis." Whatever President has occupied the White House at a time when economic questions were acute, some person of weight and distinction has denounced him with the utmost sincerity as "a transparent fraud." This was the case with Jackson and with Lincoln, as it has been with many of their successors, and will be with those who are yet to come. And men say now, as Josiah Quincy did, that "the nation is hastening to a fatal crisis." Mr. Brooks does well to impress the fact upon us that social unrest has been the heritage of every generation, and that we have somehow survived all the calamities which our fathers foresaw. This matter is not referred to here for the purpose of making light of our present problems. They are indeed momentous, and cry aloud for solution. But it is well for us to have faith—to believe that the Americans of today and of tomorrow will be as completely equal to their duties and responsibilities as were the Americans of yesterday and the day before.

Probably the greatest factor in creating social unrest at this time is the labor union. To this subject Mr. Brooks gives what is perhaps the fairest discussion it has ever received at the hands of any writer. He clearly sees that the labor union, with all its blunders, is a force making for higher civilization. The demand for less work and more wages is simply a strenuous prayer for a better standard of living on the part of the masses of the people. It means better education, more comfort, and ampler provision for the needs of old age. Mr. Brooks believes that the employer must accept this proposition fully and frankly. He must deal with his men as an organized unit. He will have to concede that they have something to say about "running the business." In other words, modern conditions have changed the relations between employer and employe to a certain extent. It is no longer simply a question of master and man, but a

question of one great organization making terms with another great organization for the conduct of a business in which they have a somewhat mutual interest. On the other hand, the author clearly perceives the mistakes so often committed by the labor unions. He says it is a grave error for them to oppose the introduction of new machinery or to attempt to limit the output of industries. These matters are governed by forces entirely beyond the control of the unions. Both labor and capital must adjust themselves to new and inexorable conditions as they arise. Mr. Brooks also believes the sympathetic strike and the boycott are mistakes, as generally used. At least, he says they have been employed far too freely and without sufficient justification. As a whole, he regards the laborer's cause as a just one, and believes that the strike is a proper weapon if not accompanied by violence. The book is enriched throughout with quotations from the author's conversations with important men on both sides of the labor question. While some of the views expressed are old-fashioned, not to say archaic, many of them tend to show that the leaders of the contending forces are approaching agreement on the larger aspects of the matters at issue. Suppose organized labor and organized capital finally come together by forming a combination against the rest of the community, what will then happen to the poor consumer and to the unfortunate capitalist and workman who are not "organized?" This is a question which the author does not touch upon. It is clear from the pages of this book that we have made more progress than most of us realize toward the final settlement of labor questions.

What is the political effect of the strikes, lockouts and boycotts which have filled the columns of the newspapers during the past few years and of the agitation for radical reforms which have grown out of so much disturbance? This leads us to an intensely interesting feature of the book under review.

In all his studies of the labor question, alike in Europe and America, Mr. Brooks has constantly crossed the trail of a new party. This, of course, is the party of Socialism. The author finds it everywhere a vigorous and growing factor in the politics of the world. Personally, he favors the extension of municipal ownership of public utilities, but is by no means friendly to the Socialist program as a whole. He regards it as something to be feared and avoided. But he believes it must come, unless very great concessions are made to organized labor. The essential element in the new doctrine is a demand for equal opportunities in the race of life. Every denial of a just request on the part of a trades union is a contribution to the growth of Socialism.

Every employer who has "nothing to arbitrate" is a powerful apostle of the new propaganda. Every unsuccessful strike drives more workingmen to the ballot-box with the Socialist ticket in their hands. If labor unionism is a failure, or if it does not obtain results fast enough, Socialism will surely come if the votes of workingmen can bring it. This is a most interesting view of the case. Practically, it is saying to the large employers of labor:

"We know you have been insisting that you must run your own business in your own way; that you would work your men reasonable hours and pay them good wages, but that they could not be consulted as an organized body having something like partnership rights in the concern. Now, you must choose between granting these demands, thus adjusting yourselves to the changed conditions of industry, and stepping down and out to make way for Socialism. Which shall it be? It is up to you."

It is hardly to be expected that many employers are ready as yet to admit that they must answer such a question. But here stands the labor union, so widely organized and so completely federated that a grievance in California brings forth a boycott which is made effective in Maine. And in its hand, to be used as a last resort, is the ballot which makes and unmakes presidents and congresses, courts and constitutions. There is, to say the least, something worth thinking about in the view which Mr. Brooks presents for our consideration.

No part of his discussion is more interesting than his study of the actual working of Socialism where its friends have gone into power in certain European cities and towns. He finds that practical Socialism is a distinct modification of the theoretical doctrines taught by its great writers and thinkers. For one thing, the systematic attack on religion has been largely abandoned. It seems now to be admitted that Christianity and Socialism are by no means irreconcilable. For another thing, the demand for absolute equality in the matter of income and possession, has been greatly modified. What is now demanded is that every child born into the world shall have an equal opportunity to realize his or her best possibilities. It is also conceded that common ownership of land cannot be enforced to the fullest extent with the best advantage to society. Individual proprietorship of small farms is admissible. The same concession is extended to certain classes of industry. Most encouraging of all, European Socialists are willing to coöperate with other forces, and to make progress step by step, instead of demanding complete revolution or nothing. They no longer

teach that bloodshed is the only way to progress, but now rely chiefly on education and the ballot. Mr. Brooks has packed so many facts and ideas between his two covers that it is quite impossible to give more than a suggestion of the ground covered by the book.

The reader will be interested to know what this thoughtful author regards as the probable outcome of the present unrest. He looks for a very wide development of coöperation. He thinks capitalist and laborer will become more and more like partners, sharing the profits of their mutual labors. He expects to see the harsher conditions of employment gradually ameliorated and the standard of living constantly raised. The closing paragraph of his book is as follows :

To work slowly and painfully toward this end is a possibility that need not be deferred. The sacrifices that it requires are the surrender of many things that are now our vexation and our curse. Some abandonment there would have to be of a stiff and contemptible class pride ; much yielding of domineering temper ; some shattering of idols where doting worshippers pay homage to the meanest symbols of social inequality. We shall survive even these deprivations. They are losses which make no man poorer, but rather add to the riches of us all.

There is but one particular in which this splendid book is inadequate. This is its utter neglect of that vast empire which, more than all other factors combined, will contribute to the relief and final satisfaction of the deep causes of social unrest—Arid America. We may yet have to enact a law providing that no author shall be permitted to publish a book dealing with economic problems until he can show a certificate to the effect that he has traveled west of Buffalo ! To discuss the social unrest, and the methods by which it can be appeased, without paying the slightest attention to the fact that we are going to make homes for a hundred million people in a land now silent and vacant—that we have many another Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois waiting to be conquered from the wilderness—is like writing of a terrible financial stringency when uncounted bags of gold are lying unused on the other side of the street. This nation is in the infancy of its development. Its people will be busier and happier in the future than they have ever been in the past, and, in the process of subduing the neglected half of the continent, they will raise the level of civilization to an altitude of which they have as yet scarcely dared to dream.

WM. E. SMYTHE.



CONQUERING ALKALI LANDS.

RESULTS OF SUGAR BEET CULTURE ON UTAH DESERTS.

By HENRY C. MYERS, Ph. D.

[What is to be the fate of the vast area of alkali lands throughout the arid portions of the United States? This is a question of the highest economic importance, and it may only be answered upon scientific authority and after thorough and patient investigation. Such an investigation has been made on the desert lands of Western Utah which form a part of the Great Basin. This Basin, which includes portions of Idaho, Montana, Oregon, and California, as well as of Utah, has a total area of 210,000 square miles. Much of it is impregnated with alkali and must be reclaimed as well as irrigated in order to be of any value for agricultural purposes.

The author of the following paper has made an extensive study of the

VIRGIN ALKALI SOIL.

Mountain water is inaccessible, and cultivation has never been attempted.

problem of conquering these alkali lands, and has met with results which are encouraging in the highest degree. He tells the story of his experiments in this article, giving the precise results of his work. He reaches the important conclusion that "the sugar beet thrives where common crops fail absolutely, and besides being a most profitable crop, it removes alkali from the soil year by year, thereby making ordinary crops possible."

—W E S]

ARID SOILS AND THEIR EXTENT.

ALL virgin soils result from the gradual disintegration of rock formations, due largely to unequal expansion and contraction of unlike constituent parts during heating and cooling and the action of winds and rains upon such broken parts. Where there is heavy rainfall, the soluble portions are dissolved, in part at least, and eventually carried to the sea. Where the rainfall is slight, the soil retains largely these solu-

ble portions. Arid, or alkali soils, then, contain the constituents of sea water as well as the essential plant foods which would be carried away either in solution or suspension by heavy rains. Such soils are excessively rich in plant food, but unfortunately contain also three salts which characterize all alkali regions the world over, and render such soils largely corrosive and obnoxious to vegetation in spite of plant food present. These three undesirables are common salt, sodium sulphate or "Glauber salt," and sodium carbonate or "Sal-soda."

The reclaiming of arid regions means largely the getting rid of these obnoxious constituents; the method of so doing

LOWER PORTION FIELD No. 1, SHOWING WHITE ALKALI
Even "weeds" refuse to grow here.

being determined only on careful chemical and physical analysis of the soil to a given depth, the general location and elevation of lands under consideration, and the analysis of available waters at hand. Excessive irrigation or flooding would carry away the real plant food as well as the undesirable portions, even when properly conducted. Many plants, either native or introduced, take up alkali during growth, but must be removed without profit or fed to cattle, in which case profit is indirect or impossible.

In this paper I have attempted to show the effect of sugar-beet culture upon virgin alkali soil, where cultivation has never been attempted. I selected that portion of land in West Weber, Utah, which has the reputation of being the "worst belt of

land between Ogden and Great Salt Lake," and did so because this strip is entirely away from streams and ditches, and had no visible means of irrigation (see photograph No. 1.)

The first step towards reclamation consisted then in the boring of artesian wells to various depths in order to determine which flow would be most desirable considering both volume and composition.

WATERS.

The soluble material found dissolved in waters is of course regulated by the nature of the soil and formation with which the waters come in contact and from which water dissolves its

FIELD NO. 1 AFTER BORING ARTESIAN WELL.
The crude reservoir is fed by a single well.

so-called "total solids." Hence nature provides us with waters ranging from about three grains of dissolved material per gallon to two thousand grains per gallon. The nature of the dissolved material must decide the value of waters for irrigation. A water containing so much as twenty grains of common salt or sal soda would be unfit, while a much larger amount of Glauber salt would be allowable—even as high as seventy-five grains per gallon. A water rich in these undesirable salts would on evaporation deposit the same, and eventually ruin even the most fertile soils. Ordinarily, waters containing not over forty grains per gallon of mixed salts are allowable for irrigation and drinking purposes.

In reclaiming the lands under consideration three wells were drilled with results as follows :

	Depth in feet	Grains per gallon
No. 1	75	26
No. 2	135	19
No. 3	285	25

All three wells proved to be quite low in dissolved material. The deepest well was used almost entirely, on account of its heavy flow, being occasionally assisted by No. 2, which proved to be of unusual purity besides being rich in nitrates. The presence of nitrates was a great advantage, and made it possible to add a valuable plant food to the soil by means of irrigation.

BEST CROP ON FIELD No. 1.

The irrigation ditch is fed from the reservoir shown on opposite page. The beets stand knee high.

ANALYSIS OF THE SOIL BEFORE RECLAIMING.

Samples of soil for analysis were collected at depths of one and two feet, the second foot being "hard pan." An acre of this soil to a depth of one foot was found to contain only 808 pounds of alkali, while the lower acre-foot contained 5,600 pounds of alkali.

After the soil had been broken, and irrigation started, two patches of sugar beets of the "Klein Wanzlebener" variety were sown, and during maturity were tested for sugar as follows :

PATCH NO. 1.			PATCH NO. 2.		
Date	Sugar in juice	Purity	Date	Sugar in juice	Purity
Sept. 5	14.3	85.2	Sept. 5	13.7	82.0
Sept. 13	14.8	81.3	Sept. 13	14.1	84.9
			Oct. 17	16.8	82.3

Patch No. 1 was treated with a limited supply of water in hopes of carrying the alkali down to below the beet roots and preventing it rising largely to the surface; no method of draining the soil being employed.

Patch No. 2 was treated with running water most of the time; the water finding outlet through ditches (see photo No. 4.)

As regards appearance of crops, the latter was more promising, the beets standing knee-high over the entire six acres. Analyses of both patches were made on September 13, and one-half of each beet retained and air dried for tests of mineral salts made on the following February as follows: Beets of Patch No. 1 had removed 188 pounds of alkali salts per acre, while Patch No. 2 had removed 102 pounds.

The "tops" belonging to the individual beets selected from Patch No. 1 and above tested were also air dried, and the alkali determined similarly. In "topping" sugar beets, both the leaves and that part of the beet above ground are removed in the field and returned to the soil. These tops it was found had removed 134 pounds of alkali from each acre of ground.

SOIL ANALYSIS AFTER MATURITY OF CROP.

In order to study the effects of the two methods of irrigation employed, soil samples were collected from each patch after maturity of the crop. Each sample was taken from the surface foot, which would naturally contain the alkali with which the beet is in direct contact. In Patch No. 1, in which case irrigation water was retained in the soil after having dissolved much of the soil alkali, the pounds per acre-foot were 1,880.

In Patch No. 2, in which case drainage was possible and much alkali removed, the pounds per acre-foot were but 376. The two experiments illustrate an extremely important point in agriculture, aside from beet culture; for it is *not* true that "all that our arid regions need is water." Knowledge and water must go hand-in-hand to the task of reclamation. It is just as possible to ruin good land by means of water as to reclaim poor land.

In one case the pounds per acre-foot was *raised* from 808 to 1,880. Alkali had been drawn from the second soil foot and carried to the surface. This "rising of the alkali" occurred during maturity of the crop when irrigation ceased. In the second case the pounds per acre-foot had been *lowered* from 808 to 376. Running water conducted away by ditches had removed alkali aside from the amount carried to the sugar factory by the beet crop itself. These soil changes mean the difference between failure or success in the growing of most crops. The response of the beet crop to these soil conditions is well shown by the purity per cent, which is the relation of the sugar to other dis-

solved material in the beet juice, mostly alkali. In Patch No. 1 the purity was 81.3 and in Patch No. 2 it was 84.9.

POSSIBILITIES OF ARTESIAN WATERS.

Artesian waters of desirable composition are possible for the entire stretch of land from Ogden to Great Salt Lake; and, fortunately, the further these lands are from the mountains, and a possible supply from that source, the better the water. The averages of many analyses of wells, ranging from 75 to 285 feet in depth, passing from the mountains toward the lake, are 39 grains per gallon for Wilson, 23 for West Weber, and 17 for Hooper, which lies just above the mud flats of Great Salt Lake.

TOLERANCE OF ALKALI BY CROPS.

The amounts of alkali salts tolerated by various cultures are still largely matters of experiment. The difficulty is that so much depends upon the mechanical condition of the soil aside from the composition. The sugar beet seems to accept what it is given in the way of plant food, and to produce more than the required amount of sugar in spite of amounts of alkali corrosive to common crops.

Prof. R. H. Loughridge, of the University of California Experiment Station, in a publication on Tolerance of Alkali (Bulletin 133) shows the results of extensive experiments carried on in California. An approximate estimate of the conditions in other parts can be gotten possibly by a comparison of analyses of soil, remembering that much depends upon physical conditions. The hard pan, in the first analysis, is almost free from clay, breaks up quite readily on addition of water, and with a little care should allow of the penetration of the deeper roots of fruit trees eventually, i. e., after alkali has been removed sufficiently for their tolerance. Arid lands situated upon knolls and high ridges are of course much more free of alkali, and upon such exceptional spots fruit trees and common crops are often possible. But on comparison with experimental results in California, I am led to believe that for the larger arid area the beet crop is the only profitable one for some years to come.

WEEDS AS INDICATORS OF ALKALI.

The various weeds growing profusely and seeming to thrive upon alkali soil are true indicators of the nature of such soils. The classification of such weeds and their relation to the soil composition is of extreme importance, for it enables the trained eye to judge at a glance of the nature of the soil. The "Tussock-grass," for example, of Utah, Nevada, Nebraska, Kansas, and California indicates that the soil is rich in sal-soda, to a degree making fruit trees, and even alfalfa, corn and wheat impossible. If properly irrigated, however, such lands would grow sugar beets. In Bulletin No. 128, Hilgard points out that the

natural plant growth seems to indicate the *quality* as well as the quantity of saline constituents ; and Davy calls attention to the "maximum, optimum and minimum" of salts tolerated by certain alkali plants.

A great deal of patient botanical and chemical work will be necessary to establish the relation of plants to alkali soil-content. Such a relation can hardly be worked out by any one person, but if collectors of soil samples would also classify and record native plants growing profusely upon soils under investigation, results of great importance would follow. The weeds thriving upon the virgin soil under investigation were classified by H. M. Hall, of the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of California, as follows :

1. *Artemisia tridentata* (true sage brush).
2. *Distichlis spicata* (salt grass).
3. *Atriplex conferti folia*.
4. *Suaeda Torreyana* (sea blite).
5. *Atriplex canescens*.
6. *Lycium Andersonii*.
7. *Gutierrezia Euthamiae*.
8. *Amaranthus albus* (tumble weed).
9. *Bigelovia graveolens*.

PROFIT DERIVED.

Patch No. 1 was largely injured by wind and sand storms, and the actual tonnage per acre not determined. Patch No. 2 comprised six acres, and beets were weighed and paid for by the sugar company as follows :

September.....	7,321 pounds
October.....	55,330 pounds
November.....	118,580 pounds
Total	181,231 pounds
	90.6 tons

At the rate of \$4.50 per ton the six acres would net \$407.70, aside from bettering the soil by removing alkali.

The boring of artesian wells in this locality costs thirty cents per foot for three-inch pipes and twenty cents for the two-inch piping used in these experiments.

CONCLUSION.

He who studies the relation of plant growth to plant food as formed in the soil by disintegration and by the action of microscopic organisms will not "cry for more worlds to conquer." Too many of us are battling with complex theoretical problems which bear no important relation to the betterment of mankind, while these great unsolved problems are crying up to us from under our very feet.

If this paper calls attention to the possibilities of arid regions, or assists the struggling ranchman who at present ekes out but a scant existence from alkali districts, it will have done all that I intended for it. My hope is that the sugar factory may continue to introduce prosperity as it has thus far done without exception ; that the sugar beet may do for our arid regions what the cane and cotton have done for the South, and what corn and wheat have done for our Middle West ; may the desert "blossom as the rose."

NOTE—For complete analytical results upon which statements embodied in this paper are based, see "Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry" for June 30, 1902.

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CONCERNING "GREAT INTERESTS."

THE California Legislature has adjourned and will not meet again in regular session until January, 1905. During the intervening period the League hopes to accomplish an educational work and to shape at least one great measure of legislature. For this measure it is hoped that sufficient popular support may be obtained to make its enactment certain.

The Legislature which has just adjourned took the first forward step looking to the preservation of the forests and the saving of the floods by passing an appropriation to provide for the joint investigation by State and national governments. This is practically the same bill which Governor Gage vetoed two years ago. It has had from the first the loyal support of Governor Pardee in his campaign speeches, his inaugural address, and his dealings with the lawmakers. Within the next two years we shall have a thorough scientific study of reservoir sites, improved methods of forestry, and the best manner of applying water to the soil. With this exact information at hand, we shall be ready for State laws to supplement the policy of national irrigation.

It has been justly said that those who refused to accept the Works Bill ought to bring forward something to take its place. It is now proper to announce that they will do so. Just at present, it looks as though the Works Bill might have to be beaten again. At least, its friends have served notice that they

will present it to the next Legislature and will use the next two years to develop a favorable sentiment among the people. We may be sure, therefore, that irrigation will continue to be a great issue in California until adequate laws are enacted.

Stated in broad terms, the object of the Constructive League is to make it possible for millions of new settlers to get homes upon the land. To accomplish this end, it is necessary to preserve the watersheds, to store the floods, to drain the swamps, to subdivide and colonize large land-holdings, and to bring co-operative organization among producers to a very high degree of perfection.

The success of measures looking to such results will be directly beneficial to nearly everybody who lives in California. It means more freight and passengers for the railroads, more deposits for the banks, more customers for merchants and manufacturers, more profitable work for professional men and laborers. Who, then, will oppose it? Opposition will come from two classes, at least until the character of the measure to be proposed is thoroughly understood.

First, there is a class of well-meaning people who regard anything new as foolish or impossible. Their favorite adjective is "visionary." In all kindness let it be said that it lies in no man's mouth to say that the Constructive policies are "visionary." Nothing—absolutely nothing—has been proposed in connection with the conquest of the North American continent, from the voyage of Columbus down to the confirmation of the treaty looking to the making of an Isthmian Canal, which has not been denounced by this same class of people as "visionary." The truth of the matter is that they are deficient in that quality of imagination which alone is capable of formulating large plans for the development of resources and the making of institutions. They also lack faith in the capacity of the people to carry out policies which depart by a hair's breadth from old ruts. Now, if this element, which has been going about for centuries with the word "visionary" frozen upon its tongue, had been numerous and powerful enough to have had its way nothing would ever have happened that now fills the pages of history. Columbus would not have sailed; America would not have been discovered; Jamestown, Plymouth and New Amsterdam would not have been founded; the Republic would not have been launched; the lands of the West and Southwest would never have been acquired, nor even explored. Really, we can no more afford to abandon the effort to make a better and greater California than our illustrious forefathers could have afforded to put aside all the noble ideals which their imaginations con-

structed, and their hands and brains wrought out. For our forefathers had the same element to deal with. Let us persuade these visionary-haunted folk to our way of thinking, if we can, but let us not be affrighted or discouraged by them. Gaze upon their mournful predecessors, strewn along all the highways of human progress; then buckle on your armor and press forward!

But there is another element which may be inclined to oppose the Constructive ideas, and which is really a matter for serious consideration. This element is of the ultra-conservative kind which shakes its head at every suggestion of new policies and says: "Ah, but we have great interests at stake." Yes, and what are these great interests? For the most part, they are large land-holdings, often joined to extensive water-rights which have been utilized by means of costly irrigation systems. It is true enough that our population cannot swarm upon the soil, if land and water are always to be monopolized by a few rich men and corporations. Does it necessarily follow that the plans proposed by the Constructive League would be injurious to the interests of these rich men and corporations? We think not.

To begin with, there is a vast area of fertile land owned by those who would be glad to sell. Much of it has been obtained under mortgage foreclosure by those who never cared to hold it, but were obliged to take it in order to save their investment. Then there are many families owning large estates who are simply "land-poor" and who would therefore like nothing so much as a chance to sell. Surely neither the land-burdened banks nor the land-poor families should have the slightest objection to an irrigation and colonization policy which would give them customers on profitable terms.

But there are certain interests—the names will readily occur to the reader—which are regarded as genuine types of land and water monopolists. There are not many of them, but they are very rich and powerful. They control some of the best streams in the State. Their lands run into the hundreds of thousands of acres. They have expended millions of dollars in planting and irrigating. They occupy and use for stockraising what would be the most strategic points for settlement under any broad plan of State development. What about *them*?

Well, we believe even they would be heartily glad to get rid of their great estates. The truth is that it does not pay for any single individual or corporation to farm a hundred thousand or more acres under existing conditions in California. It did pay to do so in the early days. Land was cheap, water relatively

abundant, grain brought high prices, and labor conditions were quite different from what they now are. Time has changed all this. Moreover, the founders of these enormous properties have mostly passed away. Their children are not farmers by instinct or training. They are bankers, dealers in securities, and men and women of society. They know that their property in land and water has now become too valuable to be used in the old wasteful way. *We ask them to go one step farther and realize that the range and pasture must soon surrender to the field, orchard and vineyard, and that the fatted steer must give place to men, women and children.*

"What!" they will say, "do you want us to give our property away?" Not at all. "Then would you have the public confiscate it?" Not at all. The Constructive League does not assail the rights of property. It is in the true sense conservative—it demands human progress, but only on terms that will do no injustice to any person or interest. It would have land and water forever joined in ownership, and then it would have the soil divided among a multitude of small proprietors. It has no insane notion that these small proprietors, who are to make the backbone of our future population, can come into possession without paying for the property. The League favors policies that will make it easy for the masses of men to get access to the soil, and then to obtain for themselves the largest possible share of what they produce. The success of such policies would be clearly beneficial to all the material interests of the State.

Now, a final question for the Great Interests: Will you start with the assumption that the Constructive League advocates nothing which is inimical to you, and will you then coöperate with us in trying to reach conclusions, in the matter of irrigation and other economic plans, that can command the support of all progressive elements in the State? To put it in another way, will you see if we can *agree* before we resort to *fighting*?

You ask, What are the details of the plans you propose? The answer is a matter for patient unfoldment. The question now is, Can we get together in an honest effort to agree? The League will do its part.



IRRIGATING AN ORANGE COUNTY WALNUT ORCHARD.

ORANGE COUNTY.

By E. E. KEECH.



Of the many rich and lovely regions of California, Orange County is one of the most productive and inviting. It is the child of the ocean, the mountains and the clouds; for not only were its soil and features formed by these elements of Nature, but its present climate

and productions are also largely determined by them and their sisters, the winds and sunshine.

From the picturesque rocks, dashing spray and shining sands of the shore of the great Pacific, the "valley" unrolls itself like a great scroll, thickly written with the characters of an advanced civilization, until it rises and culminates in the rugged bluff and beautiful cañons of the Coast Range Mountains. All the varieties of California scenery, soil and production are brought within the range of this little gem of a county, stretching thirty miles along the coast and twenty miles back to the crest of the mountains.

At the lower end, the mountains lead out into long mesas and rolling hills continuing to the sea. These mesas produce some of the finest wheat grown in the State, and the hills furnish pasturage for large herds of cattle and sheep. Trabuco and San Juan creeks flow from the mountains down through this region joining at the little Spanish village of San Juan Capistrano (St. John beheaded) where are located the remains of the "Old Mission." Here the Spanish Padres cheerfully spent their lives in the

effort to lift the Indians to a higher plane of living, by teaching them to work and to pray. By their labor the Mission was constructed; and extensive fields planted and flocks raised. Whatever may have been the merits of this system of benevolent tutelage, it is certain that the Indian was made a constructive and productive factor, and the Mission prospered until an earthquake destroyed a large part of the main building and killed many of the Indians gathered for worship. The images of the saints and instruments of worship are still retained in a temporary chapel, while matins and vespers are regularly rung upon the ancient bells by a dark-eyed *Señorita*. The waters of the creeks have been diverted upon the rich bottom lands, and large orchards of English walnuts and oranges furnish a scene of beauty to the traveler and a source of wealth to the owner.

Turning up the coast, one encounters some of the wildest, most rugged and picturesque scenery found between San Francisco and the Mexican line, well shown in the rocks and bluffs around Laguna. Newport Beach

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

marks the terminus of the rocks and the beginning of the level plains. Here is a large wharf at which the coasting steamers regularly stop, giving cheap freight rates to the county and interior towns. Newport Bay furnishes safe boating facilities; and during the summer is dotted with row and sail boats carrying happy parties of "picnickers" to and from Rocky Point to hunt shells, or to the clam beds for a "bake." In the winter, the bay and marshes are frequented by multitudes of ducks and geese. The branch line of railroad connecting Newport Beach with the county seat runs four trains each way daily during the summer, and many business men spend their nights with their families at the beach and their days "in town" at the desk or counter.

Up the coast still farther are Pacific City, Bolsa Chica and Anaheim Landing. The first is a new resort, pleasantly situated on a slightly mesa over a pebbly beach, and promises ample grounds and plenty of water to lot owners. The second is the game preserve of a club of wealthy men residing in Los Angeles and Pasadena. The third is a camping place much frequented by residents of Anaheim, and has excellent boating, bathing, hunting and fishing facilities.

But it is the great plain, the heart of the county, sometimes called the Santa Ana Valley (because the river of that name flows directly through its center from the mountains to the sea) that makes Orange County remarkable. This plain may be divided into two portions, or belts; one of dry, irrigated orchard lands lying along the foot of the mountains and reaching down half way to the sea, the other of damp lands extending the remaining distance to the ocean, and forming the "Artesian Belt." The dry belt is abundantly watered by two immense irrigating systems which divert the waters of the Santa Ana in the gorge where it breaks through the Coast Range, and distribute them upon twenty-four thousand acres of

THREE METHODS OF OBTAINING IRRIGATING WATER IN ORANGE COUNTY.
(The canal, the pump, and the flowing artesian well.)

the most productive orchard and vineyard lands in California. The water companies are owned and managed at cost by the owners of the land; and for the greater portion, the cost of maintaining seventy-five miles of ditches and supplying water for a year has not exceeded a dollar and a half per acre, while the crop frequently sells for more than a hundred dollars per acre. The irrigated lands are mostly planted to walnuts, oranges, lemons, apricots, peaches, prunes, guavas and grapes, and are worth from \$100 to \$500 per acre.

The artesian belt is watered by natural artesian springs that have forced their way up through the soil, or by artesian wells that have been bored through to the water-bearing strata below.

The constant flow of water from these springs through ages past has maintained large swamps of bulrushes, which, falling and accumulating,

have produced immense beds of peat, and caused the famous "Peat Lands" of Orange County, and the equally famous celery grown upon them and shipped to Kansas City and Chicago. Good celery lands are worth from \$100 to \$450 per acre, and the crop sells for \$100 and more per acre. The artesian belt produces not only celery, but also alfalfa, corn, potatoes, pumpkins, sugar beets and apples, of fine quality and in large quantities. Dairying and raising hogs and cattle are also extensively followed.

In the midst of this great, rich plain or valley of the Santa Ana, was founded in 1858 "The Mother Colony" of Anaheim by a company of Germans from San Francisco. The colony was established for the purpose of growing grapes and other purposes, and was located on the warm sandy soil opposite the mouth of the Santa Ana cañon and about three miles from the river, from which water was taken for irrigation. The industrious, prudent and substantial German settlers made the colony a success

LOOKING ACROSS SANTA ANA VALLEY.

from the start. Anaheim became justly famous for the character, wealth and hospitality of her inhabitants, as well as the quality of her vintage. Madame Modjeska, the great actress, whose lovely home is now in the Santiago cañon, of this county, with other Polish refugees (including Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis*) was attracted to this vine-clad "home of Anna;" and after trying in vain to live upon the art, philosophy and fruit produced by cooperation with her compatriots, went to San Francisco, studied English, and conquered two continents by her sweetness and power. But the Germans stayed, and Anaheim has grown to become a city of two thousand inhabitants, has built a town hall, high school building, water works and electric lighting system, and is surrounded by groves of oranges, walnuts, peaches, prunes and other fruits. Though the oldest city in the county, it seems to be renewing its youth and entering upon a yet wider career of activity and progress.

About 1870, some landholders on the other side of the river, stimulated and encouraged by the example and success of Anaheim, began the subdivision of their large tracts and the sale of them in small parcels to set-

THE BEET SUGAR FACTORY AT LOS ALAMITOS.

tlers who planted them to grapes, oranges, apricots, prunes, peaches and other fruits. The Santa Ana River was again tapped above where Anaheim had taken out the water, and large ditches extended to the neighborhoods of Olive, McPherson and Tustin, and to the sites of the present cities of Orange and Santa Ana which were founded about that time.

The last four form almost a square, with Orange at the northwest, McPherson at the northeast, Tustin at the southeast and Santa Ana at the southwest corner, and three miles apart. The level, graveled road joining

AN ORANGE COUNTY CELERY FIELD.

these points is an ideal one for bicycling, has been named "the Kite" by local wheelmen, and is always used by them in their annual free-for-all handicapped road race. It is also a very popular and pleasant drive for carriages and automobiles, since the richest fruit farms and finest residences in the valley lie along its route. Orange is a lovely little city of fourteen hundred inhabitants, is the headquarters of the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company, does a very large business in packing and shipping oranges, lemons and other fruit; and prides itself on entertaining and encouraging all kinds of business—except saloons, of which it has none. It is an ideal place for a home, and is much sought on that account.

Santa Ana, the metropolis and county seat, contains six thousand or nearly one-third of the population of Orange county. By a wise fore-

UNDER THE LIVE OAKS IN ORANGE COUNTY PARK.

sight it was located in the center of the valley, on the border between the dry orchard lands reaching away up to the foothills, and the wet artesian belt stretching down to the sea. The trade of both regions has naturally come and crossed there. The city has built and maintained its own complete water system, furnishing abundance of pure artesian water to its inhabitants at cost; constructed and put into operation a complete system of separate sewerage, and maintains two public parks and an electric system of street lighting that covers not only the business and residence portions of the city, but also the principal thoroughfares leading to it. So extensive and well managed are its business houses that almost any article sold in the Los Angeles market can be bought as cheap (and in many cases even cheaper) at the county seat than in the "City of Angels."

The last municipality to be founded in the county was the town of Fullerton. When the Santa Fé railroad built through the county in the "boom days" of '87, Fullerton was laid out about two miles north of Anaheim, and in immediate contact with the Placentia orange and walnut

SUGGESTIONS OF ANAHEIM

1. **A Business Street.** 2. **One of the Homes.** 3. **St. Catherine's Orphanage.**
4. **Among the Oranges.** 5. **A Few Onions.**

SNAP SHOTS FROM FULLERTON AND PLACENTIA.

- 1. In the Fullerton Oil Field. 2. A Fullerton Church. 3. The Masonic Temple at Fullerton.
4. Orange Grove and Packing House. 5. A Placentia Orange Grove. 6. \$2300 worth of English Walnuts from Placentia.**

THE PLAZA AT ORANGE.

lands. The quantity and quality of the fruit produced here is not excelled anywhere, and it is a curious fact that for several years past a higher price has been paid for oranges from Placentia orchards than from any other point in California. Backed by such a district, Fullerton was sure to grow; and it did, until it now numbers some thousand inhabitants and puts on quite city airs. The discovery of oil in the hills back of the town has also assisted in its progress and importance; for the "Fullerton Field" has but one superior in California.

There are no other cities or towns in Orange county, but there are several villages and localities well deserving of mention.

Among these are Westminster, a center of the dairy business, lying about ten miles west of Santa Ana in the artesian belt, and between the "Peatlands" and the Alamitos beet sugar factory. Tustin, on the

THE ORANGE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, SANTA ANA.

"Kite," rivals Placentia in the richness of its soils and quality and quantity of its products. No finer orchards nor more beautiful drives and homes are found than may be seen at Tustin; and only the lack of prepared views and of time to prepare others has prevented the proper presentation of those charms in this article.

El Modena and Villa Park are two other towns located in the valley next the foothills, on either side of the mouth of Santiago Cañon, and deriving their irrigating water from Santiago Creek, which they divide equally between them. They are especially celebrated for their apricots and other deciduous fruits, as well as oranges and citrus fruits.

When Dana visited the coast in the thirties, as entertainingly described in his *Two Years Before the Mast*, the commerce of Orange County was in hides, tumbled over the bluffs at Capistrano and other points and carried round the Horn by sailing vessels. Later, small coasting schooners came

SOME ORANGE COUNTY SCHOOLS

1. Santa Ana High School 2. Fullerton High School. 3. Anaheim High School.

into Newport Bay, and finally a steamer was built, named Newport, and made regular visits every two weeks, when the tide was high, to bring lumber and supplies and carry to market the grain and other products of the ranches.

But now the Southern Pacific has a main line direct from Los Angeles to Anaheim and Santa Ana, with branches to Alamitos, to Villa Park, El Modena and Tustin, and to Newport Beach, Pacific Beach and the "Peatlands." The Santa Fé also has a direct line from Los Angeles to Fullerton, Anaheim, Orange, Santa Ana, El Toro and Capistrano, and from there on to San Diego. It also connects at Orange with the Riverside and San Bernardino line, forming a part of the "Kite-Shaped Track."

A motor line meets all trains at Santa Ana, and makes six regular trips to Orange each day. It is now operated by the Pacific Electric Railway

A SHADY THOROUGHFARE IN TUSTIN.

Company, and will soon be a part of a direct line from Los Angeles to Santa Ana.

Already these cities are but an hour's ride apart, and quite a number carry on business in Los Angeles and reside in Orange County. Means of communication are as ample as those for transportation. Santa Ana, with its six thousand population, has free city delivery of mails, and the rest of the county has free rural delivery. A complete telephone system covers the county, with large local exchanges at Fullerton, Orange and Santa Ana. It has a splendid system of graded and high schools, and its towns have hotels, opera houses, halls, banks and other business institutions to supply all needs.

The climate of the county is that of Los Angeles and San Diego, between which it lies. A tropical sun, during the winter months, when rain is falling, makes it like May-time in the East; and in summer the constant

breeze blowing from the Pacific, as a great reservoir of coolness, tempers the heat of the overhead sun and brings the dreamy haze of the Eastern "Indian summer."

And this is Orange County, the youngest daughter of the "imperial" county of Los Angeles, from which she was cut off in 1889. Possessed of every advantage of soil, climate, position and condition, with a contented, prosperous and happy people, she is destined to become one of the brightest spots in the beautiful field of delightful Southern California.

FOURTH STREET, SANTA ANA.

AT TWILIGHT.

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL.

AFTER the day, this gentle twilight hour—
The dew-damp face of one white cactus-flower,
Gleams in the velvet dusk; in that lone tree,
Standing upon the cliff—with drowsy throat,
A linnet stirs the silence tenderly.

Dim in the distance lies the briny, sweet
Sweep of the ocean at the mountains' feet;
And hanging low above the mountain wall,
As though in benediction over all,
The calm-eyed evening star is in its place.

Ah! it is good that we may go apart
With Mother-earth, and there upon her heart,
When our vain longings push against the sky,
Lie in her arms forgetful, with our cry
Hushed into quiet by her lullaby.

THE SALT RIVER ABOVE PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Photo by courtesy of Southern Pacific R. Co.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

STANDING on the rim of that stupendous work of nature, the Grand Cañon of Arizona, when stout hearts were awed and softer ones unable to control their emotions, the writer overheard with astonishment and wonder that the scene did not equal Yellowstone Park. In that opposite of the Arizona Wonder, Yosemite Valley, where tremendous domes and spires of granite, relieved by banner of cloud, pointed pine and flash of waterfall, look down upon an emerald valley and silver stream, so in harmony with it all, that the whole is like a perfect, satisfying canvas from the master artist's hand, he has encountered those who cared more for the attractions of the Arizona Cañon or Yellowstone Park. He had but to visit the Yellowstone to experience opinions there more favorable to other places than it. The truth is that these three representatives of the Wonderland of the West are so dissimilar, that comparison is out of the question. Each has its own incomparable individuality, and each is greatest of its

UPPER FALLS YELLOWSTONE CAÑON.

kind in the world. To be sure there are geysers in many parts of the world, but the other largest fields, those of New Zealand and Iceland do not compare in extent or interesting character with the seventy-five geysers and 3,000 hot springs of Yellowstone Park.

From beginning to end the Yellowstone trip is unique. Approaching it from the east, the Northern Pacific Railway traverses an ever-changing pastoral scene of great charm and beauty. From the west the same railway winds through timbered cañons and along cascades fed by the never failing snows of peaks that vanish only when night draws the curtain over the distance of a day's journey.

But once the traveler has left the train at Cinnabar, and finished the short stage dash to Mammoth Hot Springs, his interest in everything outside of Yellowstone Park ceases. For, whether he be most impressed by

the Minerva and Cleopatra Terraces at Mammoth, where the lime- and soda-impregnated waters have built up a mound over two hundred feet in height and covered the steps of each emerald pool with exquisite ivory and chocolate drapery; whether he makes a silent confession of relief at having passed the internal unrest of Thunder Mountain; whether he gazes with interest—and at a safe distance—upon the paint pots at Norris's; or, at the Lower Basin, gingerly treads the hollow crust that borders Prismatic Lakes, and stands spellbound as the setting sun plays in prismatic colors upon the rising, tumbling, fan-like eruption of Fountain Geyser; or ponders the unfailing exhaust which unceasingly roars forth from The Boilers; or at the Upper Basin where expectancy and realization are kept busy between the geysers—Riverside, Giant, Castle, Splendid, Grotto, Grand, Lion, Beehive, Giantess, and, chief of all, the hourly 150-foot column of Old Faithful, which never fails to monopolize attention, he vows that, outside the infernal regions, the like has never been dreamed. But his already wondering eyes are still to behold the beautiful mountain-girt expanses of Shoshone and Yellowstone Lakes, the latter covering more space than does the city of New York, and with a vertical mile between their levels. He is still to see Sulphur Mountain, and is to look into the fearsome crater of Mud Volcano, and ever after shudder at thought of the horrid depths which puff out with such violence and precision their hot, mud-laden breath.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, in itself, is a sufficient reward for the entire effort of the trip. It is headed by two magnificent falls, of character and coloring incomparable, one of which leaps down 109 and the other 308 feet to vainly lave the parched feet of a tortuous abyss speaking plainly of Creation's fires, and so weird of shape and fantastic of color as to be outside the limits of description.

The stately, painted walls of Golden Gate; the mirror-like Swan, Beaver, Lost and Twin Lakes; refreshing Apolinaris Springs; Gibbon Cañon, with its 80-foot falls; Firehole Falls, Rustic, Cascade and Udine Falls, and the Kepler Cascades; The Natural Bridge; the steamboat ride on Yellowstone Lake, touching at Buffalo Island enroute to Lakeside Hotel; the catch of fine trout at the adjacent mouth of Yellowstone River; the homeward drive along the yellow-paved river, where finny beauties display their speckled and rainbow sides; the ever-present fern and flower bedecked forest, peopled with half-tame bear and elk; and the hotel comforts throughout the park furnish wholesome relief to the tension of the more threatening mystery of this strange land.

F. P.



CASTLE GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

MINERVA TERRACES, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

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OLD FAITHFUL, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

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ONE OF THE PAINT POTS—LOWER BASIN—YELLOWSTONE PARK.

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EXCELSIOR GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

VIEW OF AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, AND TRANSPARENT BAY, WITH ITS WONDERFUL SUMMERING GARDENS.
This spot is considered the finest game fishing resort in the world.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE OF 1851.

From a contemporary lithograph

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine.

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

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MAY, 1903.

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

XII.

IF chronic aridity and seasonal accidents of drouth have been far from a curse to Southern California, neither was the landslide immigration of educated, law-abiding and well-to-do people an unmixed blessing. Of the results of such a migration in the long run—both as to the country and the individual migrant—we may feel reasonably secure. But the instant digestion of so huge and so luxurious a meal might well cause pangs under the belt of any country.

It is no exaggeration to say that this windfall of released and exuberant Easterners caused California a serious economic and social colic. Record-breaking as had been the three great games of chance practically invented by California—gold mining, stock gambling and grain-farm gambling—these dicings, nor any of them, had set down no tap-root in the southern part of the State. It still remained pastoral; it was still, to the princely High-Flyers of the North, the "cow-counties" or the "sheep-counties." Its gambling had never gone beyond the individual hazard; and while a man might risk his purse, or his cattle, or his ranch, in a game of cards, there was no Communal Faro for an instant comparable to the Bonanza stock days of San Francisco. Los Angeles, in 1846 "the largest town in California, with from 1500 to 2000 people, and its women famed for beauty,"* changed very little its complexion or its habit, in a whole generation. Although gold was discovered within fifty miles of it, long before the epochal nugget at Sutter's Mill, the

*Bryant's *What I Saw in California*, London, 1849.

continental migration of 1848-9, *et seq.*, made only a relative difference with the southern town. The only change was a dim reflex and far echo of the Golden North. Los Angeles was merely a way-station from New Mexico and Arizona to the Diggings—both for the Butterfield Stages, and for the growing traffic in herds of sheep and cattle driven a thousand miles across the desert to market in the Roaring Mines. The town increased imperceptibly in population, and decreased very notably in manners. It became an eddy in the fortune-hunting stream, wherein lodged now and again a drift onward-bound; or to which swept back some outlawed black log from the only part of California where Things were Doing. The Rev. Mr. Brier—son of that pioneer Boanerges of Methodism in California—who as a child of six made the grisly transcontinental tramp of the Death Valley party—noted in the last number of this magazine some of his childhood impressions of the Los Angeles of 1850. Maj. Horace Bell—one of Walker's Nicaragua filibusters, and among the longest "American" residents of Los Angeles—assures us* that in 1853 Los Angeles "averaged one killing a day;" and that at one time the sheriff's office, worth on an average \$10,000 a year, went begging because of its high rate of mortality. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of these statements from antipodal witnesses. There settled here (either by inertia without getting to the mines at all, or by serious personal reasons for not staying in them) a relatively small, but eminently audible, population of American scum, with a less proportion of such Americans as were fit for pioneers and patriarchs, and as have made their names for such honored ever since. There was "lots of money" in the chief town of a stock-raising district, which supplied most of the beef and mutton-on-the-hoof for the intruding Argonauts 600 miles north—ordinary cattle being worth here \$20 to \$25 per head, and costing practically nothing to raise.

But all this, while piquant and not without its evolutionary value, is after all inconsiderable in such sums as those with which we deal at present; and to these perhaps the census is the best witness.

Los Angeles had a population, by the U. S. Census,

In 1850—1,610	In 1880— 11,183
1860—4,385	1890— 50,395
1870—5,728	1900—102,479

In other words, Los Angeles had in 1850 about one twenty-fifth of the population of San Francisco, and in 1880 less than one-twentieth—viz, 11,183 as against 233,959. The latter disparity

**Reminiscences of a Ranger.*

was at least not lessened when the decade was half gone ; but since 1885 the growth of the little town has so outstripped that of the metropolis as to make a precedent where probably there was none of its sort before. From 1880 to 1890 (and, as I have said, this means in fact from 1885 to 1890) Los Angeles increased over 350%. From 1890 to 1900 it increased over 103%. The increase of San Francisco for the corresponding decades was 27% and 14% respectively; and in the last ten years the actual gross increase in population of Los Angeles has been 9000 more than that of San Francisco. San Francisco now has about ten times the population it had in 1852. Los Angeles has nearly sixty-four times the population it had in 1850.

But we are diverting our minds from the aforementioned Lottery. While Southern California had been free before that time from any gambling larger or crazier than mere individual coquetting with the green cloth, the intruding Easterners then promptly established here—precisely as they had done in the North—a colossal and almost universal, and almost *communal*, Game of Chance. Upon the very heels of the Pullman migration—and invented and conducted exclusively by the Pullman migrants—the great Land Boom of Southern California made the most extraordinary South Sea Bubble in our American history. There have been other land-booms elsewhere, of various sorts, and some of this same sort ; but nowhere else, it is quite safe to say, has there ever been such record of such wild inflation by such respectable gamblers ; nor so colossal a perversion of sobriety among the normally temperate in business habit ; nor so easy an alighting from so high a balloon at its inevitable collapse.

Neither the Spanish-speaking people of California (whose patriarchal life has been sometimes referred to in these pages) nor the old-time Americans, frontier-bred to fitness for the same environments and the same enjoyment of them, had anything to do with inventing or promulgating this Geomania—and as a matter of fact, and by class, they were the worst losers by it. They laughed at the Tenderfeet so tender and so green as to pay fifty times what land could be bought for ; and the few Old-Timers who were not at last constricted by 1888 were the ones who were able to Keep Laughing. The most of them, alas, were human --and though their conviction of the unbaked quality of the newcomers did not change (and I fancy is not changed yet) when they saw these parvenus month after month simply picking up gold double-eagles on the street, as it were (though that is a rather inadequate simile) most of them were weak enough to join in the scramble. Hundreds of them bought back

DUMPING ROCK ON THE SAN PEDRO BREAKWATER.

for \$500 an acre the lands they had themselves sold at \$10 a year before, and joined the fevered procession. A very few, whether from superior philosophy or greater inertia, did not buy back, or in the first place did not even sell; and these have been enriched.

John Law's South Sea promotion, and the Tulip Mania, and various other matters of the sort are historic, though I do not remember that any of them has yet had its due perspective in history or fiction. If some of the Literary Landladies who be-hash our breakfast with what they call Historical Romance

BEAN SEPARATOR AND THRESHER.
(On the Dixie Thompson Rancho.)

Photo by Brewster

could be confined with the documents and no other occupation nor amusement, for long enough, their natural talents would give us at their release a volume not only worth while but of poignant human interest, dealing with whichever of these great follies. Yet neither of them is reasonably in the category with the Southern California Land Boom; and neither has *it* had its adequate portrayal, although Van Dyke's *Millionaires of a Day* was a well entitled, a well informed and a very clever sketch. It, even better than the earlier manias, would repay the careful attention of one competent alike to master the facts in a sober sense, and to write them large and graphic in terms of popular comprehension upon the literary board. I am not that person, nor either half of him; and it is no part of my plan in this series to attempt a matter which could not be decently

handled short of five years' special study concentric to the one subject. This whole series, perhaps I need not say, is meant not as a History, not as an Encyclopedia, but merely as a succession of guide boards to those who may care sometime to pursue the branching trails. Our main-traveled road is merely toward some general guess at California as a whole—What it Is, What it Shall Be, and Why.

But even as certain more artistic entertainers "do" lightning cartoons (giving us in three lines a portrait, and with the fifth line a category of the portrayed), so I may venture here to indicate not what the game was, but a hint of what it was like.

The Southern California Land Boom lasted nearly two years; that is, from the spring of 1886 to about January, 1888. By the latter notch on the calendar it was already like the Irishman's hen: "dead, but not yit sinsible av it." The area it covered—though in very varying pitch—was nearly as large as New England. I think there is no doubt that in the actual area of land personally concerned—that is, plotted and sold—it exceeded any similar land-gamble in history. Lands have elsewhere brought higher prices, and in a few other instances been more rapidly sold; but it is probably safe to say also that nowhere else—certainly never before this specific instance—did prices rise so fast, nor so unreasonably; and that never has such a stupendous sum in transfers been accomplished with so small an expenditure of cash, nor by such unwonted speculators.

The beginning of the boom was, if excited, purely legitimate. It was by way of "additions" to towns and cities actually extant; of lands whose immediate potentialities were very little exaggerated, even by the Boomer. It is fair to remark, too, that counting the average of the Boom, there was very little real swindling; almost all of *that* came after the collapse. Yet it was perhaps as supernal folly, on the average, as any country has seen.

For nearly a year the game was for set stakes, and under set rules; but the players were soon beside themselves, and early in 1887 was begun the Beginning of the End. Tens of thousands of acres fit only for grain or pasture, if for that, were then cut up into 25-foot city lots. Thousands of acres were purchased from their original old-time owners at \$10 to \$30 an acre and sold in lots at \$1000 to \$10,000 an acre. The actual staking out of towns on the desert, and selling them by newspaper advertisements to remote gullibles, may have had a few instances at this time; but to the best of my recollection, this all came after the real local fishing for suckers was exhausted. While the Boom was on, the boomers did not need to cast their hooks into alien waters.

In 1887 Los Angeles was growing in population at the rate of at least 1500 a month, and San Diego to at least half that stride. One could not stir upon the street on an average business day without encountering brass bands, and transparencies, and other fake devices, all pointing to some land-sale, or some dozen land-sales. I cannot now remember the first of these characteristic occasions; and after the first they multiplied so fast and stood so thick that no one could think of counting them—and no one ever did. Newspaper broadsides of advertising, the aforesaid brass bands and processions, and every other art known to the fakir, were fairly an obsession. The judicially fostered excursion and auction sale of some out-of-town tract—a peaceful rural acreage changed from Nature only by being corner-staked and street-sign-posted—was the Function of the Day. At the office of the tract a line began to form one day, or two days, before the sale was to open. I have seen men pay \$100 for a place in that line. I have seen—how many people I cannot dare say, now, but 200 would not cover it—waiting in that line, serpentine from the office down the stairway and hugging along the near edge of the sidewalk, for a block, or worse, all of an afternoon and night and until 9 o'clock of the critical morning. There were dozens of cases in which the company or individual that had secured and sub-divided some gilded tract sold over \$300,000 worth of lots in the first few days, and had at least three-fourths of the land left. The barren sand-spit that I used to know seaward from San Diego, on which is now one of the finest hotels in the world, took in for its organized owners two and a half million dollars in cash in one year, and after paying off its debts, and making its enormously costly improvements, it had four-fifths of its landed property left clear of incumbrance.

How easy it was for these church-members and Respectable Citizens from the cultured East to take a Flyer when they got Out of School, is perhaps somewhat indicated by the historic fact that the real estate transfers recorded in the county of Los Angeles for the year 1887, in a population not to exceed 100,000—which is a prodigally generous compromise between the census of 1880 and that of 1890—far exceeded one hundred millions of dollars. That is, over \$1000 for every man, woman and child, Indians and Chinese inclusive. Of course, by this time purchase was practically all by contract, 25% or 30% down and the balance in six months and a year. Perhaps at the height of the boom it was achieved in a majority of cases—and it was certainly a calculation in every case—to sell at an advance of anywhere from 10% to 100% before making a second payment. There is a great temptation to go into the details of this almost incredi-

A CALIFORNIA FLOWING OIL WELL OF WHITE OIL.

Photo by Graham

THE HOTEL ANGELES, LOS ANGELES.

Photo by Peterson & Valentine.

ble folly; but we must try to keep it within its reasonable proportion to a far larger whole. After a short time at the beginning, when choice lands "went," the land dived with in the Boom was the relatively undesirable. It was all better than Eastern land—and therein lay its remarkable market; but it was so far behind so many tens of thousands of acres of California land, and this disparity meant such average delay in its settlement, as to make the purchase of it equivalent, for twenty years (say), to a purchase of land on the Sahara. It is a rule (and, so far as I know, almost without exception true in the individual case) that lands which any sane man would ever think of buying have been always since, and are now, worth more than their highest prices at the height of the boom. The lands which will not be worthless some day, but which are "worthless" now, if we judge by the get-rich-quick standards, are the only ones which can be bought today as cheaply as in the mid-madness of the Boom.

The desperate post-mortem gleaning (not longer by the church members, who did Let Go at death, but of the disemboweled professional sharks who kept the boom alive long after it was dead) while on a small scale compared to the Boom *in toto*, both as to time and as to money, was pure swindling. Thousands of lots were sold which stood at an angle of 45° on barren mountain-sides. Thousands of 25-foot holdings were sold in Mexican territory of the Californian peninsula, 150 miles south of the United States line, for enough apiece to have bought a good farm where a good farm would be worth something. But it is only fair to say that this wilful and scandalous swindle was pursued wholly by self-imported fakirs; and, almost without a single exception, through the columns of Eastern newspapers. The least Puritanic of the California papers lent themselves hardly at all to palpable robbery of this sort.

But it is not strange that a quarter of a million people exhilarated with their Escape from the East, fascinated with the possibilities of the land where God is Good and Nature Motherly, should have tempted Fortune. On a small scale we see the same process repeated with every Tenderfoot who ever comes here today—viz, the expansion and the relaxation from his habitual conventions. In history or in sociology, that fever of the Boom has no more importance than had the historic bubbles it outranks. The strangest thing about it is—and its highest weight historically—not that so many so smart Americans could be such wild fools, but that they were so little repaid in kind for their folly that it seems almost as though the attraction of gravitation had forgotten itself for a day in their behalf. If you will

CATALINA ISLAND GOLF LINKS. (Barranca at the 9th hole.)

Photo by Graham

consider this reasonably large population, its incomparably respectable average in education, in morals, in means, the temperature of its excitation, and the universality with which this fever was endemic (for every one was "plunging" in land—bankers, ministers, school teachers, servant-girls, bootblacks, car-drivers, ladies, counter-jumpers, policemen, tramps, judges, everybody), the financial aggregate of their gamble, which exceeds anything I know of in American history, in amount of money per capita as well as in sort of players; when you consider that at then current real-estate values Southern California, with a population of 200,000, was worth more than perhaps New York State (and that country lands here were offered and sold at from ten to one hundred times what they are worth

AN ADAMS-STREET HOME.

Photo by Pierre

in New York State); and when you consider that this balloon, which swelled so fast and soared so dizzy-high, suddenly found its canvas cut and its ballast gone—when you consider all this, and remember that the balloon came to the ground with its quarter of a million passengers, without hurting anybody at all but the professional aeronauts (and not enough of them), perhaps you will be willing to admit that it was a Record in Ballooning; if not for the Going Up, at least for the Coming Down. Not one single bank, not one well-established house, not one legitimate business enterprise failed in the collapse of that stupendous madness. There are in this city today people Land-poor, paying taxes on lands they bought in the boom or held because of it. Of the Professional Buzzards who came to create the Boom, and later went on to Seattle and Tacoma and other of their prey, many were pinched. Practically everyone impli-

cated at all in the Boom, lost the edge he might have had were it human to know When to Let Go. If it *were*, everyone would have been rich, including those who paid the most foolish prices for land. For with all its extravagances, its greed, its ignorance, its idiocy, this particular boom had one saving grace of difference from ordinary bubbles. It was not *quite* a Lottery, because there were no real blanks. A great many lots—thousands of lots—were sold for far more than they were “worth” at market prices; but all were Worth Something real. All *will* be worth even the Fool Price—for there is a productive potentiality to this land, when wrought with that perfect common sense which every acre of North America is presently going to demand of its owner if he would come out whole.

The split of the Boom was precisely along the eternal line of cleavage between the legitimate and the illegitimate. A score, perhaps more, of Boom towns—staked out where a town will be proper twenty years from now, but with no other contemporary reason for being than a huge new shell of a hotel, a couple of miles of cement sidewalks and sapling shade-trees, *and* the insistence of the wilful Sucker to Bite something—have suffered and stagnated. In many places in Southern California one can see the bones of these premature investments; and the trained eye can almost instantly and almost infallibly detect the building which was erected during the Boom and because of it. We are not now concerning ourselves with schools of architecture—if these rapid-fire promoters ever followed “schools”—but all these precocious and grievous buildings wear somehow the earmarks of the same canine litter. Still, few of these improvements are wasted. Here and there a big hotel, that was built in the midst of 100 square miles of sage-brush and jack-rabbits, is quarters of some denominational school, or fine, robust young college, in a small but happy American town—for very few even of the Boom skeletons are wholly fleshless of life. Hundreds of miles of precise streets, with better signs, cement walks and curbing and more shade trees than the average Eastern town can boast are overrun with wheat fields; their geometric lines still recording a mania otherhow almost forgotten. For the Boom *is* forgotten in California, except its lessons; and is of memory at all only to the historical student, and to those cautious Eastern souls who can indeed put it in the original Latin, but never have learned the English of it—that Times change, and we are Changed With Them.

In January, 1888, the Boom was not only dead but began to be “sinsible av it.” The colossal wind-built superstructure of values, though it upheld a million fortunes, came down not only

as fast, but as noiselessly, as a castle of cards. If the Eastern deacons and ministers and lawyers and judges and Esteemed Fellow Citizens taking their first Flyer in California, were unaccustomed gamblers, they were Born Game. In May, 1888, fifty per cent. more land was plowed in Southern California than ever before. There were no communal and public Gethsemanes; no mass meetings in memory of the Mighty Dear Departed. The Boom was dead; and it left a multitude of orphans—but no Rachels. Wanton victims as they had been to epidemic madness, these greenhorns were after all not without saving sense. One reason why they had gambled in California was because they saw it was a Good Stake; and when the bank quietly raked in all their chips, they were not as those that mourn without knowing how to be comforted. They turned instantly, and almost unanimously, to developing the values with which they had diced; and this very fact with which I have opened this paragraph is the most eloquent proof of how commonly they did it.

Four months, that is, after the crash, the Boomers had settled down to sober work, with an energy one-half greater than had ever been put to sober work here before. Doubtless that was one reason for the subsequent record, even as it is an index to it. From the bursting of that stupendous bubble, in whose iridescent globe of soaped wind a quarter of a million human lives, and several hundred million Human Dollars were Personally Involved (and, to all appearances, inextricably blown) there was hardly an audible Pop; and while there has not been another bubble, there has not been one day's cessation of steady growth, sequel to the discovery that bubbles are insubstantial. There has never been since 1888 a day in which any acre of farming land, which any reasonable person would think to farm to-day, or any front foot of town or city property where any man tolerably safe from an *inquiendo de lunatico* would consider frontage, has not been worth more than it was in August, 1887—which was the very crest and froth of the Boom. Without counting the Most Favored Peoples, but taking all Southern California, the whole area covered, touched or tinged by the Boom has to-day 51 per cent. more population than when the Boom "busted." Nor is this an extreme simile—it is not even large enough to be typical. The increase in population has not equaled the increase in prosperity. The growth which makes Redlands, and Highlands, and Riverside, communities unique in American history (and I think in all history) has been greatest since the pricking of the bubble; precisely as the growth of the junior metropolis of California, and the sole metropolis of the Boom

area, Los Angeles, has been incomparably greater since the Boom blew up than at its height. Even in 1888 and 1889, on the very heels of the Boom's demise, this city made advancement in transit, in building and in other urban forwardnesses which *may* possibly have been equaled in the same length of time by any other American city ; though I have failed to find the record, after considerable search.

It is worth while, of course, to note, as I have done in the most casual way, that the collapse of this historic mania did not even for a month interrupt progress which was inevitable between the discovery of such a land and by such discoverers. It is no less significant that that progress has gone on incessantly and cumulatively during the fifteen years since. Everything considered, it has been greater each year than the year before ; and without making the comparison too odious, it is now far ahead, in every item, of any other comparable population in North America.

When a city which is 36th in numerical rank in the Union stand 5th in *number* of building permits, and 8th in *value* of building permits ;* 1st in per cent. of increase of post-office receipts ; 1st in per cent. of increase of population in the decade, and 14th in numerical increase of population in the decade ; 1st in number of telephones per 100 of population ; when such a city has in the decade increased its bank deposits 228 per cent., and now has deposits over \$327 for every man, woman and child ; when it has 240 miles of improved streets, 163 miles of sewers, 170 miles of high-class electric roads, and 500 miles of suburban lines building ; when it has 200 steam trains and 500 electrics a day ; when it is building over \$9,000,000 worth a year of new buildings—and a larger proportion of them homes than in any other city—when all these things, and many more like them, are true, it is not idle nor hasty to infer that all this Means Something. One of the smallest things it means is that the breaking-up of the only wild "gamble" in which we ever communally indulged did not Crush us, but simply Converted. One of the large things it teaches, is that the kind of Americans smart enough to get here, smart enough even to recover from the folly into which their escape from the strait apron strings of their geographic mother very humanly betrayed them, were neither mistaken in coming, nor will permanently blunder in their stay. God knows—and some of the rest of us more than suspect—that this too rapid immigration still is, and will long remain, half indigest. There will be a long sand-papering before the square peg can fit the round hole ; but Time *is* sandpaper. There may

*See "A Sample Month," opposite page ; and "For a Whole Year," page 568.

have been other places in human history where so many so intelligent people were so little apt in grasping what was "coming to them" in a new environment, to which they had voluntarily removed, as is the case in Southern California. But only those are discouraged by this slowness to learn who have themselves not yet learned that Evolution, while she never Ceases, never Runs. She is a part of Truth; and, as with her mother, the eternal years of God are hers.

A SAMPLE MONTH.

This table was prepared not for an extraordinary month, as November was not, but quite incidentally, before the figures for the whole year 1902 were available. In January, 1903, Los Angeles was the 1st city in the world in number of building permits issued, and 2nd in value. It began more than 50% more new buildings, that month, than any other city in the Union; and in value over one third the figures for New York, the only city leading it.

Statistics of building in the 23 cities of the U. S., which lead the Union in building for Nov., 1902, compiled from the *Construction News*, Chicago, and the U. S. Census, 1900.

City	Rank*	Population 1900	No. Bldgs.	Cost	Cost per cap. of pop.	% increase or decrease
New York.....	1	3,457,202	723	\$6,307,551	\$1.45
Chicago.....	2	1,698,575	454	3,083,550	1.75	10% dec.
Philadelphia.....	3	1,293,697	847	2,116,250	1.65	11% inc.
Los Angeles†.....	36	102,479	496	1,129,954	11.25	110% inc.
Washington.....	15	278,718	318	1,107,699	3.95	374% inc.
Pittsburg.....	11	321,616	251	1,099,978	3.40	19% dec.
St. Louis.....	4	575,238	319	959,824	1.65	21% inc.
San Francisco....	9	342,782	86	804,311	2.30	168% inc.
Kansas City.....	22	163,752	288	721,410	4.40	85% inc.
Cleveland.....	7	381,768	190	577,095	1.50	112% inc.
Detroit.....	13	285,704	204	487,000	1.75	10% inc.
Milwaukee.....	14	285,315	148	478,870	1.75	66% inc.
Buffalo.....	8	352,387	136	324,828	.95	42% dec.
Seattle.....	48	80,671	482	297,510	3.60	19% inc.
Denver.....	25	133,859	121	277,950	2.10	32% dec.
Minneapolis.....	19	202,718	170	269,310	1.25	42% dec.
Allegheny.....	27	129,896	58	249,175	1.90	138% inc.
Cincinnati.....	10	325,902	253	201,030	.40	62% dec.
St. Paul.....	23	163,065	73	193,852	1.20	64% dec.
Atlanta.....	43	89,872	220	190,400	2.10	65% inc.
Memphis.....	37	102,320	160,562	1.45	16% inc.
New Orleans.....	12	287,104	126	158,531	.45	96% inc.
Indianapolis.....	21	169,164	169	145,137	.15	50% dec.

* Rank in Union by population, Census of 1900.

† That is to say: Los Angeles was 36th city in the Union in population, but second in number of new buildings, fourth in amount expended for new buildings, first in expenditure for new buildings per capita of population, fifth in percentage of increase in this item over the corresponding term of the year before. In proportion to population, it spent on new buildings nearly 8 times as much as New York, nearly 7 times as much as Chicago, nearly 12 times as much as Buffalo, nearly 28 times as much as Cincinnati, and precisely 75 times as much as Indianapolis (which has at the latest census more than 50 per cent. more people). Besides these cities, it also outstrips the following larger cities (each with its population noted) which do not even come inside the first 23 among which Los Angeles is 4th — Boston, 560,892; Baltimore, 508,957; Newark, 246,070; Jersey City, 206,433; Louisville, 204,731; Providence, 175,597; Rochester, 162,608; Toledo, 131,822; Columbus, 125,560; Worcester, 118,421; Syracuse, 103,374; New Haven, 108,027; Paterson, 105,171; Fall River, 104,863; St. Joseph, 102,979; Omaha, 102,555.

I am withholding my hand by violence from statistics. They are ready; they shall be used. But one who has been in the treadmill long enough to know how they are ordinarily regarded prefers to put the cold figures in an appendix, as far as may be; and in the main body of the argument to use only such sweeping red rags as may irritate potential bulls to chase down the fact behind the flag. Being human, and inhumanly busy, I may, and shall, make now and then a verbal slip, and have done so already; but these the critic is welcome to have whatever fun he will withal. He will not have fun with the general contention; for it is impregnable—unless I am altogether unfit to deal with any study of any sort, to understand the census or history or any of the other things involved, after an attention which leaves me no possible excuse in case of my general failure with them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR A WHOLE YEAR.

The five cities which lead the whole Union in number of buildings erected in 1902 are:

City	Pop. 1900	No. Bldgs. erected in 1902
Philadelphia	1,293,697	11,359
Minneapolis	202,718	6,285
Chicago	1,166,582	6,084
Brooklyn	1,166,582	4,986
Los Angeles	102,479	4,863

New York city proper—the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx—with a population of 2,250,620 (in 1900) erected just 99 homes in the year 1902. In the same twelvemonth, Los Angeles built over 4,000 homes.

No other city in the United States shows such a gain in value of buildings erected in 1902 over 1901. Los Angeles gained 118 per cent. San Francisco was next with 92 per cent, then Allegheny with 46 per cent, and Chicago with 35 per cent. As for New York, it *decreased* 18 per cent.

For the whole year 1902, Los Angeles was the 5th city of the Union in total number of new buildings erected, and 8th in total value of new buildings. The 8 cities which lead the country in value of buildings erected in 1902 are:

City	Pop. 1900	Val. Bldgs. 1902
New York (Manhattan and Bronx).....	2,250,620	95,960,693
Chicago	1,698,575	48,070,390
Philadelphia	293,697	28,703,196
Brooklyn.....	1,166,582	20,611,253
San Francisco.....	342,782	14,289,989
St. Louis.....	575,238	12,853,386
Washington.....	278,718	10,343,983
Los Angeles	102,479	9,613,134

That is, per capita, about: Los Angeles, \$94, New York, \$42, San Francisco, \$41, Washington, \$37, Chicago, \$28, Philadelphia, \$22, St. Louis \$22, Brooklyn, \$18.

MY FRIEND LEÓTA.*

A Samoan Sketch.

By CHARLES KEELER.



LESÁ had taken me for a walk into the mountains back of Pango Pango. We had followed the path along the bay shore, climbing over stone walls upon little ladders made of notched stumps of cocoa palms and crossing streams on bridges improvised by throwing from shore to shore one or two trunks of these same indispensable trees. The dense foliage which embowered us was grateful, for the atmosphere was as hot and moist as in a conservatory. A little boy passed with a scarlet hibiscus tucked behind his ear, two cocoanut-shell water-bottles dangling in his hand, and a green girdle of split banana leaves over his only garment, a blue *lava-lava* or loin cloth. What a study in color he was with his beautiful bronze skin and the flash of fire next his jetty hair! How unconscious was his grace of motion as he glided beneath the spreading bananas! Then we surprised a man and woman crouching together by the stream, leisurely washing clothes. They looked up with a smile and a hearty "Talofa!"—love to you—to which we responded in kind, and continued on our way through the village to the mountains.

Pango Pango, like most of the settlements of Tutuila, is strung along the narrow rim of level land, with the sea in front of it and the mountains rising precipitously behind. It is situated at the head of the harbor, looking out upon one of the most fairy-like bays in all that tropical fairyland of the South Seas.

Elesá and I sauntered up the highway into the mountain's heart. There are no roads in Tutuila—only foot-paths—and the one we had chosen was the main-travelled trail across the island to a village on the opposite shore. Many people were coming and going. Were we wandering in dreamland, or were these fascinating creatures drifting by us beings of flesh and blood like ourselves—these men and women half dressed, decked



* Illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.

in wreaths and flowers as for a festival, bearing burdens of strange fruits or great bundles of thatch for houses? Was this a real scene we gazed upon—these arching tropic groves, swaying palms and visions of the silver tide far below cinctured with towering heights of verdure? Presently we encountered a family party sitting by the wayside and drinking the refreshing milk of young cocoanuts. They greeted us as is their wont. They invited us to partake of their refreshment. They made us welcome so simply and naturally that although I could understand but a few fragmentary words of their tongue I felt instinctively that they were friends. And friends they proved themselves ere our acquaintance ended.

We accepted their kind invitation, and since their cocoanuts were nearly consumed, the father of the family sent his youngest son to fetch some. I was fearful lest he fall, as the little naked youngster of eight started bravely up the tall slender shaft of a cocoa-palm. Twenty feet, forty feet, fifty feet, up climbed the child, the proud father glancing at him approvingly from time to time. He scrambled through the big hanging leaf sprays into the very center of the top, and with a succession of dexterous twisting jerks broke off two cocoanuts. After tossing them to the earth, where they settled with a dull thud, he slid down as nimbly as a monkey. A sharpened stake set in the ground served as a husking instrument. The tearing off of the tough sheath required the father's strength, as did also the opening of the pointed end of each nut by well directed blows of a big knife. Thus prepared, these natural cups, containing the most refreshing draught of the tropics, were handed to Elesá and me.

As we leisurely drained them and scooped out pieces of the curd-like pulp to eat, I looked at my savage entertainer, and he scrutinized me—not with the inquiring glance of a stranger but with the sympathetic gaze of a friend. He was big and muscular, large framed and large headed. His wavy hair was brushed back and erect. His broad savage face was kindly, but his dark eyes flashed command. There was a feeling of power in the grasp of his large hand. His only garment was a *lava-lava* of bright cloth worn about his waist, while in his hand he carried a light staff. His wife seemed a friendly little dame as she sat there on the bank with a party of laughing girls who were chattering and giggling merrily over their feast of cocoanuts.

Upon addressing a few preliminary words of inquiry concerning me to my little interpreter Elesá, the chief, for such I was satisfied he was, asked me abruptly if I was his friend. How

Stonington, Conn. Jan 1901.

Dear Mr. Brewster

I have just received

your letter of the 14th



MY FRIEND LEÓTA.

could I be otherwise, after all his hospitality? I assured him that I was, forgetting for the moment how serious a pledge I was making. A Samoan friend is not one of the half-hearted creatures of a formal civilization. He is a relation. Wherever you go he will follow. Whatever he possesses is yours. What you possess is his.

Leóta assured me, with a courtly smile, that he was also my friend, and the compact was sealed.

He straightway informed me that he would send a present of cocoanuts to my house. I told him that one or two for my wife would be acceptable, and we parted, he to wend his way home-

ward and I to penetrate deeper into the recesses of the mountains.

Led by my little guide Elesá, I went on, breathless and hot, as we toiled up the almost perpendicular slope. The roots of the *ifí* trees, those grand old tropical chestnuts that abound on the slopes of Samoa, had grown in such fashion along the surface of the mountain-side as to form a broad stairway — a royal ascent to the sequestered heights beyond. We passed *taro* patches, or *talo* patches as they are termed in the softer dialect of Samoa, tucked away in little pockets in the forest, where men and women work sporadically at cultivating this staple food of the islands.

The *manutangi*, a mountain pigeon, was cooing loud and sweetly in the woodland shade, and the *iaos* broke the silence from time to time with their penetrating liquid chatter. At last we stood near the crest of the range, and Elesá thought it about time to return. Hot and panting, we paused to look about us at the wild tangle of vines, and then, still talking of my new-made friend, the chance acquaintance of a mountain stroll, we descended the stairs into the garden of the gods.

That evening a young savage appeared at my door, attired only in his blue *lava-lava*. In his hand was a large, freshly made basket of green cocoa-palm leaves, containing a half dozen or more young cocoanuts overlaid with ferns. The young man explained that he was Leóta's son, and that his father had sent this pledge of friendship with the request that I call upon him. This I promised to do upon the morrow. Accordingly, the following morning, I strolled up to Pango Pango in search of Leóta's *fále*. As I walked through the village, a strange man came out of one of the large houses and beckoned me to him. Obeying his summons, I soon found myself in the midst of a council of the important men of the place, and was pleased to discover Leóta among them.

The Samoan house is a simple yet beautifully made structure, admirably adapted to the life of the people. It consists of a great dome-shaped roof uplifted on poles. The sides are open to the height of about five feet, but can be closed as a protection against sun and rain by dropping coarse mats. The floor is paved with small volcanic pebbles, or bits of coral. In the center are two or three heavy posts supporting the dome. All the parts are lashed together with cocoanut sinnet, and the thatching of the roof is done with great care and neatness. In such a house as this — for nearly all the Samoan *fáles* are alike except in size and finish — the men were assembled. They sat in a ring around the edge of the house, squatting tailor-fashion

upon small mats woven of strips of pandanus leaves. After the preliminary of shaking hands all around, I was assigned to a mat and sat there trying to look comfortable in my unwonted position, and to catch such fragments of conversation as a word, gesture or expression might convey. Thus we remained for an hour. One or two of the more distinguished chiefs held flybrushes, which are emblems of rank, and very useful implements at the same time. Occasionally some one made a remark in a quiet, unconcerned fashion. It was like a Quaker meeting, with long gaps relieved by disconnected speeches made in the soft, melodious dialect of Samoa.

When all the affairs of state had been properly adjusted, one of the old men turned to me to inquire if I would drink *ava* with them. *Ava*, or *kava* as it is called in some of the islands, is the national drink of the Polynesians, and I had heard some disagreeable rumors of the mode of preparing it by mastication. Nevertheless, as guest of the council, I could not refuse to share their hospitality, and promptly accepted their offer. To drink *ava* with a Samoan is like eating salt with an Arab. It is a pledge of friendship, an initiation into the inner circle of the home. From an adjoining house the *tailpou* was summoned to prepare the drink. She is a virgin set apart as the village maiden, a leader of ceremonies and attendant on the high chief. She entered with that queenly bearing which is so distinguishing a trait of the race, her fine strong shoulders held back; her full chest, broad, rounded features, and lithe motions all combining to make her a splendid creature. In her hair a long plume swayed as she moved about. Around her neck was suspended an *ula* of big red seeds and sweet-scented leaves strung into a chain. Her brilliant gown hung loosely from her shoulders to her knees. Her arms and legs were bare, showing the rich brown of the skin.

With the *tailpou* came another fine looking girl and a young man, dressed in a red *lava-lava*. He carried a large wooden bowl with six legs, and placed it on the ground opposite the center of the oval-shaped house. The *tailpou* and her companion seated themselves on a mat beside the bowl and commenced to scrape pieces of *ava* root on a rude tin grater. I was relieved on seeing that a reform had been effected in the method of preparing the drink. The grating was done with due deliberation (as were all things in Samoa, where haste is looked upon as a mark of vulgarity) after which the young man took a cocoanut bottle and poured water from it into the bowl. The straining of the drink was effected by taking a bunch of fibre, gathering up the particles of *ava* root in it and wringing the

mass as dry as possible. The bunch of fibre was then tossed to the youth, who opened it out into a long strand and flirited it vigorously in the air to shake out all the particles of root. This was repeated several times until the liquid was quite free from all bits of root. The young man next took a cup made of a polished half-cocoanut and held it beside the bowl to be filled. The *taúpou* lifted the dripping fibre over it and wrung the liquid into the cup. The graceful young cupbearer carried it held aloft, and on approaching me swept it down almost to the ground and up to my hand. The motion was so easy, so natural and yet so theatrical and courtly, that it seemed inconceivable that I was simply witnessing a bit of everyday life of untutored savages. I drained the cup of its clean, bitter draught, and it was filled in turn for all the men of the party. The *taúpou* and her assistants withdrew immediately after the ceremony, and ere long the company dispersed.

Leóta invited me to his *fále*, situated but a short distance further up the village path, and thither we wended our way over the loose stones with which the village is paved. The houses were raised a few inches above the surrounding level by a stone retaining-wall, and stone walls enclosed the adjacent plantations and kept the pigs at a respectful distance. The village was shaded with great *if* trees, holding aloft their dense, broad-leaved foliage; there were swaying palm branches and rustling banana blades. We heard the laughter of women and the song of birds as we walked along. I noticed a rustic bird-cage in front of one house, containing a mountain pigeon, and many dugout canoes lined the shore, with their outriggers lashed to sticks at one side. Leóta and I could not converse much save by signs, but he nevertheless made me very welcome at his home. Here I met his mother and father, who lived close at hand in a smaller hut, his wife, his comely daughter, and his seven sons, ranging in age from a lusty man of twenty to a pick-aninny of five.

As I sat upon the fresh pandanus mat which his wife had spread for me, there was ample time to look about at the furnishings of my friend's house. The family property, in conformity with the simplicity of the life, was limited to a degree. The most valuable possessions of a Samoan household are the finely-woven grass mats. These, together with the *tapas*, were stored away in a Chinese camphor-wood chest, the only foreign piece of furniture which the household possessed. Between the central posts of the house, on cross-bars lashed to them, the mats not in use were lying in big rolls. Hanging from the ends of these cross-bars were baskets of food and cocoanut shell

water-bottles. There were a number of pillows standing about the floor. I say "standing" advisedly, since the pillow consists of a double joint of bamboo raised on legs to a height of fully six inches from the ground. There were short pillows for one sleeper and long ones sufficient to support the heads of four or five persons. A drum was lying on the ground, and this was quite as unconventional as the pillows. It was simply a hollowed-out block of hard wood, which gave forth a resonant sound when struck on the side.

After admiring all Leóta's possessions, and sitting still until I was almost too stiff to move, I announced my intention of leaving. It was only after promising to come again very soon, and having a pretty necklace of fine white shells put over my neck by his wife, that I was allowed to quit his hospitable roof.

The next day bright and early, one of his boys was at my door with another basket of cocoanuts, and an invitation from his father to take dinner and spend the night with him. The invitation was extended to my wife and little girl; but although I gladly accepted for myself, it seemed best to decline for them. In the afternoon, attired in a fresh duck suit, and carrying an umbrella, both as protection from the sun and the sudden squalls which were blowing over, I strolled up to Leóta's *fale*. He was expecting me, and greeted me most warmly, but expressed regret that my *fafine* and pickaninny could not also come. We sat together on the mats for some time, and I learned many new words in my friend's tongue. When the conversation began to lag, I proposed that we go out in a canoe — a *váa* — for a paddle. Straightway he waded into the lagoon where his boat was anchored off shore, and fetched it to take me. It was a narrow affair with scarce room to put both legs inside, but I sat on a cross-board in the bow and paddled away, with Leóta in the stern directing our course.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NEVADA INDIAN BASKETS AND THEIR MAKERS.

By CLARA MAC NAUGHTON.

[CONCLUDED.]



On this day it is a wonder to me how the most perfect weaver of the tribe attains such perfection, with a few twigs, a bundle of roots and bark, an old water-tight basket (which makes a collector break the tenth commandment whenever glancing that way), filled with water to keep the weaving thread pliable, an awl or needle made of a small bone, and a piece of flint or obsidian to scrape the strands smooth. By running her fingers over the prepared fibre she discovers every little blemish or inequality, and is satisfied only when all is perfect.

The Washoes never camp beside a river, but at some distance on the hill-sides. To carry their water the long distances necessary, they weave conical baskets, from willow (*ket-ept*), with a mouth at one end, and smear them with pitch. They whittle a stopper out of wood, or stuff a piece of raw-hide in for a cork. These are carried on their backs suspended from a band around the forehead. When laid down or dropped, their shape prevents the loss of all the contents. They have similar jugs (*Ket-ept-la-mi*), which are flat-bottomed for household use.

The women of this tribe usually do the burden-bearing, though during the past few years some are able to have horses, and even, rarely, an old wagon; but the men are not unkind to them. They are loving mothers, and are modestly gowned in high colored calico and gingham aprons, their hair shrouding their faces, tied down with bright silk kerchiefs. When a child is born "they wash it in warm water, and give the mother warm water to drink. Everybody gives them presents, and they have a 'big-eat;' as soon as the sun shines, they lay it in a basket and take it out to let the sun-god look at it, that it may have a long life." The mother then devotes her time to it, coddling, waiting on it, "packing" it in cradle on her back, and doing no work until it is able to walk, when it is unstrapped from its cradle. The men are proud fathers; the children tractable and obedient, mother and children waiting on the head of the house and doing his will. These Indians are good to their aged "papas" and "mamas," as they call them.

When a young "buck" wishes to marry, if his family ap-

NEVADA RACKETE.

prove, and the maiden is willing, she accepts in her hand a present. Formerly this was some choice piece of beadwork or string of shell-money, but now it is more apt to be a piece of money. If the girl's mother objects to the union she opens her daughter's hand, letting the present fall upon the ground, and draws her child away. If the maid refuses the gift, she runs for her life; for if overtaken she must submit.

In some cases, the relatives objecting, the lover chases his chosen one. If she reciprocates his affection she permits herself to be easily captured; if she is unwilling, she has many devices to foil her pursuer. The marriage is celebrated with a dance, the prospective bride being the only female dancer. The betrothed couple, holding each other by the hand, dance until exhausted. Meanwhile relatives chant their praises and the deeds of their ancestors. A feast follows, at which the presents are made, with more praises.

WASHOE BASKETS.

At their funerals, the body is laid out in all its finery. A fire is built, the medicine-man chants the departed one's praises, and keeps watch for the Spirit Father and that no evil spirits molest. All the relatives lament until time to bury the dead. The body is laid in the grave with all its personal property, and a large *sing-am* on its breast, into which are showered all kinds of gifts, baskets, etc., to appease the spirits and for the "life of the dead one" to use on his long journey. Then for days, weeks, and sometimes for months, the near relatives, in old clothes, with hair cut short, eyebrows plucked out, cheeks smeared with pitch and ashes, keep up a mournful wail. After a certain period, all friends and distant relatives visit the

PAIUTE BASKETRY.

mourners, who sit with their backs to all comers, refusing to eat or be comforted. After the mourning period expires, it is an insult to mention any dead relative, as it calls forth the wailing anew. A widow is expected to wait a year before, dressed in new clothes, she sets out on a journey alone, expecting followers or suitors. Unless very old or worthless she soon returns with a new husband. Divorces or separations are allowed. I have not been able as yet to discover what grounds are considered sufficient.

The Washoe manner of driving deer or rabbits is unique. They weave a long, strong net out of twine which they manufacture. After stretching and strengthening the net, they cut and gather willows and sagebrush and build a fence extending in V shape from the net several miles in length. Then

SOME NEVADA BASKETS.

the whole tribe surrounds the opening at some distance, and with whoops and yells the game is driven in towards the net. Their catch generally proves very large. The meat is both eaten fresh and cured by drying. The hides of the deer are used for moccasins and dance-robcs. The rabbit skins are woven into delightfully warm soft blankets. They are first cut into strips about two inches wide, then joined together with a sort of twist until the string is quite long, when it is doubled and hung up to dry. When the fur is cured, the spinner squats upon the ground with the mass of fluffy fur at his side. He deftly twirls a straight, smooth stick upon his knee with

the right hand while feeding the fur to it with his left, meantime pulling off the tails and removing other inequalities. When the stick is full, the ball of fur is slipped off, and the process repeated till enough has been wound. The weaver then makes a frame from willows of suitable size, bound together by deer sinew, some laying the frame on the ground, others standing it upright. He then wraps the woof—generally a hemp of his own manufacture—over and around the opposite poles, and nimbly weaves the fur in and out, using a sharpened tool to push it together compactly.

The beadwork is woven on a loom made from a sapling bent bow-fashion. The beads are drawn in and out—two, three, or four threads being used to secure them—through the warp stretched from end to end of the bow.

Their gift-baskets are never filled up at the foundation, but the aperture is left open until used, to let the Life Spirit escape.

A young woman never finishes a basket. If she has no aged female relative to put the finishing stitches in for her, she will break it off abruptly when it has acquired the desired size for her purpose. Sometimes she will give it away or sell it, without even breaking off the foundation coil.

The collection of such curios may and should broaden and humanize the collector. Each specimen will naturally arouse a desire to know all that is possible of the origin and history of the tribe producing it; of the life, character and position of its maker, of the use of the article, and the time and place of its making, and—most significant of all—of the history, poetry or religion which has been woven into it. For many, the first real glimpse of the veritable brotherhood of man, the first perception of the genuine kinship between "savage" and "civilized" races, has been so obtained.

Carson City, Nev.

THE PASSING OF SAMUEL HALLET.

By DANIEL B. HADLEY.

IN the late summer of 1862, a bill was passed, and approved by Mr. Lincoln, which authorized the building of a railroad from the Missouri river to the Pacific at San Francisco, and provided for national assistance in the matter. It was stipulated that the eastern end of the railroad should have two arms, one terminating at Omaha, the other at some point on the Missouri in Kansas and opposite to the State of Missouri, the two to join not more than two hundred miles west of the Missouri.

For more than a year no one offered to undertake the building from the Missouri westward. Then Samuel Hallet—a native of Steuben county, New York, and son, by the way, of a sister of Robert Fulton—returned to the United States from Spain, where he had been building a railroad. The project for the western road appealed to him, and he soon completed arrangements with Mr. Lincoln for constructing the southern branch of it. In the first instance he endeavored to interest citizens of Leavenworth, Kansas, in the financing of the construction. But Leavenworth was then the largest city in Kansas; its citizens believed that the new road would be obliged to make it the terminal, and declined to lift their hands to help it.

Hallet soon saw that the true strategic point for a terminal was at the mouth of the Kansas river, 22 miles south of Leavenworth. This would enable it to meet the line of the Missouri Pacific coming west from St. Louis, and continue up the Kansas valley to a junction with the Omaha branch. Accordingly, without further parley or delay, he sent an agent to Wyandot City, at the mouth of the Kansas, early in September, 1863. He promptly engaged about one hundred men for construction work, and in the forenoon of the first day they cut a roadway through the forest a hundred feet wide and about eighty rods long. This was the actual beginning of the Union Pacific railroad.

Samuel Hallet now came from Chicago, bringing with him an engineer named Talcott, engaged more men, and arranged for completing the grade to Lawrence, forty-five miles away. Then he went to St. Louis to form a construction company for the great enterprise, leaving his brothers, John and Tom, in charge of the work. Before he had finished his work there, the grade had been completed to Lawrence; and Talcott, after drawing his wages in full, started to visit his family in Chicago, going by way of St. Louis. Finding Sam Hallet in that city, Talcott told him that his brothers had not paid him, and Hallet therefore paid him \$200.

SAMUEL HALLETT.

Soon after, Hallet went to Washington for the purpose of obtaining such a change in the law as would enable the two branches from the Missouri to meet at Cheyenne, Wyoming, instead of at a point far east of that. On his first visit to the President he was amazed to be shown a letter from Talcott saying that the work being done on the road was a mere sham, with wooden culverts, and other flimsy construction, and was intended to last only long enough to enable the contractor to collect from the United States the subsidy of \$16,000 a mile in bonds. Hallet explained that Talcott had been left in charge of the work, with instructions to build a good roadbed throughout. Mr. Lincoln's comment on this state of facts was that Talcott "ought to be spanked." He turned the letter over to Hallet, who mailed it to his brothers, repeating to them Lincoln's instruction as to the fit punishment for such conduct.

Now, Tom Hallet stood six feet six in his stockings, and was built accordingly. When Talcott, who was a comparatively small man, appeared a little later at the office, Tom laid strenuous hands upon him. After explaining to him in vigorous detail the opinion which large men have of such mean little tricks as drawing wages twice over, and writing lying letters about his employers, he said, in effect, "Old Abe has ordered that you should be spanked, and spanked you shall be, by

heaven." Then he proceeded to make his word good, with earnestness and liberality, winding up by tossing the rascal into the middle of the street.

Not long afterward Sam Hallet returned from Washington, having procured the change in the law which he had desired. Talcott "laid for him," with a repeating Henry rifle, and shot him in the back as he was going from his boarding house to the railroad office. Hallet died where he fell. Talcott mounted his horse, no effort being made to detain him by the fifteen or twenty men who were present, and rode out to his home, some three miles away, where he hid himself in a cornfield. One murder, more or less, did not count in Wyandot county in those days, and he was never captured. After that he was employed on the line of the Union Pacific running west from Omaha, but the county commissioners would not put up the money to bring him back for trial. Even in the winter following the murder, he was known to some of the neighbors to be concealed in the cellar of his own house.

Of Hallet's four children, the two sons are still living—Robert L., in Chicago, and Samuel I., in Silverton, Colo., the latter being State Senator at this writing.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE COYOTE.

By AGNES KATHERINE GIBBS

THE chilly stars are trembling at the touch of winter's fingers;

From a spruce bough's cosy shelter thro' his mufflers
hoots the owl; [lingers,
Close beside the cabin windows, silence, world-old, solemn,
Till across the mesa comes the lone coyote's wavering howl.

Half appealing, half defiant; made of maniac's awful laughter,
Terror, wickedness exultant, cynic sneer and woman's wail;
Sharp and sudden in its ceasing, as its starting was, but after,
Cliff and cave, and stream and forest all take up the eerie tale.

The restless wind, upstarting from his fitful, broken slumber,
Rushes, moaning, thro' the tree-tops; silence, shuddering,
hides her face.

Over yonder in the cañon, ghosts and spirits without number,
Join in wordless lamentation for a long forgotten race.

Wild prayers never uttered yet beneath a Christian steeple;
Hymns and chants forever strangers to the ritual, cross and
cowl;

The war-songs, love-songs, dirges, of a wild and untaught people,
All mingle in the echoes that wrap the wierd coyote's howl!

It ends! Returning silence wraps her furry cloak around me.

The gentle household spirits, light, and warmth, and rest,
draw nigher.

Once more descends the perfect peace in which that outcry
found me.

In the box-stove's genial bosom glows the dear, familiar fire,
Greenwood, Colorado.

GENERAL VIEW OF AGUA CALIENTE, WARREN'S RANCH

Photo by C. F. L. JUNG, 1902

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

II.

It is not necessary to print now that section of the Commission's report which details its second and very searching investigation of the Pala water supply, made in view of certain malicious statements by property owners unduly desirous of selling their own lands to the Government. This section of the Report thoroughly exposed the falsity and absurdity of these rival claims, and fully established the permanency and sufficiency of the Pala supply, which is one of the most abundant and satisfactory in this part of the State.

A concluding paragraph on Pala adds some further information of interest and import, and is printed here, preceding the report on the Monserrate Ranch, which the Commission saved the Government from buying at an extravagant figure.

THE COMMISSION'S REPORT—PALA—CONCLUDED.

A small expenditure would, in the opinion of your Commission, greatly increase the Pala water supply—which is already, as noted, one of the best in this part of the State. A small and inexpensive diverting dam at the intake of the Chorro ditch would perhaps double the flow. Even a day's work scraping out the sand and puddling with clay would very largely increase the flow. The two measurements on the Golsh ditch, June 18, show

PALA-A PART OF THE TIMBER

Photo by C. F. L., June, 1902

THE "CHUCK-WAGON" OF THE COMMISSION

Photo by C. F. L.

the loss of water in open sand ditches — a matter notorious throughout Southern California. The Golsh ditch on the south side of the river, and the Mission ditch on the north side, could be plastered with cement, in the manner now employed in all progressive irrigation plants in this region, with 250 inches capacity, at a cost not to exceed 25 cents per running foot, or \$1,330 per mile. A mile or a mile and a half on each of these ditches cemented thus inexpensively, would guarantee an inexhaustible and abundant supply of water for irrigation of all the irrigable lands in this proposition; and while the irrigation facilities as they stand today are unsurpassed, your Commission recommends that in case of purchase this improvement be made. It is the step any experienced and enterprising Californian would take on buying the property for himself. An expenditure of \$5,000 at the outside should perfect the intake and distribution of this extraordinarily valuable volume of water; and would still save the Government more than \$20,000 over the Monserrate purchase. This \$20,000 available for the purchase of lands "for such other Indians as are not now provided with suitable homes," would give at least four other reservations under this agency such relief as would remove them from the present category of continual complaint and of perennial trouble to the Department.

The Pala proposition absolutely controls the four oldest ditches taken from the San Luis Rey river below the mill.

These ditches are higher up the river, and antedate all other ditches except the Henderson. No one upstream can so divert the water as to keep it permanently from Pala. There are very few streams in Southern California where conditions are so simple and so satisfactory. The importance of these facts to the safety of the water supply probably need not be dwelt upon.

"PALA" is a word of the Luiseño Indian language, and means "water," or "place of water." The Warner's Ranch Indians are of the Luiseño branch of Mission Indians. So also are the few Pala Indians left. The latter have allotments at Pala, and a few have homesteads. There has been a hint of former unfriendliness between the two bands; but to the knowledge of your Commission the Pala Indians are among those active in bringing about the proposed purchase at Pala for the Warner's Ranch Indians; and the Indian delegates from Warner's Ranch stated that their people were perfectly friendly to the Paleños. It is also well known that the two bands intervisit in large numbers on the occasion of their feasts, and that the relations are amicable. The rumor was from an irresponsible source, but your Commission deemed it worth investigating. The total value of improvements at Pala, including fences, is about \$8,000. This estimate seems conservative.

THE M'CUMBAR OR ROBINSON MONSERRATE.

In view of the general and earnest protest made throughout Southern California against the purchase of this property by the Government for the Warner's Ranch Indians (as recommended by U. S. Inspector McLaughlin) your Commission has made a searching investigation of the facts of the case. It spent two nights and part of three days on the property; traversed it in all directions, by wagon and on foot, took photographs, levels and measurements, and secured voluminous stenographic notes from the manager, Mr. Chas. Clark. After such examination your Commission is convinced that the protests against the purchase of this ranch for the Indians are fully justified; and, without going into certain suprising features, developed under examination, herewith presents, it believes, sufficient reasons for its findings.

CLAIMS.

The McCumbar portion of the Monserrate Ranch, now owned by Dr. G. W. Robinson, claims 2,370 acres; about 1,800 arable, 800 valley, 150 in alfalfa, "300 more has grown alfalfa;" "300 acres irrigable from the San Luis Rey River *at certain seasons of the year*;" "a forty horse-power pumping plant, comparatively new and in good condition," which "throws a steady and full stream of water through a 6-inch pipe" from "a large well inexhaustible in its supply." This plant, it is claimed,

"is utilized to irrigate a portion of the valley lands in unusually dry seasons." Water is claimed to be "only from 3 to 5 feet below the surface throughout the valley." "This ranch is better supplied with timber than any other in South Western California, and in fact the only one containing necessary fuel." "Soil rich, water plentiful," (vide Report of Inspector, House Doc. No. 319, 57th Congress, 1st Session.) Recommended to be bought by the Government for \$70,000.

FINDINGS OF THE COMMISSION.

It is true that this property "has a frontage of a mile on the San Luis Rey River," though the statement is misleading. The large upper portion of that frontage is by the high rock peak, shown in photo, which makes it impossible to take water out upon any portion of the ranch except a small tract at the lower end. It is not true that "at least 300 acres of the ranch lands can be irrigated from this stream at certain seasons of the year." From 75 to 80 acres can be irrigated in winter, the season when irrigation is not practiced. In the summer months, when irrigation is vital, none of the ranch whatever can be irrigated from the river. The bed of the San Luis Rey was a dry sandwash at the Monserrate intake at the time of your Commission's visit, so early as June 19; nor was there water for irrigation when the chairman visited this spot last October. The method by which the manager expects to "irrigate 300 acres from the river," involved, as he stated to the Commission, his original plan to "bring the water up" to the hillock on which the house stands "and to give it a push that will send it way off there"—up hill. He stated that he "came here a year ago, a greeny."

The "40 horse-power pumping plant" is not in use. The manager admits that he never worked it except for one day, "to see what it would do." It is not pretended that it was ever in use more than a week. The manager states that it is four or five years old; outsiders say three or four. The boiler was found by your Commission full of water, after months of disuse, and badly rusted. The pump had been removed from the pit and was lying in the dirt. It is not 6-inch but 5-inch. After measurement and consultation with its builders and several engineers, including some who know this individual plant, your Commission does not believe the plant to be of 40 horse-power, nor of more than half that capacity. The claim that the water supply in the well is "inexhaustible" is gratuitous. No attempt has been made to learn whether it is inexhaustible or not. Despite the large claims of irrigation, your Commission found the ranch on a purely dry-farming basis; the river dry, the pumping plant abandoned, and the crops which

THE CHIRP "STREAM" ON THE MONSIEURATE.

Photo by C F L.

Registered flow, one-quarter of an inch Measured by the Commission, June 19, 1902 Filled a 3-quart canter in 20 seconds.

Photo by C. F. L., June 7, 1902
MARCELINO QUASSIS, CAPTAIN OF PUERTA LA CRUZ.
(One of the Warner's Ranch villages now to be evicted)

should be irrigated suffering from drought. In the bottom, by the pump-house—the only spot on which water from the river could be put if there was water to put—the bean crop was drying out and choked with weeds. The alfalfa fields were also thirsty. Rough measurement by a civil engineer showed that the alfalfa fields claimed to be 150 acres are really about 60 acres. In the rainy season it may be true that “water is only from 3 to 5 feet below the surface throughout the valley;” but the Commission saw, in the bottom of the valley, two wells 14 feet deep and entirely dry, while the windmill at the upper end of the alfalfa was sucking air, having exhausted its well.

All water for the house, live-stock and all other purposes is raised by windmill. The manager related to the Commission how the whole supply was cut off by a frog in the pipe, so that he had to dig a new well.

The only visible water on the ranch was from two small

Photo by C. F. L.

ONE OF THE COMMISSION'S CAMPS

LEONARDO AULINGOFIS,
OLDEST INDIAN AT AGUA CALIENTE.

Photo by C. F. L., June 7, 1902

(He served under Lt Col P St Geo Cook at the entrance of the American army to California in Feb., 1847.)

springs at the northeast corner, shown by the manager. The larger—which he admitted was twice as large as the other—was measured by your Commission June 19; by capacity, being too small for weir measurement. The full flow of this stream, falling six feet, filled a 3-quart canteen in 20 seconds by the stop watch! Not only is no adequate irrigation possible on this ranch in dry seasons, when irrigation is necessary, but it would be difficult so to locate the Indians that they should have water for household purposes.

Except about 25 acres (claimed) in beans and potatoes, and about 60 in alfalfa (which the manager admits is "about worn out; it is full of mustard"), practically all the crops on the ranch are volunteer grain, some of which has made a very fair stand. The manager has turned his attention of late almost

MONSERRATE RANCH *Photo by C. F. L., June 21, 1902*
(The rocky peak which shuts off all the upper portion of the ranch from the San Luis Rey river)

wholly to hogs. The 40 acres of valley land east of the alfalfa is strongly alkaline; the manager states that he had it in corn last year, but will now let it go back to salt-grass. He has abandoned butter making "because it was too much trouble;" has given up grain "because it was too expensive to head and thresh on a large scale."

The valley land is about 500 acres, instead of 800 as claimed. Your Commission took 16 measurements across the valley, and found it averages 23 chains wide. It is 160 chains long.

The live-oak grove is a very fine one, and probably covers 100 acres as claimed. It is not true, however, that the Monserrate "is better supplied with timber than any other in Southwestern California, and in fact the only one containing necessary fuel." A large number of ranches have the "necessary fuel;" and your Commission has examined, among those now proffered to the Government, at least nine which have more timber than the Monserrate, and two of them more than ten times as much.

Your Commission has no hesitation in stating that in its opinion the price—\$70,000—at which it was recommended that this property be purchased by the Government, is excessive, to state it mildly. Whether justly or not, it is a widespread impression that the ranch could have been bought for not to exceed two-thirds of that sum. Your Commission asked the manager directly, three times, if the property had not been sold at foreclosure. He assured us that it never had been, and that the foreclosure story related to the Fenton portion of the Monserrate. Your Commission had in its possession at the time the following information from the judicial records of San Diego county, Cal.:

Dec. 24, 1894, in a foreclosure proceeding by the People's Home Savings Bank vs. C. L. McCumbar et al., E. Carter, a commissioner appointed by the court, sold the McCumbar portion of the Monserrate Ranch [this exact property] to J. E. Wadham for \$25,000. Mr. Wadham assigned the certificate to G. A. Garretson, and a deed was issued to him by Carter as Commissioner, July 1, 1895, recorded in Book 238, page 288, for Tract "C," containing about 210 acres, and part of Tract "A," containing about 2,000 acres.

July 31, 1895, Garretson conveyed the premises to C. L. and G. W. McCumbar, for \$25,000, deed recorded in Book 243, page 55, and took a mortgage back for \$23,250, recorded in Book 90, page 128 of Mortgages; taking a mortgage for the difference, \$1,725 on other property, recorded in Book 90 of Mortgages, page 418.

Feb. 26, 1898, the McCumbars entered into a contract to sell the property to George W. Robinson; Robinson to assume the mortgage, and to convey to the McCumbars some property in New York, which does not seem to have been valued at over \$10,000, as the certificate was to be limited to that value. This contract is recorded in Book 267, page 299.

Aug. 13, 1897, the McCumbars made a deed to Robinson for the consideration of \$30,000, which seems to have been the agreed price, as the revenue stamp is for \$30. Deed recorded in Book 272, page 282. Robinson, in addition, was to pay \$11,000 for the personal property on the ranch.

The personal property on the ranch is not included in the proposition to sell to the Government for \$70,000.

Your Commission also begs to state that in its opinion the Robinson Monserrate at nearly \$30 per acre is relatively one of the dearest properties it has examined. A large number of ranches, greatly superior to this, with better land, far more land, as much or more timber, hundreds of times the available water supply, and in every particular better adapted to the purpose, can be bought and are now proffered to the Government, at a saving of \$10,000 to \$25,000. As landscape the Monserrate is an exceptionally beautiful area, and might well fascinate a stranger to California and the peculiar conditions of farming. In the hands of an intelligent, active American farmer, with sufficient capital and large executive ability, with costly machinery, and the best methods, the ranch would probably pay well; but it does not now enjoy the reputation, among those who are familiar it, of a paying place; and it would not be possible for Indians, even with a good overseer, to make it a success. Owing to the distribution of the water—or rather lack of water—and other causes, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to allot it satisfactorily. The Warner's Ranch Indians are, and have been from the first, particularly opposed to this property; and to put them upon it would intensify their discontent at being removed from their old home.

PROPERTIES EXAMINED BY THE COMMISSION

PROPERTY	Acres	Arable	Irrigable	Now Cultivated	Now Irrigated	Houses, Barns, Etc.	Trails, Water Measured	Price	Per Acre
Pala.....	3,438	2,028	733	650	316	27	135	\$ 46,230	\$13
Descanso.....	6,841	3,245	200	1,045	0	38	51,000	7
Las Flores.....	5,230	3,000	2,500	500	250	4	36	66,500	12
Agua Tibia.....	1,563	1,000	1,000	300	140	7	53	50,000	32
S. Pasqual "A" ..	1,996	1,154	529	554	100	14	100	81,500	41
S. Pasqual "B" ..	1,416	1,200	800	140	45	0	68,670	48
Ludy.....	2,085	1,400	105	600	80	8	22	36,000	17
Pauba-Temec. ...	8,000	3,000	70,000	9
Pauma.....	13,059	2,500	78	60,000	5
Ethanac.....	700	700	700	700	700	...	140	70,000	100
Sta. Ysabel.....	2,500	250	75	250	12	2	10	50,000	20
Maxcy.....	4,200	2,500	1,500	5	2	50,000	12
Moosa.....	4,380	40	4	68,985	16
F. Grand.....	6,500	1,200	30	300	30	12	E 5	40,000	6
Evans.....	2,000	500	500	150	100	4	E100	80,000	40
Newport.....	2,775	2,275	0	2,275	0	7	0	70,000	25
Etcheverry.....	3,000	2,000	400	0	3	0	70,000	23
San Felipe.....	9,973	0	...	0	70,000	7
Webster.....	2,487	1,200	150	6	1	37,305	15
Monserrate—									
Robinson's.....	2,370	1,300	80	1,300	0	15	¼	70,000	30
Fenton's.....	2,676	750	250	0	6	0	38,000	14
Palomares.....	4,302	2,500	2,500	0	2	60,000	14
De Luz.....	1,700	739	107	349	12	24	31	50,000	29
Fallbrook.....	3,653	487	108	250	50	27	E100	35,000	9
Dinwiddie.....	2,720	650	450	21	50,000	18
Guajome.....	2,350	1,800	20	1,420	7	E 5	55,000	23
Jurupa.....	2,500	2,300	625	710	625	10	E200	60,000	24
Warner's Ranch..	30,000	19	245,000	7

Except water measurements, above figures are mostly owner's claims. Some, particularly in arable and irrigable area, are excessive.

THE LADY OF THE GALLEON.

By LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

TOWARD the end of May, in the year 1743, His Majesty's ship *Centurion*, upon which I was Lieutenant, took up her station off Cape Espiritu Santo, on the east coast of the Philippine Islands. Our purpose was to cruise out of sight of land, that we might fall upon the Spanish treasure-ship on her way from Mexico to Manila. For one hundred and fifty years Spain had been the only traveler on these seas. Once each year her great galleon of spices and oriental stuffs dragged a furrow across the sea from Manila to Acapulco, and once each year a second galleon, laden with treasure from Peru and Mexico, turned up a silver wake on the return voyage from Acapulco to Manila.

We had set out from England nearly three years before, a valiant little fleet of six men-of-war and two victuallers, under command of Commodore Anson, afterwards Lord Anson and Admiral of the Fleet. More than a thousand men sailed with us out of the Channel to make war upon our Spanish enemy by sacking her treasury in the New World; and now, on the only ship that the sea had left us, we numbered but two hundred men and boys, all that remained of that goodly company.

But few as we were, hope ran high on the *Centurion*, for in June the treasure galleon was due in Manila, and now it was the end of May. Hope had ever come to us in the shape of a Spanish galleon; we had even dreamed of a prize through those long, awful winter months when we were battling with the storms off Cape Horn, when our fleet was broken never to re-assemble, our sails were split from clew to ear-ring, and our masts snapped like frosted twigs; when the scurvy raged so that the men fell dead at the ropes, and not ten able sailors were left in a watch to work the ship. That was scurvy such as none of us had ever seen; for it parted wounds that had been healed for forty years, and set them a-bleeding like fresh sword cuts. And yet on the foul berth deck at night, when the stench of the uncleared ship was as thick inside as the weather without, the few sailors who still had strength for words, talked, at times, of the galleons of Spain; and the sick turned in their hammocks to hear, and in the effort of turning died.

I was at an age when hoping comes easy to a man, an age I have never left behind, thank God! I was the youngest lieutenant on the *Centurion*, for I got my commission just as we sailed, when I had newly rounded my twentieth year.

"Some men have held the commission younger, Mr. Light-foot, and some older," Commodore Anson said drily, when I first aired the matter on the quarterdeck; "I know a man of four-

score who is still a Lieutenant, and has been one since the reign of King William." Then he went on to say that he had got his own commission at nineteen, and at twenty suffered his baptism of fire under Captain Byng when he sunk the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro.

But, nineteen or twenty, I misdoubt if at my age he knew more of seamanship than I, though a prettier sea-officer than Lord Anson I never knew.

Just before we took up our station off Cape Espiritu Santo, we had fitted up and taken on refreshments at Macao, a Portuguese town near Canton, China, and before the Commodore sailed from those parts he gave out to all the world that he was going to breast the monsoons and sail straight away for Batavia, in the Dutch East Indies. This report was but a ruse put out for the Portuguese, but our crew swallowed at a dismal mouthful the same bait. It was not until we had sunk the coasts of China that Mr. Anson called all his people on the quarter-deck and told them the great news. He said that with what remained to him he was resolved to carry out the orders he had taken from England; he intended to cruise for the Manila ship, of whose wealth we were not ignorant, and though she were a stout ship and full-manned, yet, if our people behaved with their accustomed spirit, he doubted not that we should prove too hard for her at last. He averred that many ridiculous tales had been propagated about the strength of the sides of these Spanish ships, and of their being impenetrable to cannon shot, but that these fictions had been invented to excuse the cowardice of those who had engaged them; he hoped there were none of those present weak enough to give credit to so absurd a story. For his own part, he did assure us, that whenever he fell in with a galleon he would fight her so near that they "should find his bullets, instead of being stopped by one of her sides, should go through them both."

When he reached this point, we gave three cheers that filled our sails; officers and men were of one mind that day.

From the day we reached our station, we kept a sharp lookout, day and night, for the galleon. At any instant the treasure ship might lift the top of her mainmast above the round of the sea. When I was on watch I feared to wink my eye, lest in that portion of a second another might sight her first. The Commodore saw our elation and kept us hard at work. He told us that we would be greatly outnumbered, and that we must make up in marksmanship for what we lacked in men. Part of our routine since we had left home, whenever the weather favoured, was to shoot at a mark set up at the yard-arm, and the Commo-

dore had offered the men a small reward to quicken their ambition. This practice had made of all our crew as good marksmen as any in His Majesty's service. On certain days the officers took part in the contests, and at these times when I did not come off second it was for the reason that I had come off first. But as we cruised off and on about Cape Espiritu Santo there was no thought of English rewards; every ball was aimed as if at the forehead of the Captain of the Spanish galleon. Almost every day, too, we were drilled in the use of the great guns. As June advanced and with it the steaming heat, there grew upon us a distemper of impatience. Every day we searched the horizon as only watching sailors can search, hopes high in the morning and low at sunset, while the ship beat back and forth between the latitudes we had set ourselves. As I look over my log, I find but one thought in all the entries of this date.

June 11. Impatient at not seeing the galleon.

June 13. Cruising on and off, and looking out strictly.

June 19. The galleon, if it arrives at all, must appear soon.

The treasure of the galleons filled our imaginations as water the thoughts of perishing men. As the days went forward we began to fear that news of our being here had somehow taken wind to Mexico. Then stories began to creep in through the hawse-holes of the galleon having heard of our station and changed her course. Between hope and fear we were as sharp as unfed bears. A period was put to all this when at sunrise on the 20th of June the man at the masthead cried a sail in the S. E. quarter.

The news swept over the ship like a tidal wave. We were wild with joy. The Commodore at once stood toward her, and at about six bells we could make her out. It was the Spanish galleon. We had scarcely made sure of her, when she fired a gun and took in her topgallant sails; then stood straight on toward us without changing her course. It was clear that she knew us for an English ship and was determined to fight. We crawled nearer and nearer to each other, until at last we saw the galleon hale up her foresail and bring to under topsails. She hoisted Spanish colours and floated the standard of Spain at her topgallant masthead. On board the *Centurion* we were ready. The Commodore had picked out thirty of his most trusted men and best marksmen. These he put under my command and stationed us in the tops, with orders to fire when within pistol-shot. This division of his men left him so short of hands on the decks that he had not enough to quarter at the great-guns in the usual way. When I had disposed of my men in the main-top, I lent ears and eyes to what went forward on

the deck below, for the Commodore was making a new disposition of his small forces. He stationed two men at each gun, whose only duty was to be the loading of the guns, and the rest of his gunners he divided into different gangs of ten and twelve men each. These he ordered to run from gun to gun, as fast as each was loaded, to fire it and then run to the next. In this way the *Centurion* could use all her guns in spite of our small force, for no man stood idle.

As we neared our enemy, we began to realize her full size. Though not of extreme length fore and aft, she was of great beam, and she showed four tiers of gun decks. Her bow and stern were built up like castles, and stood high out of water. It was as though we were to attack a great floating fortress. She was only an armed merchantman, but we could see that she mounted near as many guns as the *Centurion*: her decks and rigging were well hung with men, and she carried many pedreiros in her gunwales, quarters and tops. A rope netting laced over her waist, stuffed with mats and armed with half-pikes, protected her from boarding. From her shrouds hung a few of the earthen jars that galleons carry instead of water casks. They dangled now as gourds on a leafless vine.

As she stood high out of water, her colors flying, she looked to us as fair a prize as she had looked in our storm-rocked dreams as we beat about Cape Horn. But as we gaped upon her, a sudden squall of rain shut her out from our eyes and for a time we lost her. When it cleared, we found her within gunshot. The *Centurion* hoisted her broad pennant and colours. During all this time the Spaniard had neglected the important business of clearing ship for action. When she had made herself "terrible with banners," she seemed to think we should be quelled, and not until we were fairly upon her did her sailors begin to tumble cattle and lumber overboard. This provocation was too much for our Commodore, though he had not meant to begin the engagement until we were closer; he now ordered the men to fire the chace guns on those clearing the galleon, to stop their work. The Spanish answered fire with fire. Then the *Centurion* got her spritsail yard fore and aft, so that we should be able to board the galleon when the time came, and the galleon replied by getting her yards in like shape. You have seen two old seamen beginning a game of draughts when one makes a move and his fellow makes the same move, or a pair of game cocks hoist their ring of neck-feathers almost together and make the same empty threatenings in the air. I laughed from my station aloft as I thought of this, and felt that joyful pricking in the wrists that comes with action.

We were fast swinging abreast of the enemy, so that she could not escape by making a run of it for the port of Jalapey. Then with purpose we overreached the galleon and lay on her bow, which gave us the advantage of a position from which we could bring all our great guns to bear while the galleon could use only a part of hers. We could almost look into the eyes of the Spaniards posted in her tops. As the distance narrowed, my men fingered their pieces and breathed hard. I measured the distance from our musquets to their pedreros with my eye, and gave the word—

“Clear the rigging! A man with every shot!”

Then our practice showed. The Spaniards dropped. Some straight down like ripe figs, and others falling and clinging to the ropes and falling again, as a wounded grouse falls through the branches of a cedar. Some remained and gave us back our fire; but they aimed too high, and only two of my men had fallen, when out of the smoke of our powder a great flame burst forth from the galleon's deck. Her netting and the mats with which it was stuffed were a-fire, and the flames rolled up half as high as the mizzen top, swallowing the Spanish colours at a mouthful. Above the noise of the guns we could hear the screams of the enemy, for the Spaniards use the edge of the voice like women. Fear was upon us also; for beyond the danger of being so close to the burning ship, it was no part of our plan to lose our prize by fire. We could no longer see to aim, but we poured our shot into the thickest of the smoke and flame. The officers of the galleon must have rallied their men; for, out of the blackness torn with flame, I saw the flash of swords, axes and pikes, as though the Spaniards thought to fight fire with steel. They were slashing down the netting, and with a great cheer they tumbled the flaming mass into the sea. With the clearing of the steam, we found not a man left in our enemy's rigging. What fruit we had not plucked had dropped of itself. Below us, on our own decks, the squads detailed for firing ran from gun to gun, with heads bent, as men scud before a gale, and under their feet raced the powder-monkeys, whipsters of twelve or fourteen, as if at play on an English green, passing over their powder pouches and back again in the wild thick of it.

Our great guns sent an endless sweep of shot across the galleon's deck that much confused the Spaniards, who were prepared for the usual broadside firing, with time between for loading. They were the more harried by the constant pelting, because it gave them no time for the manœuvre, to which they are trained, of throwing themselves flat on the deck until a broad-

side is over, then rising to fire until the next broadside is ready. If they lay down now, the time never came to rise again this side of the Great Day.

When the smoke drifted aside, we could see that the men on the deck of the galleon had fallen into disorder, and their officers were running about trying to constrain them to their work. One that I took for the Commodore was especially active, a pretty figure of a man who seemed to put new courage into the gunners wherever he went.

"Pick off the officers!" I called to my men, as I got my sight levelled on this big fellow.

Their musquets cracked "Aye!" "Aye!"

The big officer and two others dropped; the smoke of the guns came between. When it thinned, a smaller man, with his sword drawn, was in command. I sighted carefully, allowing for the plunge of the ship, and with a right proper shot rolled my Spaniard over. Then out from the deck-cabin a boy in a long, black cloak ran and caught the dying man straight to his breast. The lad turned his head upward to our ship and held himself toward us as though in defiance. I dropped my aim:

"Keep clear of the boy!" I shouted to my men; but in that smudge and flame and shock we could make sure of nothing, and saw things only by snatches.

The firing of our great guns had fallen into a regular measure; and though there seemed more men dead than living upon the galleon's deck, I and my men found targets still. We loaded, sighted, fired, as though we were to keep it up forever, when suddenly stunning silence came out of the thunder, as thunder comes out of silence. Shouts came to us from below, and looking where the men pointed we saw a Spanish sailor striking the standard of Spain from the main-topgallant masthead, for the colours had been singed from the peak hal-yards long ago.

I have heard men talk of the joy of the end of a fortunate engagement, but to save my sword I could not feel that an end had come while living men moved on our enemy's decks. I released my trigger slowly, for there was nothing for it but to crawl down without another shot. As I dropped to deck, stiffened from long perching on the crowded platform, I was well-nigh upset by the assault of a sailor who rushed by, shouting in a great voice:

"Fire!"

I got my hand over the fool's mouth and pulled him to the side.

"Where?" I cried, leaving just crack enough between my fingers for a whisper of his big bray to come through.

"In the after-hatchway, near the powder-room, Sir."

"If you give the alarm, I'll see you swung to the yard-arm," I whispered.

As he could not speak he nodded. I knew him for a dull fellow that had come from the plough-tail, and in all our cruise had still no more of the seaman about him than his open shirt. He stood submissive now. For once the wind was out and the wit was in.

On the quarter-deck I could see a gay company, the Commodore with his officers laughing and bowing him their congratulations. Falling into an easy stride, I made for them. I swept off my cocked hat and bowed genteelly.

"May I felicitate you, Mr. Anson, upon the capture of the prize," I said; and then in a low voice, as I leaned toward him, "The ship is a-fire near the after powder-room, Sir!"

"Muchas Gracias, Señor!" aloud in the same gay voice; then, very low, "Investigate at once, and report to me."

We well knew that if the enemy saw us in confusion there was time yet for the day to be changed, if the explosion of the powder kegs did not send us all to the bottom first.

I gathered up five trusty men as I made my way below. The crew was fallen into roaring groups, laughing and swearing in transports over the victory. They noticed us no more, as we made for the hatch, than they noticed the passage of their dead comrades, slung over the backs of the surgeon's mates like sacks of grain. They were in the wildest spirits—dream-drunk on Spanish gold.

"Well, you'll die happy, if die it is," I thought as I passed through—not that it felt to me like dying weather.

Down below, thick smoke was rolling out of a small store-room where we had oakum stored. As I opened the door, the bales of smouldering stuff turned to flames that climbed the sides and flattened themselves on the timbers above. The oakum had been picked from the standing rigging, and so the dry hemp was buttered with tar, and the fire lapped and purred as a panther drinks blood. I saw this as I opened the door and before I dropped to the deck for a breath of the air that was clearer there. The side of the store-room was against the powder-room, so there were still some boards between the flames and the powder. As I ran out and clapped to the door, we could hear the fire wallowing behind us at the fresh draught.

Picking the steadiest man, I said to him, "Tell the Commodore, in his ear, mind you, with Mr. Lightfoot's compliments, that the fire is in the oakum. I have enough men now and I will let him know if I need more."

Then calling to the others to follow, I made for the hammocks that hung in the cable tier and stripped them of the woolen coverlets and flock pillows. These we soused in the water-butt and came tumbling aft with our arms full. At that moment befell a prodigious crash that took us clean off our feet. Fire, knot-hole, powder, was my thought, as I cleared myself of the wet bedding, to find solid decking still under my feet. I gathered up my wad and we rushed aft, and the stern of the ship was where it should be. Something conclusive had happened somewhere; but something was happening here, and we were sent to attend this.

"Tam, stop with me. The rest of you drop your bedding and get more," I called. I opened the door and we plunged into the flame and smoke, each carrying a dripping coverlet spread out in front of him. We crushed the wet clothes down upon the flames within our reach, and tearing the burning surface from the oakum trampled the blazing hemp under our feet. But stirring the oakum only fed the fire by laying open new surfaces to the air. Steam from the wet cloth was added to the smoke, and the heat was that of Hell. A man could only live in there while he could hold his breath. We plunged out into the air and returned back again new-strengthened. We beat and crushed out the fire, and with our cutlasses hewed the burning oakum from the neighborhood of the powder, until most of the flame was above us. Then we were out again and back with the wet pillows. These we flung against the timbers and smothered the fire overhead. The flame sought crannies now and turned back from our blows like a brow-beat dog, and we knew it for conquered. Pulling Tam with me, I made for the door and had but voice to order two of the men in to finish the work. My eyes felt strange where the flame had played over me; my silver shoe buckles gnawed inward, and I was no Saint in a furnace, for there was a smell of fire upon my garments.

When I made sure that the fire was under, I set two men to watch the store-room, and with the others made my way on deck, all a-tip-toe, to find what had been passing above. Boarding-axes and cutlasses were strewn under foot, and over them in my blindness I stumbled into the arms of a messenger coming to me from the Commodore for news of the fire, and to say that the galleon had fallen foul of us but was being got clear with small damage to either. An ill-timed boarding, methought, as she would have been just in season to profit by our explosion, and we should all have gone down together, had the fire found the powder.

The *Centurion* was in worse confusion than during the en-

gagement. The crew had abandoned all else to work the ship off from the galleon with her topsails; the deck was a-clutter with splintered yards and spars and ends of cut rigging; weapons were scattered on every side, and out of the hurly-burly came the cries and curses of the wounded calling for help.

I found the Commodore up to his shoulder-straps in affairs. After hearing my report, he looked me over and said, "You have had your baptism of fire twice over, Mr. Lightfoot. Send for the Surgeon and have him give it you in water. Your eyes are needing attention, Sir."

I went with small alacrity upon the errand, for I knew our Surgeon too well to send for him in the thick of his blood-letting and bone-setting to look after a small affair like mine. Dr. Barry was a middle-aged man, full of whimsies, with more general animosities and fewer private rancours than any man living. His views of mankind were of the blackest, but for man he found an excuse. One of his hobbies was "the pampering of young bloods on shipboard to the neglect of honest merit below-decks."

"I know all about your back-stair favourites," he would roar, stalking beside me stiff-legged, like a pair of compasses, and yet flattered at the moment that I, an Officer, should walk with him, a Navy Surgeon, and fill my pipe from the same plate.

"Wits and rattles! No more fit for Sea-Officers than I for a wet-nurse," he would cry. "London spawns the fools, why don't she keep 'em?"

After a time, I groped my way down to his quarters, my eyes glad for the dimness. He came out to me presently, his shirt pushed back from his arms and the sweat streaming down his thin, red face. "Man! Man!" he said irritably, taking my chin between his fingers and turning my head toward the light. "What folly is this?" and peered long and sharply into my eyes.

"Can ye see me?" he asked.

"Yes, well enough," I said, staring through a mist into blue eyes set in the red face. I could see the beads of sweat forming where the skin was fine and thin on his temples, but my eyes burned like fire.

"Ye've just singed off your beauty, my lad," he said heartily. "Your wig saved your hair, but your ornamental fringes are all gone. Ye'll not draw the gazers now, and that'll be sad news for ye." As he talked, he swabbed out my eyes and bound a cooling embrocation over them.

"If you want your sight, leave that be," he said sharply, as I

put up my hand to ease the bandage. "Rest 'em for two days, and ye'll see as well as ever."

Cheerful news, when overhead I could hear flurry and laughter and orders flying thicker than shot! I made my way on deck, where I could at least hear the news. There I was told that the Commodore was to make with all speed for the Canton River, where we could sell the galleon, make repairs and lay in supplies for the voyage to England. Meanwhile, he had appointed the galleon to be a post-ship in our Service, and the command of her fell to his first lieutenant, Mr. Saumarez, who, with a small picked crew, was to go aboard at once. Thus the small crew of the *Centurion* must be divided to supply enough men to work both ships, with the help of such of the Spanish crew as it was deemed safe to leave on board the Manila ship. The Commodore commanded Mr. Saumarez to send all of the prisoners on board the *Centurion* before night, as our ship was in better condition, and to transfer the treasure as quickly as possible to our safer keeping. As I stood by, I heard the Commodore remind Mr. Saumarez that we must expect the monsoon weather to be upon us, that we were still on the coast of the enemy's country, and that our prisoners greatly outnumbered us.

"I consider none of these matters for apprehension," he added, "but for precaution."

To which Mr. Saumarez answered with a question about the Spanish dead.

"If you find a Romish priest on board, have him bury them at once; the wounded are to be sent on board the *Centurion* with the other prisoners."

Presently I heard the voice of Tam Mackinnon among Mr. Saumarez's crew, and I hailed him with a question.

"How are your eyes, Tam?" I asked.

"Ah! well enoo," he replied, "I've a Scot's ee, made half shut agin the weather. Ye've a fightin' ee, with na prudence in it, and the fire and reek cam' in at the wide dour."

Then I came to my business. "Tam," I said, "You know the boy in the cloak that we saw from the top?"

"I ken," he said.

"Look among the Spanish dead and see if he was killed."

Then the boat creaked to its lowering, and Mr. Saumarez with his boatful of men went to face the Spanish ship-load, while here I sat on the deck in the sun, like an old wife with her knitting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STURNELLA'S* SONG.

By DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

I.

NOW chant, ye poets olden,
 Of fair Italia's valleys,
 The tender passions told in
 Thy Philomela's lay,
 And boast in woodlands golden,
 Before the winter rallies,
 O Briton! of thy robin,
 Whose song makes autumn gay.
 Right well attuned such melodies
 To ears of those who dwell at ease
 'Mid groves of hoary olive trees,
 Or Albion's merry throng.
 Let others Philomela praise
 In bright Isola Bella days;
 But I will my Sturnella praise
 And sing Sturnella's song.
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! Chirree!
 I carol cheerily.
 A cloudless sun is rising now,
 His early beams are strong.
 Cheer up! Cheer up! Chirree!
 A happy day to thee!"
 Oh! listen to Sturnella,
 To his heart-searching song.

II.

In cold, moist, mountain meadows,
 Begirt with forest shadows,
 Where dew-decked webs of spiders,
 Outshone the rising sun,
 On bloody trail through Idaho
 We chased the brave Nez Percé foe
 On morn that now seems long ago,
 So sadly years have run.
 We wept for friends in battle slain,
 Nor knew the moment when again
 The wild war whoop might ring amain,
 The ans'ring bugle sing a strain
 The weary line along.
 'Twas then that from a thicket near,
 A voice dispelled the bitter tear,

**Sturnella neglecta magna*, the Western meadow-lark.

OUT WEST

'Twas then we heard Sturnella's clear,
 His brave, death-daring song.
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! Chirree!
 Go forward cheerily.
 The timid dies a thousand deaths,
 The valiant dies but one.
 Cheer up! Cheer up! Chirree!
 The mountain high for me!"
 Oh! listen to Sturnella,
 To his death-daring song.

III.

Where arid plains extended,
 With far horizon blended,
 A toilsome way we wended,
 When youth and strength were mine.
 Through clouds of clinging dust we rode
 And whinnying thirsty steeds bestrode,
 That totter'd 'neath the heavy load
 And glaring noonday shine.
 We knew the lurking foe that lay,
 Intent on working woe that day
 On him who loitered by the way,
 Or strayed the buttes among.
 But oh! we knew when rest was near,
 With pastures green and waters clear.
 'Twas when we cried with joy to hear
 The song Sturnella sung.
 Cheer up! Cheer up! I say.
 My friend, the grass is gray
 And short upon the high plateau,
 But here 'tis green and long.
 "Cheer up! Cheer up! I say.
 Cheer up and come this way."
 Oh! listen to Sturnella,
 His wild Dakota song.*

IV.

The pines, that once with shadows
 Begirt the mountain meadows,
 Lie prone before the woodman;
 The dewy grass is mowed.
 No more the war-whoop ringing shrill,
 No more the bugle singing will

* The Dakota Indians declare that the meadow-lark sings in their language. In one of his songs, Miss Millie M. Smith tells me, he says words which mean "My friend, the grass is gray."

Recall to life the echoes still
Upon the trail we rode.
And changed is now the arid land;
Fields blossom 'mid the torrid sand;
Where once we camped, proud cities stand,
The past is swept along.
Yet one dear voice forever stays
Unchanged through all the changing days
And sings the wild, primeval lays.
It sings Sturnella's song.
"Cheer up! Cheer up! I sing.
Though Death may have its sting,
Some things survive eternally
That to the earth belong.
Cheer up! Cheer up! I sing,
I carol in the spring."
Oh! listen to Sturnella,
To his immortal song.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL HOLD-UP.*

By JOHN H. CARMANY.

AN article entitled "A Successful Hold-up," published in your issue of the *OUR WEST* for January last, has a few earmarks with which I am familiar, for I was one of the passengers at the time, but as a whole the compiler has introduced a good deal of romance, for it lacks many important facts, according to the statements elicited after the danger point had been passed. A few preliminary words may not be out of place leading up to this hold-up.

We were the tenderest of tenderfeet—my uncle, William P. Carmany, now of Decatur, Ill.; my brother, Cyrus W. Carmany,

* Truth is sometimes "a stranger to fiction"—and here is a curious instance. The January number of this magazine printed a story of "A Successful Hold-Up" as second of the alleged "Huskinson Memoirs." The whole series of "memoirs" is fiction; but when this magazine prints fiction it means that it shall be truthful fiction—and Mr. McGrew's clever sequence of stories was based on careful study. How true to life they were is best proved by the event. Mr. Carmany—who was publisher of the *Overland* when it was a magazine and edited by Bret Harte—read this fiction and took it for the actual record of the remarkably similar hold-up in which he was one of the victims. Here is the true story of an actual event so like the imaginary romance of Mr. McGrew that the coincidence is striking. Without acquaintance, the young story-writer and the veteran Californian unwittingly corroborate one another.—Ed.

Cashier of the Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco; Edward Smith (dead these many years), Cashier of the old "Brumagim" Bank of San Francisco; another friend whose name has slipped my memory, and myself—and had arrived at San Francisco by steamer from the East two weeks before the above occurrence. The Frazer River gold excitement of 1858 was the incentive for our coming, but when we reached San Francisco the duped miners—as in ever-recurring cases from that time to this—were returning by steamer loads.

We had come to obtain our fortunes in two years' time, and not a day over, and nothing would do except the pure *oro* directly picked up from the face of mother Earth. This compact was made between us on our steamer trip from New York *via* Panama. None of us having a superabundance of ready cash left after paying the heavy charges for getting here, it became imperative that we make speedy tracks to where it may be found—yes *found*—for we did not take into consideration the fact that we would have to work for it. Therefore, for an unexplained reason, we engaged passage on the Sacramento boat for our direct destination to Forest City in the interior of the State. We had been bank clerks and counter-hoppers in the East, and had made no provision for our work in the way of large, heavy boots, suitable mining clothing and blankets—nor were picks and shovels even thought of—and so on we went, habited in boiled shirts and city suits. But we had the remarkable forethought to invest in a common beam-balancing pocket scale with light apothecary weights, all placed in a compact tin case, and a many-bladed knife, which I remember had a fork and a spoon attached! Some of us of course had pistols which we strapped to our hips as we got on the stage for our designated interior point, but the ready-for-use exposure of them at this late date was ridiculed by the Judge's wife, fellow passenger from her vacation at the Bay, and when we so speedily came back we had them nicely packed away in the bottom of our trunks.

We arrived at Forest City on Saturday night, September 12, 1858, and took lodgings at the ramshackle hotel, with its muslin-partitioned rooms, located on the very edge of the deep ravine. On Sunday morning we all sallied forth on a "prospecting" tour. Crossing the bridge over the ravine we came upon a number of excavations in the side of the steep mountain, with wooden car tracks apparently penetrating the interior. We peered into one of these openings, and presently a distant rumbling noise came to our ears; nearer and nearer the sounds reverberated, when all at once a begrimed, gnome-shaped

figure, behind a car loaded with earth and rock, shot out of the depths. This was enough, and we immediately retraced our steps. Meeting an ancient citizen of the place on the bridge, we plied him, in our extreme simplicity, with questions about places where gold might be found. He evaded answer, but, kindly and fatherly, advised us to go back to 'Frisco as soon as the stage could carry us. We were undecided until nearly midnight, in the meantime having gone up to the little chapel on the hillside where we, to the preacher's great astonishment, made the rafters ring with our voices in the services of the evening, having all been members of church choirs in the East.

Our names were placed on the waybill before we retired at midnight, and at 4 o'clock in the morning the stage would leave. As we were performing our ablutions at that early hour on the porch extending over the gulch, out rang two pistol shots in front of the station, accompanied by a shrill female voice—an experience of my young life I shall never forget—but apparently no harm came of it. The stage started off with a full load of passengers—twelve inside and two with the driver. I occupied the outer right-hand seat on the second row from the back facing to the rear. We were so crowded that our legs closely interlocked, making riding very uncomfortable; besides, there was a very heavy sack immediately under my feet that would not yield to my attempts to move it to either side, the while the passenger facing me eyed me very noticeably. This all took place when it was still quite dark and just before we were held up, and if the compiling contributor's reported conversation between "Kay" and "Harrington"—the possessor of the sack—took place at all, it must have been at this time, and I would most likely have heard it. But to my certain knowledge no such conversation took place.

As we slowly ascended the grade with the heavy load, the horses were suddenly stopped without any demonstration, the express box ordered thrown down, followed by a wild scream from a woman with the driver—the same that was the cause of the shots at the station, and who was endeavoring to get away from her questionable male companion. As soon as the box was in the hands of the robbers, one of them made his appearance at the right-hand back wheel with a pistol pointing into the coach—and directly at me! There was no "hands up!" about it, and they allowed us all to keep our seats. As there was considerable delay in front, the guard at the stage, who was unmasked, became quite nervous, and I quietly and politely requested him to hold the pistol not quite so directly at me, when he replied—"Just you keep quiet and it will not hurt you!"

Some one then cried out—"Throw out the sack under the hind seat!" The passenger sitting before me immediately replied—"There is no sack under the seat!" The nervousness of our robber friend at the wheel increased perceptibly and he finally gave the order to "drive on."

When we reached the next watering station, just at daylight, explanations to a certain extent were in order, and this was my understanding. My fellow passenger with the troublesome heavy sack under my feet was a gold-dust buyer at Forest City; and finding late in the evening of Sunday that the stage would be crowded with passengers on the morrow, he embraced the opportunity to ship his dust—and succeeded in getting it safely to market.

Judging from the size of the sack, it seemed to contain more than the \$15,000 as then reported.

At that time it was stated that a woman was at the head of the robber gang.

To have brought that letter *overland* from Harrington's mother in 1858—as the romancing compiler states in the article under review—must have cost the poor woman quite a penny!

On a later occasion the same gold-dust buyer had a mule shot under him, and had himself a narrow escape in getting to Sacramento with his purchased treasure.

No doubt the bungling manner of the "*un*-successful hold-up" was due to the late ticketing of the five gold-seeking tenderfeet, thereby overcrowding the stage to the great surprise and discomfort of the highwaymen.

Sunflower Ranch, Oakland, Cal.

THE END OF THE DREAM.

By FRANK ALEY.

YEARS ago, before Gila County had been marked out on the rusty, sunburnt breast of Arizona, a few rugged, fearless men, of the sort whom untrodden regions allure and wild adventure summons irresistibly, had pressed their way across the sands of the southeast to the majestic oasis of the Mogolons. Cattlemen they were, and the oceans of grass which then rolled over mountain and valley promised quick wealth. In summer the cattle were scattered far over the Sierra Anchas (Broad Mountains), but as winter approached they were gathered down upon the sunny mesas.

For fear of the Apache they usually traveled in squads, or at least sufficiently near each other that a pistol shot could signal for assistance.

On a November afternoon two of these hardy frontiersmen were riding down what was known as Coon Creek, quietly pressing before them a little band of stock which they had gathered on the higher benches of the Sierra Anchas; now moving smoothly across grass-clad bars and mesas, now dodging through chaparral and among boulders, now making laborious detours up the hillside to avoid impassable falls in the creek-bed. They had driven their little herd around a rocky point where only a narrow footing permitted the stock to pass between a towering precipice above and a frightful declivity below and were descending again to the little valley. The cattle, as they neared the bottom, drew away from the horsemen rapidly, pouring in to the creek bed some three hundred yards ahead of the men. As the horsemen came up, the cattle stopped and seemed to be holding a consultation over some object near the center of a small grassy bar. It is a fact—never explained, but well known to stockmen—that at times, especially during cloudy weather, when the surface of the earth is damp, cattle have a penchant for chewing bones, accompanying this peculiar performance with much unnecessary bellowing and pawing. At the moment referred to, several animals were seen to be indulging this puzzling proclivity, and when pressed by the horsemen, they carried their ghastly finds in their mouths.

Little attention was paid to the matter by the men, until one of them, attracted by the cracking of bones in the tall grass, looked down and discovered a human skull and the indistinct outlines of a complete skeleton. Calling to his companion, they dismounted and found two skeletons about four feet apart. After some discussion, it was agreed to push the cattle down to the mesa, returning the next day to bury all that remained of what they believed to have been two white men. On their return, they soon found the burned remnants of a large wooden cabin, within the stone foundations of which they dug a shallow grave. No hint of the identity of the dead men, nor explanation of their presence there, until on a heavy, upturned piece of rock the gleam of gold appeared. A furious hunt followed, but without disclosing any more gold or indicating the place from which this had come. On taking the specimen to camp and washing it, it proved to be a wedge-shaped piece of quartz, ground smooth on a stone. On the polished side was a perfect surface of gold some inch and three-quarters long by three-quarters of an inch wide, and on this gold surface was plainly engraved, as with the point of a knife or miner's candlestick, the name SANDERS. And then it became clear that they had read the final chapter of a tragedy the conclusion of which had been a mystery for long. Here it is, in brief :

In the year 1870, Sanders was a private in the U. S. army, in Arizona. He was stationed at Fort Apache, but was almost constantly in the saddle after renegade Apache and Apache-Mojave Indians. In the month of September, while his company was camping on the headwaters of Salt river, he was detailed on scouting service, his duty being, if possible, to locate a band of Apache-Mojaves which had stolen some stock from the settlement on Salt river. Proceeding to the settlement, he obtained all possible information, and started on the trail which led into the Sierra Ancha mountains. The trail led across the mesa country and skirted around the east end of the mountain for about thirty miles from the settlement, when it suddenly scattered, and Sanders, knowing it was useless to follow further, turned back toward camp. In returning he came upon Coon Creek, near its head, and not knowing the country directly between that point and the camp, he concluded to go down the creek to the settlement, and return to camp the way he had come. He had traveled down the creek bottom about eight or nine miles as nearly as he could judge, when he came to falls so precipitous that he was compelled to climb out of the creek bed up the side of the mountain about three hundred feet, then to cross a little ridge and descend to the creek below the falls. This ridge, where he crossed it, proved to be an immense quartz dyke. He had walked and led his horse up the hill, and being tired sat down on a large block of quartz which had been detached from the ledge or dyke, and had no more than rolled a cigarette, when he discovered gold in a projecting point on the block of quartz. He was a man of some experience in minerals, and the discovery set his heart to jumping with the thought that a poor, dependent soldier, with nothing but curses for his failures and cold silence for his good deeds, might in a few short months become an independent giant in this money-loving world.

A few minutes investigation demonstrated that there were possibilities within his reach so far beyond his plain imagination that he was at first bewildered and then almost delirious. He came upon specimen after specimen, richer than he had ever seen in cabinets. As he picked up the nuggets in the dust at his feet with only suggestions of the mother ledge adhering, he was stunned by the realization, but when he came to a narrow chimney where the crumbling surface for eight inches in width and yards in length was half decomposed quartz and half gold, his very senses threatened to desert him. Thoughts of bidding the boys good bye and starting back to the old home made him shout aloud. Thoughts of building a little paradise for the old

mother, in which perfect luxury should surround her declining days, made him cry for joy. Thoughts of the sweetheart who had ceased to hope for his coming melted his heart till it was as an infant's. Then he imagines there is some mistake. Nature is stingy with gold. She never lavished it like that. He may have a touch of sunstroke struggling up the steep mountain. Then he is very thirsty, and he has heard that need of water in that climate speedily makes men mad. Then again, there are so many things that look like gold; the oxidized surface of iron and spar, copper sulphurets, carbonates of lead, even the yellow bark of the palo verde, have often set the unsettled imagination of the prospector to leaping. He sits down to compose himself, and he finds he is not so very thirsty—true, he is trembling, but his horse, which has carried him for hours and climbed the hill behind him a few minutes ago, is cool and calm, because, fortunate brute, he knows not gold from gravel; so now, Sanders is quiet and rational, and the gold is still there. Yes, still there, and after these many years, it is there yet, and some day the world will be startled by its second discovery. It was there, and when he knew it he knelt reverently—as he had not since he had left his mother's knee—and thanked God with eloquence and fervor. Then he came away, and as he dropped into the little valley below and crossed a little bar where his horse could nibble the rich grass without lowering his head, he said to himself, "When I come again, I will build a cabin here."

Such traces of agitation as his companions noticed on his return to camp he attributed to a hot experience with Indians—which seemed a likely enough explanation. His attempts to obtain a prompt discharge from the service were useless, and he had to wait nearly two years till his time of enlistment expired. About that time the celebrated "Miner Expedition" was organized to re-discover the "Miner" find. Sanders was not prepared to return to his property at the time, but fearing that the Miner expedition had his find in view, he joined the party of nearly three hundred men. They proceeded to the Sierra Anchas, to a point near the head of Coon creek and camped there for some time. While there, several of the party were seriously injured by a falling tree, and the whole camp moved to Oak Springs. While at the latter place, Sanders stole out of camp, visited his find, and procured specimens. He said nothing of it at the time, as the party was so large he could not afford to share his discovery with them. Several times he thought his golden secret was out, but the party finally

moved back to Salt river and disbanded, Sanders going to Phoenix to prepare for the final realization of his golden dream.

Sanders first disclosed his secret and exhibited his specimens to W. A. (Hunkydory) Holmes (who was subsequently killed along with the sheriff of Gila county by the Apache Kid and his party) shortly after the Miner Expedition had disbanded, Holmes having been a member of that party. His final effort to return to his find was launched from Fort McDowell, on the Verde, about six weeks later, in company with three other men whose names could never be ascertained. At Old Camp Reno they met a company of soldiers from Fort Apache, who tried to prevail on the little party to turn back, as the Indians were numerous and dangerous in that section. Two of them finally yielded and returned to McDowell, while Sanders, with a single companion, proceeded on his journey. No white man ever saw them alive again. Three weeks after they left the company of soldiers at Reno, a party started after them from Phoenix, whether to rescue them or to share a great discovery. They were traced as far as Walnut Springs, about seven miles north of Pete Bacon's ranch, on upper Salt river, at the foot of the Sierra Anchas; but here the trail was lost and the pursuit finally abandoned. In fact, it was but a short day's ride from this point to that where their bones were found.

The record of their few remaining days must have been left wholly to the imagination, but for the statement in later years of an Indian, who, as a boy, had been eye-witness to their final fate. The evening of the day they left Walnut Springs brought them, wild with delight, to the ledge which seemed to promise comfort, ease, luxury—the satisfaction of their most extravagant dreams. Four days following they spend at building the cabin in the bar which Sanders had planned two years before, interrupting the work frequently to rush up the trail and gloat over the treasure. They lay the shallow stone foundation, cut light logs from the graceful quaking-aspen, lift the walls, and place the straight pole-rafters—while the Apache lurks watching among the rocks, and bides his time. They string the dry ribs of the zahuara across the rafters, and thatch the low roof with the wiry bear-grass. But they never cover it with earth to lessen the danger from the Apache's torch—for the time had come, and the Apache struck. Lucky for them if the first blow went deep, and death was swift. Whether so, or after hours of unimaginable torture, there was the end of their glittering dreams, of which the only record was the golden seam in the bit of quartz on which, at some time during those four glorious days Sanders had scratched his name.

SUNSET ON THE PALATINE.

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



CÆSAR, O Cæsar, the purple folding down,
With the fading gold above—but not, Cæsar, of thy
gown,

Neither gold for thy forehead nor purple of thy gown !
With the travertine, the marble, the lapis-lazuli,
The pavonsetto, verde-antique, the polished porphyry,
With the climbing walls that rose of a thousand gems encrust,
The purple and the Purple-Born, they crumbled and are dust.
And the cohorts ! the cohorts !—the golden Eagle's crest,
The Pride that gleamed before, while behind the legions pressed
Through shining spans of arches to the Arx, the mighty nest,
To citadel and temple at the golden Emperor's nod—
Where builds the Bird his eyrie ?—where is Cæsar ?—where the
god ?

Fluent fluting of a column, broken wreckage of a wall,
Formless dust of things forgotten—mighty Cæsar, is this all ?

O Cæsar, O Cæsar, the eagle comes again,
Flapping grimly from a Flag unfurled of seventy million men !
The eagle—not the golden, but the hoary, bald of crest ;
And these legions, O Cæsar, are they legions of the West ?
The legions ! the legions ! the faces keen and brown,
The level-fronted lids never made for drooping down,
And the knotted hands of toilers bearing what new battle-
brand,

To rear fresh walls for Cæsar ?—Nay, the walls *these* rear shall
stand.

Corinth and Ionia, the pillar and the wall,
The western rock shall rise where the elder rock shall fall ;
And the rock itself shall blossom—yea, that flower fixed in
stone

Shall bloom infinitely upward where the western Stars have
shone ;

Built with book and forge and lever, by the measured line and
square,

By the dreaming eye, the poet-heart, the brains and hands that
dare,

By the formidable millions of the armed fields of peace—

Yea, Cæsar, what strange weapons, warfare, conquests, trophies
—these !

Hear the trembling of the earth

With the feet that press to birth,

O Cæsar, O Cæsar—the trembling of the earth !

The shouting, the shouting, as the silent ranks sweep past,

O Cæsar—the Triumph, the Triumph comes at last !

Rome, Italy.

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THE church, sacristy, and priest's room, at the Pala Mission, are now solidly re-roofed with the original tiles—the rafters being peeled pine logs dragged down from high Mt. Palomar. Four of the adobe pillars which upheld the cloister have been replaced, and thus much of the cloister re-roofed with tile. Inside, the church is being cleaned and rehabilitated with great care, not to disturb any of the old Indian frescos. It is already in shape for use; and the 300 evicted Indians from Warner's Ranch and the San Felipe will have a comfortable place of worship. They will also have resident priest, Father E. Lapoint, who is now on the ground. He has been working among Indians for years.

The badly broken adobe walls of the remainder of the front have been built up to height again, and are temporarily capped to keep them from washing. The work of re-roofing these rooms is expected to be resumed at once.

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\$1 each—"A Friend," Mrs. C. B. Stewart, Mrs. M. E. Harrison, Mrs. Henry E. Brett, Miss A. E. Wadleigh, Miss Norman Seelye, Miss Agnes Elliott, Chas. Cassatt Davis, all Los Angeles; Mrs. C. F. A. Johnson, Mrs. J. W. Patterson, Long Beach, Cal.; Mrs. N. C. Merscreau, Pasadena, Cal.; Chris. Jorgensen, Mrs. Jorgensen, Yosemite; a Friend, 50 cents.

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Hamlin Garland, author, Chicago.
Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, New York.
Dr. Washington Matthews, Washington.
Hon. A. K. Smiley, (Mohawk), Redlands, Cal.
George Kennan, Washington.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Amelia B. Hollenback, Josephine W. Drexel, Thos. Scattergood.

WE may or may not recognize a hornet from in front; but by the time we reach his Subsequent End, we know if it was wasp or fly that we caught and fondled. Nor is the like experience unknown in Business. The real point of the bargain is the Finish of it.

The maiden campaign of the Sequoia League was to urge the Government not to pay \$70,000 for the Monserrate Ranch as a home for the Warner's Ranch Indians—as it had been decided to do. It secured the appointment of a Commission; and that Commission reported that the Monserrate was worth only half—if half—what was asked for it.

Now the pudding has come to the proof of eating. The Monserrate has just been sold to private parties—the Government having done better. It sold for about half what the Government was expected to pay. The nominal consideration on the records of San Diego county is \$50,000; and this includes all the personal property—live-stock, machinery, etc.—none of which was included in the proffer to Uncle Sam. Even if anyone believes that this complimentary price was actual, and that so much as \$2,000 changed hands on the first payment, the case is good enough on its face. The League saved the Government from paying two prices for a property only two-thirds as large in acreage, and not one-quarter as valuable *in toto* as the property now secured for the Warner's Ranch Indians at a saving of nearly \$24,000. Nor is this all. The \$70,000

price was last year, in the pinch of the latter sequence of such a drouth as California has never known before. This winter—which determines this year—is the best in a decade. Probably not one other property offered the Commission could be bought today for within 30 per cent. of last year's price—and any property that *could* be so bought were better let alone. But in this year of confidence and stiffened market, the Monserrate does not fetch 60 per cent. of the price attempted to be squeezed out of the Government in a season when people Wanted to Let Go.

This is one side of just the sort of work the Sequoya League was organized to do. The specific example shows that the League can do it—and how much such work needs to be done. The Government saves money, and the Indians are better off—having 50 per cent. more land, 500 times as much water, twice as much fuel, and “more everything”—by having the matter done as a man would do his own business, instead of by Routine and Red Tape, as the Government generally has to work, its wonders to perform. It is important, not as a feather in anyone's cap, but only as showing how the Government is handicapped by having to depend, as a rule, on perfunctory salaried agents. The reason it has so to depend is that Americans do not do their duty as American citizens unpaid. Many of them would, if they knew that they could do something by trying; and the virtue of this case is as an example of what can be done by intelligence, patience and common sense.

* * *

By the time these pages are read, it is expected that the Warner's Ranch Indians will have been actually removed from their old home to the far better new one which the Government (through the efforts of the League) has purchased for them. The preliminaries have been arranged on a generous scale. The Department is doing all that could reasonably be asked—and all that has been asked—to make the transfer easy and a benefit to the Indians. The evicted people will not only have better lands and more lands; they will have many other advantages. Within a year from date they will be envied by every other Mission Indian. They will be not only “better off” than they have ever been before; but better off than any other Indians in California—and than a great many white farmers. They will have good farms, good homes (which they will be paid for building for themselves, instead of being rationed in idleness while American contractors do the work); a fine irrigating system, school, store, church. They will have a farm-foreman, and other helpers. Under the circumstances, they are entitled to more help than an American would have—and they will get it. They will be aided, encouraged, and protected as no Indians in California ever were before. It is believed they will profit by their opportunity.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

VII.—WM. DAMPIER, 1686.—Concluded.

THEY took Rio Leja at the firing of two Guns "without the least Opposition." Dampier describes the place as "a fine Borough," having "three Churches and an Hospital, with an handsome Garden to it." . . . "We found nothing considerable in the Town, except 500 Packs of Flour, and some Pitch, Tar, and Cordage. We received also the 150 Oxen promised by the Gentleman we released at *Leon*." "The 25th, Captain *Davis* & Captain *Swan* parted, the first having a mind to return to the Coast of *Peru*; the other intending to go farther to the West. As I had a Curiosity to be better acquainted with the Northern Parts of the Continent of *Mexico*, I left Captain *Davis* and went aboard Captain *Swan*. Captain *Townley* with his two Barks, joined us; but Captain *Harris* and Captain *Knight* followed Captain *Davis*. . . . By this time our Men were much afflicted with Fevers. . . . *September* 3 we sailed again, steering to the West. . . . The 24th at 14° 30' North Latitude [near *Guatemala*] . . . Captain *Townley* went ashore with 106 Men to the West in hopes of finding a Landing-place, and some Refreshments for our sick Men, . . . but seeing no Prospect of Landing, returned aboard with his Men *October* 2. But, being resolved to try his Fortune again, he forced his Canoes ashore in a sandy Bay, where he landed with the Loss of one Man, and most of the Powder spoiled with the salt Water. . . . They were charged by 200 *Spaniards* and *Indians*; but these they soon repulsed, and forced them to take the Way of *Teguatepec*." . . . We sailed a League farther into the Port of *Guatulco*, one of the best in the Kingdom of *Mexico*. . . . Here Captain *Townley* landed again with some Men. . . . "They seized upon three *Indians*, that were placed there to keep a Watch. As they could not speak *Spanish* so they made Signs, that they could conduct them to a Village; whereupon 140 Men were sent" . . . they saw a small Indian village, and found nothing but some Vinelloo drying in the Sun. . . . "The 10th, we sent four Canoes before to the West, to expect our coming at Port *Angels*; and, in the meanwhile endeavoured to take some Prisoners. . . . The 12th we sailed with our Ships from *Guatulco*. . . . Two of our Canoes returned the 22d, and told us they had lost Company of the other two; that they could not find Port *Angels*." . . . "The 23d, we landed 100 men [at Port *Angels*] who subsisted two or three Days upon salt Beef, and got Store of salt Maiz, Hogs, Cocks and Hens, in an adjacent House to the Plain. . . . The 28th we continued our Voyage . . . and at Night met with the two other Canoes we had sent out from *Guatulco*; they had been as far as the Port of *Acapulco*; and in their Return, took in fresh Water in spite of 150 *Spaniards* that would have opposed it." . . . *November* 3, they came to an Anchor opposite to "an handsome River" where the *Spaniards* had cast up an intrenchment defended by 200 soldiers. They landed their men and forced the soldiers "with little Opposition: We found here a good Quantity of Salt. . . . Marching three Leagues into the Country, we took a Mulatto Prisoner, who informed us, that lately there was a stout Ship come from *Lima* to *Acapulco*: Captain *Townley* standing in need of a better Ship than that wh he possessed, it was agreed (though not without some Opposition from Captain *Swan*) to fetch said Ship out of that Harbour. . . . The Harbour runs in eight Miles to the North; then closing up in a narrow Chanel, goes a

Mile farther to the West. At the entrance to this Chanel, on the North-west Side, just by the Sea-side, stands the Town of *Acapulco*, near wh is a Platform with a good Number of Guns, & over against the Town, on the East-Side, stands a strong Castle, defended by no less than forty great Guns; Ships commonly ride within Reach of this Castle, at the Bottom of the Harbour. Captain *Townley* went with 140 Men, in twelve Canoes, to fetch out the *Lima* Ship; but by Stress of Weather, was forced into Port *Marquis*; a good Harbour, a League East of the Port of *Acapulco*: Here they staid all Day, and the next Night rowed softly to *Acapulco*, where they found the Ship riding at Anchor 100 Yards from the Castle and Platform; so that, finding it impossible to carry her off, he returned much dissatisfied."

Their next landing was near the Point of *Petaplan*, where they sent 170 men ashore; "who marching fourteen miles into the Country, came to a wretched *Indian* Village, left by the Inhabitants; So that we met with nobody but a Mulatta Woman, with four small children: Being brought aboard, she declared, that a Caravan of Mules, laden with Flour and other Goods, designed for *Acapulco*, had stopt their Journey on the Road to the West of this Village." So they sailed farther to the West and landed in canoes ninety-five men (having the Mulatto woman for their guide) and found the Caravan, consisting of sixty Mules, laden with Flour, Chocolate, Cheeses, and Earthen-ware: all this they carried, except the earthen Vessels, with some Beef they had killed, and brought to their Canoes, and thence to our Ships. Captain *Swan* went afterwards ashore, and killed eighteen Cows more without the least Opposition. . . . The 26th 200 Men were sent to endeavour to find out the City of Colima, "a rich Place," but they failed to find a landing-place near it. December 1. at the Port of Sallagua they "saw a good number of armed *Spaniards*, to whom we gave a Visit, the next Morning, with 200 of our best Men," and they met but little resistance, but finding nothing they turned back. They took two straggling Mulattoes, who gave them news of a Ship from Manila, that was to set Passengers ashore there. "December 6. we sailed again, coasting to the West, towards Cape *Corrientes*, in hopes of meeting thereabouts with the Ship expected from the Philippines. . . . Here I [Dampier] was afflicted with the Dropsy, and so were many of our Men. . . . The 18th. we sailed to the Isles of *Chamelly*. . . . The 21st. sixty of our Men, under Captain *Townley*, we sent seven or eight Leagues to the West, to surprise an *Indian* Village." . . . Into the "delightful Valley" of Valderas they "landed thirty-seven Men, who, advancing three Miles into the Country, were attacked by 150 *Spaniards*." But "our Men" retreated into a wood, and "fired so furiously upon the *Spaniards* that they killed their Leader, and seventeen Troopers, besides many wounded, with the loss of only four Men, and two wounded. . . . The 28th, Captain *Townley* returned aboard with forty Bushels of Maiz, wh he had taken in an *Indian* Village to the East of Cape *Corrientes*." . . . The 7th of January they "landed 240 Men (50 whereof were constantly employed to watch the Motions of the *Spaniards*): We killed and salted as much Beef as would serve us two Months. . . . By this time our Hopes of meeting with the *Manilla* Ship being quite vanished, we concluded, that, whilst we had been employed in looking for Provisions ashore she had given us the slip to the East; . . . The Loss of so great & rich a Prize must chiefly be attributed to the Willfulness of Captain *Townley*, who would needs attempt the Taking of the *Lima* Ship in the Harbour of *Acapulco*, when at the same time, we ought to have provided ourselves (as we might have done) with Beef & Maiz for

such an *Enterprise*, wh. whilst we were forced to seek we lost this Ship; whereas, had we not wanted *Necessaries*, we might have gone even so far as *Cape Lucas* in *California*, where *Sir Thomas Cavendish* formerly took one of these *Manilla* Ships. Hitherto we had a double Design in View: first, the taking of the *Manilla* Ship; secondly, the Search after rich Towns and Mines near this Coast, . . . but now, finding ourselves quite deceived in our Hopes, we parted, Captain *Townley* going back to the East, and we in Captain *Swan's* Ship to the West."

They sailed again January 7. The 20th they anchored one league on the East side of the Isles of Chametly. Captain *Swan* went with 100 Men to the North, to find out the River *Cullacan*, supposed to lie at 24° North Latitude, in the Province of *Cullacan*, with a fair rich Town upon its Banks. But . . . they could find no River, neither was there any Landing-place." They took some Maiz at a farm-house on the Rio de Sall: "and at another Landing, an *Indian*, who informed us, that five Leagues thence was an *Indian* Town:" So they marched to it, beat back the *Spaniards* and *Indians* who met them in resistance, and "entered the town, where they found only two or three wounded *Indians*, who told them, that the Town was called *Massactlan*, and that five Leagues hence there were two rich Gold Mines. As we had present Occasion for Provisions, we carried aboard ninety Bushels of Maiz," from a pretty little town called *Rosario*. They sailed to the river *St. Iago*, from whence Captain *Swan* sent out seventy men to look for a Town, the Country having a fair prospect. After rowing up and down for two days they landed in a corn-field, and while helping themselves to the corn they seized an *Indian* who told them where to find the town of *Sta. Pecaque*. So "Captain *Swan*, with 140 Men, went in eight Canoes five Leagues up the River, . . . and, landing his Men, marched through fertile Plains and Woods for three or four Hours. At their Approach, the *Spaniards* quitted the Place, so we entered it without Opposition. . . . It is not very large, [*Sta. Pecaque*] but neatly built, with a Square Market-place in the Middle, as most *Spanish* Towns are, and has Two Churches. . . . As our Men found plenty of Maiz, Sugar, Salt, and Salt-fish here, Captain *Swan* ordered one half of them to carry Provisions aboard, whilst the other took care of the Town: This they did by Turns, having got some Horses to ease them in their Labour. Thus they continued for two Days; but the 19th Captain *Swan* being informed by a Prisoner, that 1,000 armed Men had lately marched from *St. Iago* . . . to attack our Men, ordered his People to get all the Horses they could, and to march altogether, with what Provisions they could carry, to their Canoes; but they refusing to obey him, till all the Provisions could be carried on board, he was forced to let one half of them go on with 54 Horses; but they had not marched a Mile, before the *Spaniards*, lying in Ambush, attacked and killed them all upon the Spot: Captain *Swan* marched to their Relief, but came too late, being all slain and stript, though, at the same time, they never attempted to engage him, having, questionless, paid pretty dear for their Victory.

"Captain *Swan* being returned aboard with the rest of his Men, with what Provisions they had got, it was resolved to sail to *Cape St. Lucas*, on *California*, in hopes of a Commerce with the *Indians* there, and consequently, in the Lake of *California*. This Lake is properly a Chanel, or part of the Sea, betwixt the Isle and the Continent; but either not much known by the *Spaniards*, or else concealed by them, for fear that other *European* Nations should find out their Way to the Mines of *New Mexico*; for they vary considerably about it in their Charts; some make it an Isle, others join it to the Continent, but not one of them that I know of, gives an Ac-

count of the Tides, the Depth, or Harbours, in or near this Lake ; whereas their hydrographical Maps describe the Coasts towards *Asia*, on the West Side of the Isle from Cape *St. Lucas* to 40° North.

"*New Mexico* (according to the Report of the *Spaniards*, and some *English* Prisoners there) lies near fifty Leagues Northwest from *Old Mexico*, where the richest Mines of all this Country are supposed to be ; though there are questionless, some also in other Parts hereabouts, as well as on the Continent, near the Main-land of *California* ; though, as the *Spaniards* have Mines enough to manage, they have not taken the Pains to discover them ; and the vast Distance of this Country has, no doubt, been the Occasion, that no Discoveries have been made by others, or are like to be made, unless a nearer Way thither could be found, I mean by the North-west : I am not ignorant that divers unsuccessful Attempts have been formed for the Discovery of a North-west Passage : The Reason whereof I attribute to their searching for the Passage at the Beginning through *Davis's* or *Hudson's* Bay ; whereas, in my Opinion, the Search ought to have been begun in the South Seas, and thence along by *California*, and so a Passage made back into the West Seas. The same Rule might be observed in discovering the North-east Passage, viz. to winter about *Japan*, *Corea*, and the North-east Part of *China*, and so take the Advantage of the approaching Spring and Summer to go along the Coast of *Tartary*, whence you may have time enough to reach *Archangel*, or some other Port on these Coasts. From hence we sailed the 21st towards *California*, with a North-west and West-North-west Wind. After we came past the Isles of *St. Maria*, we had strong Winds at North North-west, and at North, (the usual Trade-wind) and consequently lost Ground till *February* 6. so that the 7th, we were forced to the East again, to the *Marias*, where we anchored the 7th, at the East End of the middlemost of these Isles, in eight Fathom, good clear Sand. This Isle we called *Prince George's Isle*. The Isles called *Marias* are three Islands, stretching North-west and South-east fourteen Leagues, of an indifferent Height, stony, barren, and uninhabited, at 12° 40' North Latitude, forty Leagues distant from Cape *St. Lucas* on *California*, bearing East South-east, and twenty Leagues from Cape *Corientes*, bearing upon the same Points of the Compas with Cape *St. Lucas*. They produce some Cedars, and, near the Sea-side, a green prickly plant, with leaves not unlike the Penguin-leaf, and a Root like that of the *Sempervive*, but much longer. The *Indians* of *California* have a great Part of their Subsistence from these Roots. We baked and eat some of them, and found them to taste like the *English* Burdock boiled. I had been long sick of the Dropsy, so I was laid in the Sand, and covered up to the Head for half an Hour. I sweated exceedingly, and, I believe, with good Effect ; for I began to mend from after. We remained here careening till the 26th ; but as there is no fresh Water to be gotten here in the dry Season, we were forced to sail to the Valley of *Valderas*, where we anchored the 28th, near the mouth of the before-mentioned River ; which being also brackish at this time, we sailed three Leagues nearer to the Cape *Corientes*, and anchored by a small round Isle, half a mile from the Shore, four Leagues to the North of the Cape. The Rivulet, where we filled our Water, is on the Continent, just opposite to the Isle. Being by this time sufficiently convinced of our Mistake concerning the Riches of this Coast, and the Probability of finding some Sea-ports worth our taking, founded upon an erroneous Opinion we had conceived, that the Commerce of this Country was carried on by Sea, whereas it is entirely managed by Land, by the Help of Mules, we were the sooner prevailed upon to try our Fortune in the *East Indies*."

John Burroughs is one of the Nicest Beaux that ever kept Steady Company with Nature and an eminently satisfactory citizen in many relations beside. By reason, however, probably less congenital than environmental and habituate, he is a Proper Person, and yields his passion only upon compulsion of perfect Ladyhood. This is not said invidiously, but with the highest esteem for a man really tall amid his pretty surroundings; and with genuine regret that he was not Born Somewhere Else.

NATURE
AS SHE IS
VASSALLED.

It is not Mr. Burroughs's fault that if he met his Lady without her Corsets he would blush and turn a polite back till she could Tie Up; for he has seen her only in so much of civilized garb. Naturally, one who knows Nature only as Discreet, French-heeled, Fenced and Finished, cannot be blamed for not recognizing her in the Bare Amazon she is—always Woman, always Mother, but often greatest when stark, disheveled and Unashamed.

It does not need a ruffian to love, nor to understand, nor to pair with, this First Woman. It takes only the same fortuities which induce nine-tenths of all the mating in this accidental world—viz., Propinquity and Opportunity. None have ever more dearly loved, nor more perfectly mated with, nor more nobly manned this unlaced hoyden, nor been more familiar of her charms, than the most refined men that ever met her face to face. John Muir, for instance, is as exquisite a flower of refinement as Mr. Burroughs himself; but *his* Flame is as unlike Mr. Burroughs's as are the two men themselves; and *her* unlikeness is the very reason why the lovers are unlike. Had it befallen Muir to coquette with the Tailor-made Gentlewoman of the East, he would have been another—though a rather more intellectual—John Burroughs. Had Mr. Burroughs met his Fate in the pathless Sierras, he would be not indeed another John Muir, but a very different John Burroughs.

Only a younger person than the Lion may hope to be again could ever think to make it plain to any Eastern audience how Great a Gulf is Fixed between Nature sole and Nature on

French-heels as she has come to be shod in every old State, where Man with his little etiquette has circumscribed her comings and her goings and the very complexion of her face. Those people Back Yonder really call it "Nature" when they fare forth to Central Park, or the Adirondacks, or anywhere else Outside the Cañon Diablos of city streets. Anything with a green leaf is to them Nature—and so indeed it is. Likewise French dolls are mostly Females; and for want of another word, we call a New York society leader a Woman.

But there are Men even in the East. They may pay their court in full dress, but still in their hearts they feel a new and unguessed thump when they meet face to face the Eve unspoiled, primordial and supreme. It is better to get out into the Adirondacks, or to Moosehead, than never to Get Out at all; but narrow and hemstitched as they are, they know that this is not quite Nature; and in their marrow and in their pulses there is still the capacity of Men to love the real All-Womanhood that draws back further and further from the advances of the careless and the self-corrupt, but is as warm-armed as ever to her Right Man.

Now, the Lion is no Naturalist. He doesn't write "nature books" of the present infinite vogue—and nothing could be more unconsciously delicious than Mr. Burroughs's category of the nature-books that meet his swallow-tailed approval; like Bradford Torrey, and Mrs. Eckstorm, and Frank Chapman, and Mr. Sharp—all exquisite and charming books, all delicate studies of an "outdoors" turned hectic by the tight-lacing of civilization. But neither is the Lion a Tenderfoot.

In the March *Atlantic* Mr. Burroughs "has fun" with various and sundry persons who had ventured to write of Wild Animals He has Not Known; with gentle wit and that geniality which marks him even when he is Real Mad; and not altogether without justification. I have not read the Rev. Wm. J. Long's works, and do not mean to until it shall be made Compulsory of law, particularly after the samples Mr. Burroughs quotes, which seem fully to vindicate his charge of "Sham Natural History." It need hardly be said, also, that the Lion likes to see shams pricked. Perhaps Mr. Burroughs has not otherwise shown himself as sharp a critic as in defining Mr. Long for an "awkward imitator" of Ernest Seton-Thompson. An imitator is self-damned, ex-officio and for ever. Prove this on him, and there is no need of further indictment.

But to see Mr. Burroughs raising a stage-wig scalp from our Seton, though never so politely, is at least humorous. Seton is

not Humboldt; he is not the last naturalist that ever shall be, nor the greatest that ever has been. But if it could be granted me by the Genie of the Ring to have one Last Wish for brightening the set day when I must Go Hence, the first thing I would wish would be to fall abroad conjoint with Seton and with Burroughs to some places that Seton and I know; and to watch the Subsequent Proceedings. Many a better man dies at 80, without having seen half the fun in his calendar life that this one day should furnish forth. Seton has a good deal of the poetic temperament, which is natural enough to make him a riddle to them whose Inspiration is Cabbages. Mr. Burroughs and I are not poets. But I personally know, and so does every one else who has a right to speak to the question at all, that with all his fine imagination Seton has done his outdoor work on serious scientific lines. While this is not authentic, and I am not a gambler, I would be very willing to hazard my good Right Ear, which is rather necessary to my adornment, on the contingency that Mr. Burroughs, after his "fifty years of nature study," cannot show one-half so much volume of notes, nor so scientifically made notes, as I personally have seen of Seton's recorded field-work. And both ears are ready instantly on the card that Mr. Burroughs never saw one tenth part of the unsophisticated Nature that Seton has seen. This is friendly, and without even a theory as to whether Mr. Burroughs might not have learned as much as Seton has, if he had had a tithe the same chance; but that chance he has not had, and never will have.

Now this matter of the Wild Animals that some of us have Known and that others have Not—and Could not, and Would not know—is only a variant of the never-ending old problem of Translation. The civilized normal is to translate Shakespeare into literal prose; and in general to make the rendering in cold terms of the dictionary. There *have* been translators who had another tool, and a keener one. Once in a century, perhaps, there is someone who can translate Homer. Two or three times in our national history there have been people who could render the Indian literature of this country—and the masters therein, like Miss Fletcher and Frank Cushing, were precisely the ones most flouted by the mentalities which pick their codfish dry. The Letter of Seminaried Nature Mr. Burroughs understands—aye, and her Spirit, so far as she has any left after the Vassar course—but as a translator of her unspoiled Homeric nakedness he will die still with the privilege to Guess Again. And this is too bad, for I believe he is really a man who could

have known her had she drawn him plump to her bare and savage breast.

The nature of wild beasts is, exactly as much as turning literature from one language to another, purely a matter of translation. The literalist who ploughs it out by the dictionary, word by word, is the man—is the human multitude—that has ever taken it for an offense, and perhaps for so much as a blasphemy, to hold that "animals" have Reason; and Mr. Burroughs—writing *ex cathedra* in the name of Natural History (God save the mark!) in this year of grace 1903, in the most unspoiled monthly of this generation, the *Atlantic*—can see nothing in the "animals" but "Instinct." The Lion wishes to high Heaven that he could catch even Instinct in the average civilized Easterner; but no one can, nor ever did. That admirable heredity is the very first thing that Civilization compels us to throw away; and Reason the last it permits us to acquire as substitute. Mr. Burroughs stands forth in the *Atlantic* as champion of the medieval theory that man is the Only Animal that has Reason. As I have often said before, Man is the only vertebrate that has found a way to get along Without Reason—and that way is to Huddle. Mr. Burroughs declares:

"There is nothing in the dealings of animals with their young that in the remotest way suggests human instruction and discipline. The young of all wild creatures do instinctively what their parents do and did. They do not have to be taught; they are taught by Nature from the start."

And so on for quantity.

This shows what it is to be "Naturalist" where Nature has been denaturalized. The Lion has watched nearly every important wild animal in North, Central and South America, in its native haunt; and having been whelped in New England, and being familiar with the East, he has also seen hens, dogs, horses, cattle and other animals that are handicapped with their involuntary subservience to the one biped that has lost Instinct and not yet discovered Reason. However, after half a century of what he is pleased to term "Observation of Nature," Mr. Burroughs thinks: "a cat doesn't teach its kittens what to do with a mouse." Now, in the name of the Prophet, let him borrow a cat, and procure her to kitten, and Attend her School—for he will find what I hope the average Western child knows at ten, without instruction—that every cat teaches every kitten of every litter by example, by cuffs, by voice, by motion, the feline etiquette to be pursued toward game. Let Mr. Burroughs take sanctuary with some neighbor that hath a hennerly, and let him watch whether or no the mother hen calls her chicks

to eat, shows them how to eat, and sees that they do eat. If no one will trust him with a Hen, let him Convey an Incubator, and see if "Nature teaches" his downy brood to eat without an indicative peck of his forefinger in clumsy imitation of the Mother. He would Raise more Other Place than Chicks, if he waited for Instinct to schoolmarm his machine hatch. If he has never seen a bird outside a cage before, let him come to Southern California, where the Lion will procure him not only glad entertainment but cordial welcome, and a chance to watch how every mother bird that ever flaunted a wing in the face of them that cannot fly teaches—t-e-a-c-h-e-s—her young to fly.

One of the principles inherent in all judicious education is Not to Crowd your Pupil. The Lion would not for an instant suggest to Mr. Burroughs to study Nature where people die of cold, or of hunger, or of thirst; where they wander lost on markless deserts, or in the deeper damnation of Amazonian forests, where the Lion has had to ponder some few of these things; and where (in part of them, at least) Mr. Seton has studied them—but to take easy predigested Breakfast Foods in the way of a knowledge of what The Lady is.

Let us joyfully and unanimously damn the Rev. Longs, who seem indeed to have eyes bigger than their stomachs; let us praise the Torreys and the Chapmans and the Ingersolls for charming transcripts of Nature *à la Mode*; let us not hold it too hard against a good white-whiskered gentleman that he also has Never Escaped; but pray, my masters, let us not think that Nature is all one congeries of English sparrows, shaven lawns and woodland under fence.

It is a truly Eastern argument which Mr. Burroughs uses when he scouts the idea that Seton "in his few years" can possibly have discovered things unguessed by all the closeted naturalists before him. It was absurd likewise for Columbus to find what Paper Navigators had not before found. It was little short of impertinent when Lewis H. Morgan pricked the romantic bubble of a thousand years of Arm-chair Historians, almost any one of whom had as fair a chance as he to be sane. It was nothing less than impudence for Morse or Edison or Marconi to find what their predecessors had not found, who were far longer in the same field; and it is comfortable to be assured that Mr. Burroughs will commit none of these Impolitenesses. As a matter of fact, almost any fool can stumble over somewhat his immemorial masters never found before, and stumbling, see it; and seeing, "Discover." We all tread amid a million potentialities; now and again we stub an accidental toe—and behold! a "New" Fact!

I have not the art to say things softly, and I would be understood only as I understand words, on this deliverance of a very charming man—a man who loves what little he has seen of Nature's ankle, and of the Stockinged Sort he has seen on a crossing—in a forum which to me has a very serious meaning (although it is in some ways the most essentially Eastern publication in America). But there *are* things larger than individual prejudices or respect; and it is not extravagant to remark that Nature is one of them. She is a whopping Amazon; and while even as a Gibson-girl she is Nice, and while the He ability to Love should not be discouraged, they who know her unconstrained may be pardoned for so mild a remonstrance as this, when she is altogether scandalized, misjudged, and loved down to the size of the counter-jumper's Laidy Friend.

SHORT TIME
AND ITS
LONG REVENGE.

It is not too early to begin to laugh along to its death the compromise Statehood measure proposed for New Mexico and Arizona. For foolish as it is—and perhaps *because* it is so foolish—this astounding suggestion will doubtless be heard again at the renewal of Congressional consideration of the matter.

The wise and literate persons who are adjudicating a case they know not of, have solemnly pitied the "illiteracy" of Arizona and New Mexico; and people who *are* acquainted with the Territories have seen some things done in both which were certainly not cultured. But anything so stupid, so essentially illiterate (whether as ignorance of history, or as simple helplessness in practical matters), I cannot remember ever to have seen in the Territories, in eighteen years' acquaintance, as is this proposed compromise—"to admit Arizona and New Mexico as one State under the name of Montezuma." And as the frontier develops somewhat the general human birthright of humor, the long-suffering people of Arizona and New Mexico have in this curious exhibit of the mentality of their judges as exquisite and delicious revenge as a novelist could have devised for them.

The two Territories were once one province of Spain. Some fifty years ago our Government divided them because they were too big for one Territory. Now there is wisdom more or less abroad in the land which holds that what is too big for one Territory is just big enough for one State.

Of course, the blessed Easterner, who has little concept of miles, and to whom a few of them seem very serious when he realizes their existence, is not aware that the Territories, separate as they stand, would be the fourth and fifth States in the Union in size. Only Texas, California and Montana are bigger

than the smaller of the two. And only sixteen States in the Union (all of them, of course, far Western) are half as big as New Mexico. New Mexico is practically twice as big as all New England ; almost fifteen times as big as Massachusetts.

New Mexico and Arizona together are bigger than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, South Carolina and the six New England States in a lump. To some people even this will mean nothing ; but if a citizen of New York City had to go as far from home to get to the State capital as to Chicago, for instance, it *would* mean something to him. People of really serious philosophic turn of mind can see some of the other matter-of-fact, notorious and weighty physical and material reasons against enormous States. Texas is a mighty fine State ; but no sane person thinks that the Union can afford more states of that dimension. This principle is so generally understood, and so impregnable, that it is needless to argue it here. Indeed, it requires patience to argue the Statehood matter in any phase. It is ordinarily presumed, in argument, that the Opposition shall have some weapons of some sort. Anyone who is familiar with the history of the United States for the last seventy years, with its census, or with its actual geographies, *needs* no argument in this behalf. The only process of the discussion is to tell the Other Fellow the things that he ought to know Without our Telling—and has a divine right to know, since he has elected himself judge and jury, and the evidence is not *ex parte* nor *recondite*, but national, official, and ready to fly up in the face of anyone who cares to know the truth.

But the name "Montezuma" gravely suggested for the Union-suit State—this caps the climax ! It indicates, of course, that the brilliant intellects which selected it—Eastern "Literacy!"—think that Montezuma had something to do with the Territories. As a matter of fact, he knew even less about them than the Senate Committee does ; for he never so much as saw them nor heard of them. It seems that there are still Eastern Solons and Educators who do not know that this tinsel Montezuma myth as to New Mexico was invented by Mexican politicians just before the Mexican War, and by them sedulously promulgated among the Indians of New Mexico to get them to side with Mexico in the impending struggle. It is one of the many services that Mexico has done the South-western Indians ; for it gave to a people who absolutely never confide their real beliefs to the Tenderfoot tourist a handy and amusing story to put him off with. It has also served several poetic saloon-keepers in the two Territories who have honored

it by making it godfather to their establishments—a historic pointer I have no doubt the Senate Committee managed to note. But among scholars the status of this Mother Goose legend was settled long ago.

If, for reasons best known to Eastern Intellectuality, it shall seem desirable to change the name New Mexico has worn and made honorable for three centuries, and the name by which Arizona has been known ever since our nation knew it, let me respectfully suggest a more scriptural, and quite as historic, nomenclature. As I have remarked in substance, the first time that Montezuma was ever heard of as connected with New Mexico is not sixty years ago. But much more than three hundred years ago—aye, very nearly four hundred—there was a large, and able, and better-founded theory that all the American Indians were the Lost Tribes of Israel; and this contention has been particularly keen for the Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico. Our own William Penn in 1683 endorsed this fine, Free Guess; and the most costly book ever published, Lord Kingsborough's tremendous work on Mexico, was written to prove this Dream—as hundreds (if not thousands) of books have been, before and since. Why not call the combination State, then, Jehosophat or Melchizedek?

The only reasonable comparison that occurs to me (on some thought) for the brilliancy of calling New Mexico and Arizona out of their proper names—and one of them a name as old as the time when the first English-speaking person wore out his first pair of shoes in this hemisphere—would be to change the name of the National capital to one as indexical of scholarship on the part of the New Statesmen. In passing a Washington church (occupied, I think, by the M. E. Church, South) I have more than once heard, amid other hosannas: "Bress God! De Good Lord am here with us."

If it be the order of Eastern Literacy to call New Mexico "Montezuma"—where Montezuma never was, never thought to be, and wasn't needed—it were at least as justifiable to rechristen the city where Brains may have to beg, but Trusts needn't, "Good Lord." It would be *more* excusable—for the Lord has doubtless heard of Washington, and is needed there; and there is the unverified rumor that He once arrived. And think of the postal pertinency of being able to address our letters:

Hon. C. Mee Loom,
U. S. Senate,
Good Lord.
D. L.*

* Liverus.

Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make Senators. This is in no forgetfulness of the men who have wrought so noble a record as to postpone for their fellows that evil day which the slow contempt of the American people is maturing. Veterans like Hoar, whose name has been a synonym of honor and of brains for more than a generation; men like Vest, who, without the precise culture of the New England Nestor, stood for years as an example of common sense and the sense of justice; new men like Bard, with whom he has of late had seriously to disagree, but for whose courage, conviction, and spotless honor the Lion has the deepest respect—it is to men of these varying types (but after all this one type) that the United States Senate owes it that it still persists. For the public is Tired. The Senate is an August—or now more autumnal—Body of men of enough influence at home (by sometimes their brains but oftener their bank account) to secure a certain distinction. But it is a long day since the Senate commanded the respect of the American people at large. Its intolerable arrogance; its unspeakable puerility of procedure—and the deadlocks of the session just ended, while partly responsive to a cause the Lion sincerely believes in, were an eminent example of such procedure as would be tolerated in no other civilized body on earth, not even in a high school lyceum—its insolence toward the President of the United States (unto whom the Fathers appointed it as a Check, but never as Handcuffs), and toward a larger and more representative House straight from the hand of the people; its characteristic Ignorance of Fact; its daily Contempt of Ethics; its structural Pursuit of Advantage—these things have signed its warrant. The handwriting is upon the wall. The Senate cannot read it. The public may not read it. But there it is; and you and I, with reasonable insurance expectation of life, shall live to see the Senate changed. Either it will change itself, or the People will change it. It will adopt business rules, and conduct itself as a business-like body for the transaction of national business, or even in our time the weary people of this republic, sluggish as they are to perceive an abuse and the way to its remedy, will *find* a way to Do these Things Better. We indeed choose some pretty bad representatives by popular vote; but it has never yet befallen that the American people elected so bad a body as the United States Senate; and whatever the pessimist may believe as to progressive degeneration in our politics, it will be a long time

SELF-HELP,
OR THE
DOCTOR?

before the public could equal the handicraft of State legislatures in this respect.

Congressman Cannon, the probable next head of the House, was not diplomatic when he spoke of Legislative Blackmailing ; but by some fortunate lapse into common sense, which is better than diplomacy, he voiced a truth crying for utterance. This is a people patient, as most giants are ; but its limit is nearly reached ; and in nothing has the dead-line been crowded more closely than by that non-representative, non-American, close corporation known as the Senate of the United States. It has the chance, the power and the need—aye, and the very audible suggestion—that it remedy itself. If it can take the hint without a hint's alternative, it may probably trust our collective good-nature for a generation to come ; but if it will not remedy itself, its remedy will be from without.

The modern record of the Senate is variegated and not uninteresting ; but in its larger aspects it has forced one President into a wanton and foolish war against his will and his conscience, and against the sense of humanity, as it were at the point of a gun. It has blockaded, and bushwhacked, and up to date swindled, a succeeding President in his demand that we discharge a debt of national honor incurred by that same war. It has within a decade gone from bad to worse of tactics and of parliamentary procedure, obstructive and destructive frittering so absurd that any Woman's Club in the United States would laugh it off the floor. It has become the corporate attorney of invisible or imminent Giants. It has forgotten the People and itself ; and perhaps it is not foolish to say, since nothing has recently occurred to change the Law of Gravitation, nor the due Value of History, that it will be reminded of itself, or of the people, or of both, soon and sharply.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

historical student—to discover new facts and to correct or complete the interpretation of facts already known. These processes are complementary, should be simultaneous, and it is not worth while to discuss their relative importance. The major value of the 16-volume series of historical monographs by Archer Butler Hulbert, on *The Historic Highways of America*, now appearing, lies in the new point of view from which historic facts are considered and the consequent novel relations in which they appear. Mr. Hulbert's purpose is to study the great movements of struggle, settlement and development of this nation, from the standpoint of the more important routes of Conquest, Migration and Commerce, considering not only the early Where, How and Why of the roads, but their later influence on the making of history. The series opens with a volume devoted to the paths of the Mound-building Indians and the "traces" of the buffalo, and will close (save for a full volume devoted to an index of the entire series) with a study of the future of road-making in America. Two volumes will be given to pioneer roads, two more to the canals, and one each to portage paths and historic waterways. There is much promise in these titles and in the conservative prospectus issued by the publishers—a promise reasonably fulfilled in the three volumes already issued. These show Mr. Hulbert to be an earnest and enthusiastic student, and a reliable guide, within his limitations.

Yet it must be said, though reluctantly, that he is somewhat seriously affected with mental myopia, both racial and local, and is thereby sometimes betrayed into faults of both omission and commission. It was not to be expected that such a series should be exhaustively inclusive, since that would mean a study of the entire history of the continent, even including its geology. But surely the Santa Fé Trail, the Oregon Trail, and even the five hundred miles of *El Camino Real* in California, whether for length, historic significance, economic importance, or romantic interest, must be counted among "the more important highways" of the nation. Yet the author seems to be unconscious that so much as an explanation for their absence from his scheme was to be expected. Again, he says (page 98, Vol. II), "North of the Ohio river . . . white men came to know the red men more intimately than anywhere else on this continent in the eighteenth century." Waiving the conventional color-blindness of "red," as applied to men who are really brown, this statement can be approximately true only if Mexico and the other Spanish possessions to the South were not a part of the continent at that time; or if the Spanish explorers, priests and pioneers who had established schools—even industrial training schools—for Indians more than two centuries before the middle of the eighteenth century were not "white men." In other ways, the author makes it very plain that he knows much more about Indian thoroughfares than he does about the people who made and used them. Nor can one refrain from mild surprise that Mr. Hulbert should conceive it "very won-

derful" that buffalo and Indian alike should have discovered roads across plain, through forest and over mountain range which the "white man with his tripod" could not improve upon later. Such folk as have to journey for generation after generation, on literally life-or-death business, and upon their own two legs or four, will either find and occupy the strategic points, or be wiped off the evolutionary blackboard. Nor does it follow that they are "not ignorant of the law of least resistance," (page 98, Vol. I) except as the brook is not ignorant of the laws of gravity and fluid motion.

None the less, the series has been, on the whole, well planned, and the work so far in evidence is for the most part sound, careful and creditable. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O. 16 vols., sold only in sets. \$39.

C. A. M.

NATIVE
AMERICAN

A book to astonish and interest the average reader, and of real value and charm to the studious, is *Kulóskap the Master, and Other Algonkin Poems*, translated metrically by Charles Godfrey Leland and John Dyneley Prince. A fat work of 370 pages, with more than 50 Indian poems, is likely to astound people of the ordinary notion that the Indian has no poetry in him. This idea, of course, is as absurd as most of our conceptions of "furriners." For poetry was first invented among aborigines, and had among them an extensive development. As Dr. Leland remarks in his preface: "There has perished, or is rapidly perishing, among the Indians of North America, far more poetry than was ever written by all the white inhabitants. This native verse is often of very high order. The Indian Sagas or legends or traditions were in fact all songs." There will be many scholars, too, to echo Dr. Leland's further remark: "And I venture to say, from the deepest conviction, that it will be no small occasion of astonishment and chagrin one hundred years hence, when the last Indians of the Wabano shall have passed away, that so few among our literary or cultured folk cared enough to collect this aboriginal literature."

It need not be said that hardly anyone was quite so well equipped to make these epics and lyrics of New England Indians available to the English reader as Dr. Leland, the genial, gipsying scientist, whose untimely death in Italy last month strikes a note of sorrow among all scholars. He performed this difficult task of translation—a task hard enough in any literature, and perhaps doubly hard in rendering from the Indian—with the same skill that has marked his famous folklore work hitherto. He was very fortunate, also, in finding such a collaborator as Dr. Prince, who proves himself in this work a thorough scholar. The book is excellently worth reading. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$2.

SCHOLARLY
WORK DOING
IN MEXICO.

It would be difficult to say too much in praise of the *Anales del Museo Nacional*, of Mexico, now fortunately under the direction of that most able and distinguished scholar, Lic. D. Alfredo Chavero, famous alike in literature and in science. These valuable memoirs (now in their seventh volume) are printed in a handsome tall folio, whose numbers are bi-monthly, and include important original research, and reprint of some of the rarest Mexicana. For example, a couple of years before Lumholtz's sumptuous volumes on *Unknown Mexico*, in which the most important item is the cult of the peyote, the *Anales* gave Dr. Urbina's scholarly monograph on the history of this strange ceremonial drunkenness, the botany, and other matters important to the student. The price of each number is \$2 Mexican. The publications of the Museum can be had from Viuda de C. Bouret, calle del Cinco de Mayo, No. 14, City of Mexico, or from the Museo Nacional itself.

The Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, already our large benefactor by the monumental edition of the *Jesuit Relations*, has added another to our serious obligations by a scholarly reprint of that remarkably interesting and remarkably scarce book *A New Voyage and Description of the Isthmus of America*, by Lionel Wafer, 1699. This is one of the leading "sources" on Panama; and Wafer, who was one of the English Buccaneers with Dampier, is a most interesting and intelligent witness. The volume is very handsomely printed, with facsimiles of cuts and maps; and as for its editing, it is enough to say that the editor is George Parker Winship of this staff, and librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, of Providence. The work is not only one which should be in every library of Americana, but is highly interesting to the lay reader. Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, Ohio. \$3.50 net.

INTERESTING
AND
IMPORTANT.

Another worthy historical contribution from the Burrows Brothers Company is a reprint from the original edition (1670) of Daniel Denton's *Brief Description of New York*. The editor in this case is Felix Neumann, of the Library of Congress. It is a slender but a valuable volume, and already out of print.

The Adventures of Torqua, by our own Charles Frederick Holder, is a boy's story, clean, sympathetic and carrying, as all this writer's work is. The historical part and the Spanish touches cannot be praised; and certainly the picture of the Mission life is lamentably inaccurate. Olla is not "pronounced O-yer." The Apaches did not kill Mission herders around San Juan Capistrano, California. The Indians at the Missions were not "practically slaves." Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.20 net.

The useful annual publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, now conjoined with the *Pioneers of Los Angeles County*, adds Part III of Vol. V. Among the contents of the present number is an article preserving parts of several poems of the California of Argonaut days.

C. F. L.

There is absolutely nothing about Alice Prescott Smith's novel, *The Legatee*, to mark it as a first book—no raw edges, no over-elaboration, no straining after brilliancy nor any lapsing into dullness, no crowding of the canvas nor any thin spots. To the contrary, the work is not to be distinguished from the easy craftsmanship of a long-accustomed member of the guild, certain of design, well-habited as to method, with abundant material from which to select, patient of execution, and assured of creditable result. The scene of the story is a little Wisconsin saw-mill town, on the shore of Lake Michigan. To this there comes, in the early seventies, a young Virginian who has inherited from his uncle the ownership of the mill, and with it the dislike and distrust of Northern workmen against a Southern employer who had been slaveholder, accentuated by wide differences in training, social code, religious creed and ethical point of view. Clearly, here is a situation where interesting things may be expected to happen, particularly if the heir should chance to fall in love with a high-strung and beautiful girl whose sympathies are ardently with her townspeople. Mrs. Smith has not failed at any point of making a thoroughly good story, but her skill shows at its best in her portrayal of character. Not only is each of her actors an individual, clear-cut, distinct and without caricature, but taken together they make it plain that her personal philosophy of life and conduct is sound, broad and well-matured. Her world

A NEW
NOVELIST
OF PARTS.

is not made up of unerring heroes, spotless heroines and indefensible villains, but of men and women, struggling with more or less persistence and success towards ideals—of widely varying quality and value, to be sure, but all genuine. And the man who makes the most mischief is entirely sincere in his convictions and certain that he is doing valiant work for a righteous cause.

The reticent modesty which is well known to characterize every mention of things Californian in this magazine, cannot be allowed to exclude the information that this strong work is from the pen of a San Francisco woman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

NOT CLAD
BY A

Let no man take up Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Captain Craig* expecting to be lulled by "limpid, lucid accents tinkling softly," **TAILOR.** That is a legitimate function of poetry, but not the only one nor the highest—nor, probably, of a possibility for this poet. Yet very few volumes of verse have been lately published which are so fairly entitled to the claim on the title-page, "A Book of Poems." There will doubtless be many to quarrel with Mr. Robinson for the form in which he has chosen to clothe his vigorous thought—some, even, to look with dubious eye on "poems," as applied to such work. But then there be a many who find it difficult to recognize a gentleman, of an evening, except upon the testimony of evening-clothes, manicured hands and patent-leathered feet. Now these poems are not tailor-made at all. Mr. Robinson works in oak, nor does he choose plane and sandpaper with which to finish his task. He prefers the biting and laborious edge of the chisel—which does not leave a surface of unruffled smoothness, to be sure, but does bring out the grain of the timber in a way that far surpasses mere polish. I had marked a dozen passages in the title-poem for quotation, but this shorter one, which can be given entire, will, after all, serve best as a specimen:

ERASMUS.

When he protested, not too solemnly,
That for a world's achieving maintenance
The crust of overdone divinity
Lacked aliment, they called it recreance;
And when he chose through his own glass to scan
Sick Europe, and reduced, unyieldingly,
The monk within the cassock to the man
Within the monk, they called it heresy.

And when he made so perilously bold
As to be scattered forth in black and white,
Good fathers looked askance at him and rolled
Their inward eyes in anguish and affright;
There were some of them did shake at what was told,
And they shook best who knew that he was right.

It is agreeable news, if somewhat surprising, that a second edition of the book is already necessary. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.00 *net*.

ALL GOOD
BUT THE

"SPELLING."

Jean Sherwood Rankin has departed a long way from the trusted convention of text-book methods in her *Everyday English* —and to very great advantage. It is the first of a series for use in the intermediate grades, and in the hands of a competent teacher should be of the greatest value. There is probably no other one subject in which so much school-time is wasted, or which is so stripped of its normal interest to be clothed with abominable dullness, as this one. Any teacher who failed to entertain, as well as instruct, her class with Mrs. Rankin's book, would do better to hunt another vocation. The single weak spot in this book is the chapter on spelling, and that sins by way of both omission and commission. The author has a right to her opinion of "Spelling Reform," and a duty to urge that the recommendations of that august body, the Directors of the National Educational Association, be followed, if she believes them to be wise. But a teacher, *qua* teacher, has not a right to be a partisan advocate. It is not the truth that the variations in English spelling are "largely a matter of accident," unless all heritage, all evolutionary development is a matter of accident. Most of the forms against which the "Reformers" gird most vehemently are precisely the earmarks of ancestry. Mrs. Rankin misses both a duty and a privilege when she commends the Italian substitution of *f* for *ph* in such words as *philosophy*, without explaining that the *ph* is where it is because the word comes to us as directly from Greece as does most of that which it defines. It is not even approximately true that "our greatest scholars all agree that the spelling of English should be somewhat changed as soon as possible."

Even apart from questions of "right" and "duty," the author—whose declared object is to make the study of English interesting—deliberately switches herself at this point right away from one of its most fascinating branches. Witness her note (page 118) on the three words, *diurnal*, *journal* and *diary*. She explains that all come from the Latin and have substantially the same meaning. But she does not hint that the reason for the varying forms is that one of them came to England by way of Spain, another through France, while the third we have caught directly from Italian lips. Yet this single fact is more illuminative and—with the trains of thought which it would be certain to stimulate in the child—more interesting than the entire chapter as it now stands. And this is true, quite independent of one's opinion as to spelling reform. It is to be hoped that this whole matter will be treated more competently in the later editions which the book deserves. The Educational Publishing Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

Precisely the same qualities that have made Frederic Remington's pictures vital and indispensable records of the frontier appear in his novel, *John Ermine of the Yellowstone*. What Remington sees, he sees through and through and all around, and transfers to canvass or the printed page with utter disregard of convention. Nor are his pictures, in either medium, mere surface transcripts, but interpretations—and of unusual breadth and penetration, since he reads for you in each case not only a clearly defined personal identity, but a "type." John Ermine's ancestry is North-of-Europe, but all his memories and training are Crow-Indian, until, as manhood approaches, his adoptive parents surrender him to the great Crow medicine-man, Crooked Bear—a white "hermit of the mountains." Later he becomes a scout for General Crook, in his campaign against the Sioux. For all the emergencies of warfare he is amply equipped by nature and education. But when a beautiful white woman is tempted by his splendid young manhood to smile on him, though without the faintest idea of abandoning her class-pedestal for his arms, tragedy comes swiftly. The illustrations are by the author, and would illuminate even a dull book—which this is not. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

REMINGTON
AS A
NOVELIST.

William A. Linn's Biography of Horace Greeley, appearing in the "Series of Historic Lives," is a disappointment. The author appears to have no sense of relative values. For example, he devotes ten pages to the details of the Liberal-Republican Convention which nominated Greeley for the Presidency, five lines to the Democratic Convention which endorsed him, three pages to the entire campaign and two to a statement of the causes of his defeat. The farm at Chappaqua is dismissed with a single page. Even more curious are some omissions. So little attention is paid to Mr. Greeley's personal and family relations that it does not even appear whether he ever had a child. Nor is there the slightest suggestion of his enthusiastic interest and belief in the West; though to this day "Go West, young man; go West!" brings Greeley inevitably into the mind of any American over forty. But the most vital failure is that there is not the slightest attempt to explain the secret of the great editor's power, to tell why it was that the *New York Tribune* for almost a generation wielded a greater influence than has ever been possessed by any other newspaper. Yet this is the heart of a biographical study of the man who *was* the *New York Tribune*. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1 net; postage 10 cents.

NOT A
COMPETENT
STUDY.

James Weber Linn's first novel, *The Second Generation*, was distinctly creditable—his second, *The Chameleon*, shows a very positive advance not only in technique but in grasp and penetration. Its essential purpose is the study of three different types of the poseur—the man whose most persistent and irresistible motive is the desire to keep the eyes of his fellows fixed upon himself. In the young lawyer who gives the title to the book, this trait is betrayed by the facility with which his opinions shift to suit those of his companions, and it betrays him into a growing habit of "stretching his stories" and finally into his own betrayal of a secret with disastrous consequences. Contrasted with him are the bluff, loud-voiced manufacturer who has made millions out of pickles, delights in the thought that his name and portrait are familiar all over the world, and endows a university with ten of his millions; and the

THE
RULING
MOTIVE.

popular clergyman who has discovered that blunt frankness is the most effective way of attracting attention and winning admiration. The story will set for many of its readers a problem in self-examination. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

GOOD STORY Considered solely on its merits as a story, Guy Wetmore Carryl's
WITH A *The Lieutenant Governor* ranks well up. It is well-constructed,
BAD MORAL. dramatic, vivid and entertaining. But as a study in politics,
 economics or ethics—all of which it is intended to be—it is criminally un-
 sound. The kernel of its doctrine is that assassination may be used with
 advantage to temper the despotism of a combination of labor union and
 political ring, provided only that the assassin cheerfully pays life for life.
 If the teaching of anarchy at its worst ever qualifies for a seat in the
 prisoner's pen, this book is a competent bid for a reserved chair. Mr. Carryl
 would probably deny his intention to prescribe murder as a purge to the
 body politic; but the sympathy of the reader is unmistakably invited in
 this story to the murderer, whose crime is repeatedly stated to have saved
 the State. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

HOW TO HUNT A. Radclyffe Dugmore, pioneer in the difficult art of catching
WITH A the wild things of earth, air and water with his camera, and trans-
CAMERA. ferring them all alive to a photographic plate, now lays all his
 trade-secrets bare for any who will read. His *Nature and the Camera*
 treats the subject in the fullest detail, and nothing is lacking to enable any
 reader to go and do likewise. Nothing, that is to say, except the inborn
 "gift," and the intimate skill which comes only by long, patient and en-
 thusiastic labor at a task which one loves. The book is beautifully illus-
 trated with plates reproduced from the author's photographs. Doubleday
 & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.35 net.

AMONG Very few who open Stewart Edward White's *Conjuror's House*
THE will be able to lay it down unfinished. The scene is in the terri-
FUR TRADERS. tory northwest of Hudson's Bay where the absolute sway of "The
 Company" is as unquestioned as it was two hundred years ago. The lead-
 ing actors are the Factor, whose authority is sufficient even unto life or
 death over a domain large enough for a European empire, his daughter, of
 spirit tempered like his own, and a young Free Trader, who has come under
 peril of "La Longue Traverse" by repeated defiance of Company and
 Factor. The clash of wills of the two men is complicated by the swift
 flame of an ardent passion. In these latter days there is a sufficiency of
 both writers and readers who profess their adoration for such Native
 Wildernesses as are sufficiently chaperoned by railroads and hotels. Mr.
 White is not of that breed. He is intimate of the real wilderness, and the
 breath of it is in his books. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A STUDY OF A. J. Dawson's *Hidden Manna* is to be warmly recommended on
MOORISH two counts. In the first place it is very good reading indeed, just
LIFE. for the sake of the story; and, besides, is a really remarkable
 study of Oriental life and manners as they have developed in Morocco. To
 anyone who knows both books, James Morier's *Hajji Baba of Ispahan* will
 at once be suggested, as dealing with Persian life and character with
 something the same evidence of intimate knowledge as this shows in rela-
 tion to the Moors. But where that book was satiric and cynical, this is sym-
 pathetic and interpretative. And the more recent work far surpasses the
 earlier one in interest of plot, development of character and literary skill.
 A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

DID THE Charles Burr Todd, who has already posed Aaron Burr as "the
WOMAN soul of honor"—how cheerful a spectacle would be an argument
TEMPT HIM? between Gertrude Atherton and himself upon this point!—now
 undertakes to mend and patch another somewhat frayed reputation. *The*
Real Benedict Arnold is devoted to a vigorous presentation of that gentle-
 man's unquestionably valuable military service, to an explanation of the
 repeated public charges of improper conduct as due mainly to hate,
 jealousy and other uncharitable motives, and finally to the assertion that his
 wife was principally to blame for his final treason. Arnold betrayed his
 country, but was not mean enough to fly to the apology of Adam. If he
 could have looked a hundred years into the future, he would doubtless have
 prayed for delivery from such friendship as now resorts to it. A. S.
 Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

In *The Stumbling Block*, Edwin Pugh has made another of the temperamental studies which have lately attracted a good many writers and readers. His heroine finally decides to die, because her husband declines to believe that she has murdered a rival for his affections. She insists that unless he will believe this and continue to love her as much as ever in spite of it, he does not really love her true self at all—and of course life is not worth living in that case. This seems to be the limit in "temperament," so far as recorded up to the present writing. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

How To Make Money contains something like eighty plans, worked out in more or less detail, by which women without training, and with little or no capital, may earn their living wholly or in part. There is much ingenuity and ample variety in the schemes proposed, which include professions so far apart as frog-farming, buying old neckties, soliciting subjects for the gentle ministry of a dentist and guiding strangers through the wilds of the most remote and savage Eastern metropolis. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1 net.

A considerable fraction of Alfred Mathews's *Ohio and Her Western Reserve* (in the "Expansion of the Republic" series) is devoted to the Connecticut settlements in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, and the "Penamite wars" of which they were the scene. This is a chapter of American history curiously unfamiliar considering its importance. For the Pennsylvania colonies were not only resultant from the same force which later took possession of, and moulded, the Western Reserve in Ohio, but were in a very substantial sense the cause of the later settlements. Mr. Mathews handles his subject with enthusiasm, yet with reasonable balance, and the book is well justified. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents.

Neltje Blanchan, to whom nature lovers are already indebted for several charming books on birds, adds another volume quite up to her standard. The opening chapter gives its title to the book—*How To Attract Bird Neighbors*. The recipe in brief is, "No cats or guns; plenty of food and water—and genuine sympathy and friendship." Both in content and format the book is a desirable possession. The illustrations are of really remarkable quality, which makes it the more remarkable that no credit is given for them. Some of them are certainly from photographs by Mr. Dugmore, who tells in a book from the same publishers, mentioned in another paragraph, how he gets them. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.35 net.

A Bunch of Rope Yarns, by Stanton H. King, is not, as one might anticipate, a collection of sea-stories. For once, I cannot do better than quote with approval the publisher's description—"A delightful miscellany of semi-reminiscent articles, fascinating to the landman because it is all so new and full of interest, and to the seaman because it is the life he has himself lived." Mr. King is Superintendent of the Sailors' Haven Mission for Seamen at Charleston, Mass., and that one of his "yarns" which treats of his own work is of much value. The Gorham Press, New York. \$1.25.

The Book of Weddings, by Mrs. Burton Kingsland, is described as "a complete manual of the 'proper thing' in all the complicated details of a modern marriage ceremony." So far as I can tell—which is a very little way indeed—the subject is covered as fully as was possible within the narrow space-limit to which the author has restricted herself. The book contains only 245 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles, \$1.20 net.

A reading of the witty and keenly satirical text of *Patience*, now published in book form, leaves no wonder that W. S. Gilbert should have towered far above the rank and file of them that dally with the libretto of comic operas. It deserves a place on any book-shelf. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.00 net.

The Southerners is a story of the Civil War in Cyrus Townsend Brady's best style—which is as much as to say that it is a swift and ringing tale of love and battle. The horror of battle, as well as the heroism and glory of it, are strongly painted, and a wedding alleviates the tension at the end. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Veronica frankly declares itself to be a love story—a "story of feeling and not a tale of adventure." To my notion, it might be described even more accurately as a study of the love-interest, from a woman's standpoint, in three different phases. The first is the all-absorbing passion which takes possession of the heart of a young maid and leaves her a woman; the second, an attempt at "love on the rebound;" the third, a tender and sweet affection which has its roots in sympathy. The author, Martha W. Austin, may clearly be credited with a distinctive style, intimate perception and a delicate touch. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker & Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Art in the Nineteenth Century was originally delivered by Dr. Charles Waldstein as the opening lecture of a University Extension Course. Dr. Waldstein is far from believing that this is a period of art-decadence, but holds, to the contrary, that it is peculiarly and remarkably an age of expansion in artistic achievement, both as to subject-matter and form of expression. This position he maintains by a rapid survey of accomplishment in literature, painting, music, and other fields during the past century. The Macmillan Co., New York. 60 cents.

A second edition of Alfred Wesley Wishart's admirably judicial study of *Monks and Monasteries* now appears, with an added note upon the friars of the Philippines. It is largely historical, but historical in the fuller sense of an enquiry into the origin, significance, and results upon civilization of monasticism. This edition is published to meet the demand for a less costly volume than was offered by the first, but is very far from being "cheap" in appearance or execution. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50 net.

Paul Gwynne's *Pagan at the Shrine* must be given a high place among contemporary fiction on no less than three scores—its intimate and convincing pictures of life in Andalucia, its close and unusual character-drawing, and the skill of the novelist as story-teller. It is relentlessly tragic, after the Greek model, but by no means to the exclusion of the humorous, even the broadly comic. It is recommended, without reserve. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Stirrup Cup, by J. Aubrey Tyson, is a slight but brilliant tale of revolutionary days. Its substance is the swift and successful wooing of Theodosia Prevost, the Tory widow, by Aaron Burr, in the days when he was but a daring young patriot officer. It is of the "Novelettes de Luxe Series," and is an admirable specimen of tasteful book-making. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The Struggle for a Continent is a continuous story of the wrestle between France and England for the control of North America, drawn from the works of that giant among American historians, Francis Parkman. Dr. Pelham Edgar is editor of the volume, which consists of verbatim extracts from Parkman, with such connecting notes as are necessary. The result is a thoroughly useful and entertaining volume. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt's very useful monograph on the *Care and Feeding of Children*, otherwise described on the title-page as "a catechism for the use of mothers and children's nurses," has just reached the dignity of a third edition. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 75 cents.

Dr. William Elliott Griffis's *Young People's History of Holland* gives an outline of Dutch history from the earliest times down to the present day, in manner to attract and inform youthful readers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50 net.

The doctrines taught by William George Jordan, in his essays on individual problems and possibilities, published under the title of *The Power of Truth*, are uniformly sane, sound and undiluted. Which is good enough warrant for any teaching. Brentano's, New York.

A Royal Son and Mother, by the Baroness Pauline von Hügel, is a biographical sketch of Demetrius Galitzin, Prince of Russia by birth, missionary priest in Pennsylvania by choice. It is an enthusiastic and instructive study. The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind. 75 cents.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

HAIL, IRRIGATION PRESIDENT!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is in the wilds of Yellowstone Park as these words are written. He will be bowing to the cheers of California when they are read. He is our first irrigation President, and his presence among us makes this an opportune moment to review the policy which, in the opinion of Western men, will be the chief glory of his administration. It has been said of our present Executive, that "where he works, things come to pass." This is happily true in regard to the national irrigation policy to which he lent his name while Governor of New York, and to which he devoted so large a portion of both his messages to Congress. It is yet but ten months since the new law was enacted, but the President will have more than one opportunity to acknowledge the salute of engineering parties who are surveying reservoirs and canals, as he passes through the country. Piled up in the treasury at Washington is the tidy sum of about ten million dollars in the reclamation fund. Before many months have passed, it is probable that actual construction will be under way. Oh, that a gun could be fired from Pike's Peak when the first dirt is moved by the all-powerful hand of the nation—a gun which might reverberate from ocean to ocean, notifying Maine, and California, and all the land between, that the United States of America has at last set out upon the greatest of its twentieth-century tasks!

The West will welcome Theodore Roosevelt as it has never welcomed any President in the past. Before fate beckoned him to the White House, he had said: "I am of the sixth generation born on Manhattan Island, but I *belong* West of the Missouri River." Many years ago, when a young man in somewhat delicate health, he came out from the East to seek the strength of the mountains and the benediction of the unclouded sun. He made a ranch on the headquarters of the Little Missouri, herded cattle, mingled with cowboys, hunted the big game of the plains. There he learned the marvels of the arid soil when joined to the waters of the mountain stream. And there he became essentially a western man in spirit and in temperament. This ex-

perience it was which enabled him to link his name forever with the Doing of a Very Big Thing. Just how big a thing it was to put the Presidential shoulder against the barred doors of Arid America perhaps he does not yet realize. Perhaps none of us have more than a vague consciousness of the mighty issues involved in the act. But that is not the greatest thing he has done for us. The reclamation of these deserts was inevitable sometime. But it was by no means inevitable that they should be reclaimed by means of public works, and that the ownership of land and water would be indissolubly united. The greatest thing the President has done for us was to write this flaming sentence:

Private ownership of water apart from land cannot prevail without causing enduring wrong.

That was a Proclamation of Emancipation. Into the great struggle between Private Greed and Public Good came, at the psychological moment, the weighty word of the first Irrigation President—and the battle was won. Welcome, Theodore Roosevelt! Welcome, because you are the President! Welcome, again, because you wrung national irrigation from an unwilling Congress! And thrice welcome, because with a stroke of your pen you slew the dragon of Water Monopoly! Much as the men of today appreciate the thing you did when opportunity opened the door, it is only the men who are to live as the long generations shall unfold who may know the full significance of the great deed.

WANTED:

A DECENT
EDUCATION.

Would it be a proper expenditure of public funds to bring one or two Eastern editors to the Pacific Coast for educational advantages? The *Country Gentleman* has flourished for the edification of more than one generation of American readers. It is eminently respectable, but inclined to be ultra-conservative. In the present article it asserts itself with more than usual vigor. It goes so far as to hint that it is about to engage in a unique enterprise—probably nothing less than the formation of an Anti-National-Irrigation Association. Behold the venerable organ of rural respectability, in its act of preparing to sweep back the tide with its broom:

Yes, this is a new policy, a policy that has always been fought against by lovers of right, justice, equity—the taxation of the nation for the benefit of one section; but it is not the benefit that we deplore, but the rank injustice against every farmer in the already settled sections of the country. We speak in behalf of the owners and laborers on the 7,000,000 farms in the country, and the 40,000,000 people who are striving to win a living from the farms that we already have. Not content to reflect on the hardships endured by our present farmers while more than a dozen large States were opened up to agriculture within the past generation, our government now proposes to put the farmers through another series of years of increasing competition from new agricultural districts.

If the government is ready to undertake internal improvements on a

mammoth scale, it can do far better than to attempt, at this time, to redeem the areas that nature designed should at least be held in reserve until more favored localities are producing to their maximum. Even though millions of acres could be made to produce bountiful crops by irrigation, there is no necessity for them at this time. In fact, to open them up to cultivation would be a national calamity, and our farmers should strenuously oppose every attempt.

We again call upon farmers everywhere to protest through all proper sources against this iniquity being continued, and more than this, we implore you to be ready for coöperation the moment you have the opportunity to join the movement that will soon be started, and then through coöperation you will soon be numerous enough and powerful enough to thwart all attempts like this, which, if consummated, will put you back fifty years as regards material progress.

This is the provincial view of national irrigation. The expression of it has been confined almost entirely to the northeastern section of the country, though it is by no means the prevailing opinion in that section. In marked contrast to this narrow and hysterical opinion, was the attitude of the South when the matter came up for action in Congress. The South, unlike New York and New England, has lands which are being offered for colonization. It might, therefore, find a selfish justification for opposing the opening of millions of acres of new lands for settlement in the arid region. But the Southern representatives voted unanimously for national irrigation.

THE PROVINCIAL
VIEW
OF IT.

The objections to the policy set forth in the foregoing article are easy to answer.

IN ANSWER
TO THE
OBJECTIONS.

1. The national irrigation plan as it now stands lays no tax whatever upon eastern farmers. The work will be done solely from the proceeds arising from the sale of public lands in the arid region. Settlers repay the cost of the works to the government in ten years.

2. If at some future time Congress shall decide to increase the reclamation fund by making direct appropriations from the treasury, the policy will not even then create a burden of taxation for Eastern farmers to bear, since it will still be necessary for settlers to repay the cost of the works.

3. But even if the money were not repaid, appropriations for the storage of floods at the mountain sources of our great rivers would be justifiable on the same grounds as appropriations for the building of levees on the lower reaches of our great rivers to prevent the destruction of property owned by private individuals.

4. Furthermore, the people of the West, and of the vast interior, have been taxed for an indefinite period to meet the cost of harbor improvements and defences on the Atlantic Coast. Such improvements always confer special benefits on individuals, while benefiting the nation at large. The West and the interior have never received direct benefit, but have always paid

their full share of the cost. National irrigation gives our Eastern friends a chance to return the compliment.

5. It is plainly constitutional to tax all parts of the country for the common defence and security. And not all our foes are without. Those most to be dreaded are within. It is just as proper to tax the country to make homes for its people as to tax them to build forts or battleships—just as proper, and a thousand times as sensible.

6. There will be no competition whatever between the products of the irrigated West and the products of New York and other Eastern States. In the first place, but a comparatively small portion of any one of our arid States can ever be cultivated. All these States have a wonderful diversity of resources. The irrigated farm will have about all it can do to feed the people of the towns, the mines, the forest and the stock-range. That is to say, natural conditions are such as to assure a home market great enough to absorb a very large portion of the product of the region. In the second place, we have another world over here on our side of the continent which looks to us for any surplus we can spare—the world of the Orient and of the Frozen North. Third, the class of products to be raised from these desert lands will not compete with the products of Eastern farms. Irrigation means small holdings and intensive cultivation. This and the peculiarities of our climate permit us to grow crops which cannot be profitably raised at the East—oranges, lemons, raisins, prunes, figs, dates, olives, walnuts and almonds. The sugar-beet will be a great product, but that will not hurt our Eastern friends, since it will take hundreds of factories to produce the sugar now imported. The only fresh vegetables and fruits which we can possibly send to Eastern markets in competition with the farmers of that section are those which mature very early, when the eastern product is not in evidence at all. Otherwise, the cost of transportation would be prohibitory.

7. But even if it were true that the opening of the arid West to settlement would introduce a new element of competition to eastern agriculture, the progress of the world could not be stayed on that account. Ever since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the American people have been pushing Westward. If the *Country Gentleman* had been published at Plymouth, it would doubtless have objected to the opening of Western New York to settlement. If it thinks the world is large enough now, it would have thought the same thing one or two centuries ago. It would have opposed every work of material conquest on which the nation has entered from the beginning. It sees its country

through the wrong end of the telescope. The truth is that, speaking broadly, every part of the United States has reaped benefits from every enlargement of the national life. Here and there an individual, or even a community, may have suffered some temporary loss by the changing of conditions. But on the whole all the material interests of New York and New England have been benefited by the expansion of population over new areas in the West. And so it will be hereafter. The development of the vast interior made Chicago and St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other great cities. But New York, Philadelphia and Boston are neither smaller nor poorer than they were when the vast interior was a wilderness. The truth is that the Eastern people have more to gain from the opening of our new Empire between the Missouri and Pacific than have we of the West. We are all right anyhow—a little lonesome, but flourishing—while our Eastern friends have got to have an outlet for their surplus people, products and capital, or suffer an inevitable collapse sooner or later. We live from the soil and are self-supporting. But they must have customers or their industries will languish.

It is pleasant to find that the New York journal, which has been quoted, by no means represents all the people of the East. It is not long since the staid old Philadelphia *Ledger* looked upon the national irrigation idea with suspicion. It used to oppose the enactment of such legislation. Even after the measure was passed it referred to it as something which would probably turn out to be "an endless steal." In a recent editorial the *Ledger* described what had been accomplished by the early settlers in reclaiming the Salt River Valley of Arizona, then continued as follows:

But private effort could do no more, and it is delightful to learn from the Washington despatches that among the very first works undertaken by the Federal Government will be the building of a reservoir for the Salt River waters and the extension of the work begun by the Phoenix pioneers. This reservoir will reclaim probably 100,000 acres of desert, and increase by 50 per cent. the actual available area of Arizona. Yet it is only one among five similar pieces of engineering already initiated under the provisions of the new irrigation law, which is estimated will add 600,000 acres to our Western area of cultivation; and this, yet again, is but 1 per cent. of the domain which it is conceived possible to lift into productiveness. Nor does a statement of the vastness of this territory exhaust the impressiveness of the subject; the extraordinary fertility of the irrigated lands, the fact that they encourage extensive farming, the nature of the crops and the adequacy of small farms for the support of many persons have led the Secretary of the Interior to estimate, with considerable plausibility, that the reclaimed lands will provide homes and food for a population as great as that of the whole country at present.

This is expansion of the right sort. This is acquisition of territory by methods incomparably more enlightened than those of war. To create territory, rather than to seize it—that is the new idea. In the conquests of the future, the engineer, not the general, is to lead.

BLAZING
THE NEW
PATHWAY.

It seems probable that the Salt River Valley of Arizona may enjoy an even greater distinction than that of being one of the earliest localities to receive the benefits of national irrigation. It is in a fair way to take the lead in working out the great problem involved in the reorganization and reconstruction of irrigation systems throughout the West in coöperation with the national government. And it promises to become our greatest example of the capacity of the landowners to administer their own affairs when these shall have assumed real magnitude. The Salt River Valley has had its full share of troubles arising from crude methods and inadequate laws. Nowhere has the struggle for water been fiercer. It is now proposed to bring all the conflicting ditches and canals into one comprehensive system. The National Irrigation Association, realizing the value of a single magnificent example to illustrate the success of its plan, is bending every effort to bring about a readjustment in the Salt River Valley that shall point the way to success throughout the West. To this end, Mr. George H. Maxwell, its executive chairman, has taken up his temporary residence at Phoenix, and coöperated with the citizens of the valley in forming the new plans and carrying them into execution. A company has been incorporated under the name of Salt River Valley Water Users Association. The object of the company is to bring together in one organization all landowners who receive water from the government reservoir. The capitalization is \$3,750,000, divided into 250,000 shares of the par value \$15 each. The area included is designated as Salt River Reservoir District. It is provided that "those and those only who are owners of land, or occupants of public lands, having initiated a right to acquire the same, within the territory described, or within such extensions thereof as may be hereafter made from time to time, shall be the holders or owners of shares of the capital stock; and for each acre of such lands shareholders may become the owner of one share of stock of this Association, and no more." The share of stock is made appurtenant to the land and, in the case of land which has formerly been irrigated from the natural flow of the stream, the Association undertakes to deliver the same quantity which the land formerly received, plus its share of reservoir water; but it is distinctly provided that "the whole amount of water actually delivered from all sources shall not exceed the amount necessary for the proper cultivation of said lands." Virtually, the plan amounts to a merger of all existing canals in the valley, which are now to be supplemented by water stored in the great Tonto Basin. This has been the dream of the valley since the first

American pioneer trod its soil. It was beyond the reach of the farmers, even beyond the reach of the richest corporations engaged in developing the country. But now the nation reaches forth its hand and the Impossible is to come true. In accordance with the national irrigation Act, the landowners will return the cost of the work to the government in ten annual payments, without interest.

The method of administration proposed for the great Association is very interesting. The plan provides for the following officers :

INTERESTING
ADMINISTRATIVE
PLANS.

1. A Council.
2. A Board of Governors.
3. One or more local boards of Water Commissioners.
4. A President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, and such officers and agents as shall or may be, from time to time, created and established by the Council.

Only landowners are eligible to seats in the Council, which is the legislative body of the Association. The Reservoir District is divided into ten local districts, each of which is entitled to three members of the Council. After 1904, one member will be chosen on the first Tuesday of April each year, and serve three years. Members are to serve without compensation, but receive mileage one way at the rate of ten cents per mile for each day of actual attendance. The Council will hold one annual meeting, and such special meetings as may be called from time to time. The Board of Governors is chosen by the shareholders. This is the administrative branch, and appoints all officers and employees needed in carrying on the works. It also has charge of financial matters and levies assessments. Three Water Commissioners are appointed for each canal division by the Board of Governors. These Commissioners deal with the important matter of distributing water among the users. The President and Vice-President are chosen by the stockholders at their annual election, but the Secretary and the Treasurer are appointed by the Governors.

The scheme of government appears to be very complete, and as simple as circumstances will permit. It is to be remembered that the territory covered by the Association will ultimately support a larger population than that possessed by some of the smaller States of the Union. It has to deal with matters more vital than anything which falls within the scope of Governor and Legislature, for in a land as arid as the Salt River Valley the management of the water supply is the nearest concern of the people. The outcome of this effort to unite the people of the greatest valley in Arizona in a single workable irrigation system will be watched with the utmost interest throughout the United States. If they are successful, millions will follow where they have led the way.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

OUTCOME OF "WRIGHT LAW."

IN 1887 the California Legislature enacted what was popularly known as the "Wright Law," providing for the formation of irrigation districts. This law was regarded at the time by very many people as the final solution of the irrigation problem. In all, forty-two districts were organized, but three were declared illegal and abandoned. The remaining thirty-nine undertook to issue bonds and provide themselves with irrigation facilities.

The total number of acres embraced in the thirty-nine districts was 2,046,865; the total authorized debt, \$16,469,200. Of the entire bonded indebtedness authorized, \$7,889,255 became an actual lien on land, since that amount of bonds was disposed of for cash or property.

The fifteen years which have elapsed since the passage of the law have seen a singular and pathetic struggle on the part of the people to obtain the result on which they had set their hearts with such enthusiasm. Almost from the beginning, the district plan encountered fierce opposition on the part of an element who had staying qualities. It was never favored by the large landowners, which included the great San Francisco banks. Wherever bonds were offered for sale, the voice of influential financiers was raised against them. The validity of the law was also attacked and taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was argued by two of the greatest lawyers of the land—Joseph H. Choate and Benjamin Harrison. The law was sustained as clearly constitutional in itself. But this did not end litigation. Individual districts were promptly attacked for failure to comply with the technicalities of the law in certain respects. No bonds were invalidated by these proceedings, but communities were divided, confidence was destroyed and the district development brought to a standstill.

In its original form the law was decidedly crude, but it was several times improved by amendments. Preëminently sound in its fundamentals, it failed in its details. Its strength was the fact that it undertook to supply water at actual cost by means of public ownership, and effected real and lasting unity of land and water ownership. Its weakness was on the side of administration. The localities to be reclaimed had, for the most part, but a sparse population. It was seldom that among the settlers were found men of sufficient capacity as financiers, engineers and administrators to carry out to successful completion very large business undertakings. And yet no one can say what the outcome would have been if the powerful influences arrayed against the district plan had been on its side, or even neutral. The

event showed that the "Wright Law" could not weather the well-directed opposition of the great banks, the great landowners and the great lawyers. This combination was too much for the poor farmers to overcome. In the meantime, they had fallen victim to their own lack of administrative capacity in too many cases, purchasing water rights which carried no water, and reservoir sites which did not command sufficient water-shed for their purpose. They often entered into very bad contracts, and thus failed to get any adequate return for the indebtedness incurred. Thus many of the districts went down in a sea of debt and litigation. In many localities abandoned farms and homes furnish sad monuments to failure.

In spite of all these difficulties, it strangely happened that the greatest districts came out successful. These were Turlock, Modesto and Alta, all of which are in the heart of the San Joaquin valley. And today public sentiment appears to be veering around to the district idea again. Striking evidence of this is found in the fact that the beautiful Lompoc valley, in Santa Barbara county, is about to be reclaimed through the formation of a new district. What is still stranger, the very elements which fought the district plan before are supporting it at Lompoc—the large landowners and the banks. Nevertheless, it is perfectly clear that if the district method is to be employed extensively hereafter, it must be immensely strengthened on its administrative side. A way must be found to prevent the formation of districts which are impracticable, to safeguard the interests of the landowners in the granting and performance of contracts, and to secure the employment of the highest business talent in operating works.

But in the meantime there are over thirty districts in trouble, with millions of outstanding obligations. The settlers are getting little or no water; the bondholders, little or no interest. How can the tangled affairs of these districts be adjusted? The articles which follow throw light upon two sides of the question.

A REMEDY AT LAST.

*By D. L. WITHINGTON.**

THE bill providing for the dissolution of irrigation districts formed under the Wright law, and for the settlement of their indebtedness (Chapter V of the Acts of 1903, approved by Gov. Pardee, February 10, 1903) was the fourth bill of the same character which has passed the Legislature in the last three sessions.

*Formerly State Senator from San Diego County, and a resident and landowner of Escondido district.

Previous to the approval of this act there was no provision of law for the dissolution of an irrigation district or the settlement of its indebtedness with its creditors. It is true that the Legislature, by the act of April 1, 1897, had authorized the refunding of indebtedness by the issue of a new indebtedness not greater in amount, and that by the act of March 25, 1893, the Legislature purported to provide for the abandonment of operations by irrigation districts and for their disorganization. But that act was clearly unconstitutional, since it sought to divide districts into three classes: one class of those districts which are larger than the Central Irrigation District, one class which would include that district, and a third class smaller than the Central Irrigation District.

By the act of March 31, 1897, this portion of the act of 1893 was amended, so that the classes were stricken from the bill; but the act provided that no district should take advantage of the provisions of the act if there was an existing bonded indebtedness. This amendment raised a new question as to the constitutionality of the act, and it was clearly—if constitutional—of no value to irrigation districts having a bonded indebtedness, although the act appeared to be drawn for the purpose of providing for the disorganization of districts which had a bonded indebtedness.

The act passed at this session was originally drawn in a somewhat different form by Mr. Shirley C. Ward, of Los Angeles, and was introduced by Senator Currier, of Los Angeles, at the session of 1899. After being amended it was pocketed by Gov. Gage. At the session of 1901, Senator Nutt, of San Diego, introduced two bills similar to the one which has now become a law. The first of these, which was almost identical with the bill signed by Gov. Pardee, was vetoed by Gov. Gage, chiefly on the untenable ground that the bill purported to dispose of a public franchise, whereas the object of the act is merely to change the form of administration of a public use. The second bill, drawn to meet his objections, was pocketed by him.

The act which passed the last Legislature is drawn with the view of permitting districts which have an outstanding issue of bonds to enter into a compromise with their creditors, dissolve the district, and to provide for the administration of the public use in the water supply so that *there shall be no divorcement between the land and the water when once they have been married*. In order to initiate the proceeding, a majority, both in numbers and in value, of the holders of title to the real property in an irrigation district, determined by the last assessment roll, must petition the Board of Directors of the district for its dissolu-

tion. The act provides what the petition shall contain, and among other things it must contain any proposition made by the holders of the indebtedness to settle the same, and also a plan to carry the settlement into execution. This is the gist of the bill. It authorizes an agreement between the district and its creditors, and provides a means for carrying it out. The only limitation upon any plan which can be made to meet the necessities of an individual district, is that it should be within the limits of constitutional law, the first requisite of which is that all the owners of the indebtedness must join in the settlement, or their claims must be provided for, or they must have their day in court. To accomplish this, the petition, when filed, must state the assets of the district, and give a statement of all lands sold to the district for taxes, and the amount due, the unpaid assessments, and the amount upon each lot, and all other assets of the district.

Upon the filing of the petition, a special election is called, at which—in case no plan has been submitted in the petition—the directors must propose a plan to carry the settlement into effect. Before the election is held, the assent of the holders of valid indebtedness must be obtained, or provision made for their payment. In case two-thirds of the votes are in favor of dissolution, it is the duty of the directors to file a petition in the superior court of the county to determine the validity of the proceedings and of the proposed plan for the dissolution of the district. The action is a proceeding *in rem*, and notice is given by publication. Within thirty days anyone interested may appear and contest the validity of the proceedings, or the validity of any portion of the indebtedness, or of any sales for assessments, or the amount of any assessment due, and the court must, in its order, adjust and determine the rights and liabilities of all parties. In this way jurisdiction is acquired of all the world, and everyone has his day in court and a valid judgment obtained. The action must be speedily tried, and an appeal must be taken, if at all, within thirty days, and the supreme court must determine the appeal within three months. In determining the regularity of the proceeding, the court must disregard any irregularity or omission which does not affect the substantial rights of the parties.

If the Board of Directors does not file the proceeding, any assessment payer may. Another provision which is of great importance, and characterizes the bill, is that a corporation may be organized for the purpose of acquiring the assets of the district including the irrigation system, which corporation shall have all the powers, rights and franchises necessary to carry on

the irrigation system, and exercise its franchise and water rights. This provision is broad enough to authorize the formation of mutual companies which can administer the public use in the water and preserve it in case of the dissolution of the district.

The court is authorized in its decree to make all orders necessary to carry out the plan ; can apportion the indebtedness and create liens for the apportioned amounts on the various parcels of land within the district, can order a sale of the assets in such way as will effectuate the plan, and can provide for the conveyance of the irrigation system and other assets of the district. Under this, a settlement could be made by which the payments could be made in installments, or could be payable only after a lapse of years ; but the act also provides that a redemption can be made from any of these liens, at any time, by any land owner paying the amount to the clerk of the court. A similar power is given in reference to the assessments already levied.

After the property of the irrigation district has been disposed of, and all the indebtedness has been discharged, any balance of money is distributed to the assessment-payers proportionally, and a decree entered for the dissolution of the district.

HAPPY ALTA DISTRICT.

By JOHN FAIRWEATHER.

WHAT company or corporation should own the God-given rains and snow ? I know the old cry, that the Wright law was a failure, but that has never been true. It was the people who tried to beat the law, and did not have brains enough to accomplish the job, that failed.

We, here in the Alta district, have been running for thirteen years under the law, and I guarantee that you cannot find ten men in the district that would say one word against the law. We have no kickers. We have had some litigation as to our bonds, but never any against the district. We have 128,000 acres in one district. Our average tax the past year was 27 cents per acre, but our best lands paid from 40 to 50 cents per acre ; it will not be more than this hereafter, and two-thirds of this tax was to pay interest on our indebtedness ; hence you see what is the actual cost of running water. We have a bonded debt of \$493,000 at 5 per cent on 20 year bonds. Under this law the Turlock and Modesto districts are going right along, since the people up there got their eyes opened and quit their fighting. What you have to mind is to be careful ; follow out the little things in the law to the letter. Remember, you want

to follow the Bridgeford law of 1897 and not the old Wright law. The Bridgeford law will stand the test. If you follow it closely, you will have no litigation hereafter. The Bridgeford law follows the lines of the Wright law with some slight improvements. The law will stand. It has stood the test of all courts up to the United States Supreme Court.

We, in the Alta district, have the cheapest water in the State. We assess all lands alike, if of the same quality, whether it is wheat, vineyard or orchard land; our way is to assess by the acre value. Our best lands are assessed at \$25 per acre for irrigation purposes. We assess buildings as improvements, but at a nominal value. Don't take any lands into the district that you cannot put water on. If you do get a little in, assess it nominally. We assess our railroads \$2,000 per mile, and we have no trouble. The people can, if they will, run their own works. I am often tempted to say that the people are not capable of self-government, as they seem to like to pay their hard-earned gains to private corporations, but we hope many people will follow in the footsteps we have trod here so satisfactorily for the past thirteen years under the old Wright law.

The irrigation law is a success, wherever the people try to make it such. I know many districts have been failures. Many were formed where they never should have been; many were commenced where there was no prospect of water. This should never be done. If you have a fair prospect of having a reasonable supply of water you are safe to go ahead. If you have not got water don't try it. That was why the Tulare district failed. They had no water-right near any stream. They bought up a lot of supposed water-rights, hence were doomed to be a failure. As I have said, follow the law, go carefully, make haste slowly, and you cannot fail to get cheap water if you have it to begin with.

Readley, Cal.

Assistant Secretary—CHARLES SUMNER DAVIS.

STATE COMMITTEE.

Will S. Green, Colusa.	S. W. Fergusson, Los Angeles.
Marshal R. Beard, Sacramento.	Walter J. Thompson, Los Angeles.
H. P. Stabler, Marysville.	A. R. Sprague, Los Angeles.
Harvey C. Stiles, Chico.	Charles F. Lummis, Los Angeles.
John Kirby, San Francisco.	E. T. Dunning, Los Angeles.
N. J. Bird, San Francisco.	Chas. A. Moody, Los Angeles.
Frank Cornwall, San Francisco.	Scipio Craig, Redlands.
John S. Dore, Fresno.	Elwood Cooper, Santa Barbara.
John Fairweather, Reedley.	W. H. Porterfield, San Diego.
E. H. Tucker, Selma.	George W. Marston, San Diego.
A. Hallner, Kingsburg.	Bishop J. Edmonds, San Diego.
A. H. Naftzger, Los Angeles.	William E. Smythe, San Diego.

THE PATH OF REASON.

THE *Fresno Republican*, in a most friendly criticism of the policies advocated by the Constructive League, refers as follows to the irrigation views of the President of the organization :

"He sees so clearly the ultimate necessity of doing away with 'vested rights' in water that he does not fully appreciate the temporary necessity of regarding them. He understands so well the ultimate magnitude of the irrigation policy on which the government has entered that he cannot comprehend the present need of keeping it within limits appreciable by the congressional intellect. All this is said without disparagement of Mr. Smythe's position as the one irrigation agitator in private life whose public affiliations, so far as known, are his only affiliations, and whose enthusiasm is unfeigned and unbought."

This paragraph from the most influential newspaper in the San Joaquin Valley is reproduced not for the sake of the personal compliment (though that is very gratefully received) but because it seems to be fairly representative of the general opinion about the League entertained by an influential element in California. There could be no better text from which to speak of the true spirit in which the League is addressing itself to our great economic problems.

To begin with, it is a matter of incalculable importance that this movement is regarded as one which is utterly unselfish and sincere. We have every reason to believe that this is the general impression. Let us thank God for that! No man is poor—no cause is hopeless—that enjoys the confidence of thinking men.

But while the *Republican* gives its voice to the expression of confidence in our integrity of purpose, it sincerely believes that the plans of the League cannot "commend themselves to the hard-headed business men of California." And it reveals its ground for this belief in its reference to "vested rights in water."

The "hard-headed business men" are simply mistaken as to the attitude of the League on "vested rights." They, and the general public, must be enlightened concerning the general spirit as well as the specific plans of this movement. The work of enlightenment is to be the labor of the next two years.

The *Republican's* editorial grew out of a discussion of the Works Bill. The League fought that bill from start to finish, and was probably the most influential factor in bringing about its defeat. Now, the opponents of the Works Bill were not the enemies of "vested rights in water." On the contrary, the Works Bill was itself by far the most radical and unreasonable assault on "vested rights in water" which was ever presented to the Legislature at Sacramento. It clothed four men, none of whom were to be practical irrigators, with the power arbitrarily to determine the exact amount of water which should be permitted to be used on different soils and crops. The owners of present rights were to have no hearing. So also in the matter of riparian proprietors, the rights heretofore claimed were to be set aside by statutory enactment. The League proposes nothing of the kind. The *Republican* doubtless thinks it does, because the League does favor public ownership of irrigation facilities, and does seek to bring about the gradual absorption of works now privately owned into comprehensive public systems. But is this policy necessarily inimical to "vested rights in water?" Let us invite the attention of the *Republican* and of "hard-headed business men" to the example of what is perhaps the most prosperous irrigation community in the United States.

THE BATTLE OF RIVERSIDE.

Riverside could not have been developed without large capital. It was very expensive to get the water on the land. The pioneer settlers did not possess the necessary means and were, therefore, glad to welcome, at an early day in their history, a capitalist who would invest a large amount of money in land and in works of irrigation. This capitalist was the late S. C. Evans.

After a few years Mr. Evans and the settlers reached the stage where the irrepressible conflict could no longer be avoided; for there is an irrepressible conflict where one man owns the

water and other men own the land which is worthless without it. It is useless to say that there ought to be no conflict where both sides mean to be perfectly reasonable. Some things are planted so deeply in human nature that they cannot be altered. One of these things is man's aversion to acknowledging the proprietorship of water apart from land. The truth is that the man who owns the water in an arid region is the overlord of the entire community. He may be kind, just, even generous. Mr. Evan was all this, but—he was master! It could not be otherwise. He had acquired the actual ownership of one of the great elements. And it happened to be that element which controlled the use of all the other elements. Without water, land, air and sunshine were of no practical value.

Mr. Evans fixed rates for the use of water which his irrigation system supplied at a figure which he thought perfectly reasonable. The settlers thought it was an overcharge and appealed to the supervisors to modify the rates. The supervisors promptly did so. Mr. Evans complained bitterly, saying that on the basis of this decree he would be compelled to operate the works at an actual annual loss of \$4,000. Litigation ensued, and Riverside was soon in the midst of contentions which gravely menaced her prosperity. Now, there was but one way to settle it. The consumers could not permanently suffer what they honestly regarded as a kind of oppression. Mr. Evans could not permanently suffer what he regarded as oppression. For one thing, such a situation would bring all progress to a standstill and depreciate the value of everybody's property. For another thing, neighbors cannot afford to live in constant friction. Something *had* to be done. But what *could* be done?

The citizens formed a water company of their own, the primary object of which was to fight Mr. Evans and his system. But after a little, somebody had an inspiration. Why should not the community buy Mr. Evans out, "lock, stock and barrel"—that is to say, not only the water-rights and irrigation canal, but also the land, the ownership of which had made it necessary for him to be a large proprietor of water. The result was that a coöperative company composed of all the land-owners and water-users (practically everybody) proceeded to buy out the entire interests of the capitalist whose money and faith had so largely contributed to the making of Riverside. They accomplished this by issuing bonds on the property to pay Mr. Evans, and also provided \$120,000 for needed improvements. Did the settlers actually obtain water from their own company at less cost? No! They paid more than Mr. Evans had asked them, but they had an immensely better system, and the old Adam in

them was appeased. They were their own masters now, for the men who owned the land owned the water also. Riverside has prospered ever since.

Now, Mr. Fresno *Republican* and Messrs. Hard-headed Business Men, do you understand? No harm was done to "vested rights in water." Riverside "lived happily ever after." As for Mr. Evans, he lived to enjoy many happy years, prosperous and contented. He died rich, full of years and honor.

The ultimate fate of all the irrigation works owned apart from the land is to become the property of those who occupy and till the soil. The necessity of this settlement will be forced by events. Water must be stored in reservoirs and settlement extended over lands now vacant. This may be done with the greatest economy and efficiency only by bringing all the conflicting interests into large and comprehensive systems. In some instances coöperative effort will meet the situation, as it did at Riverside. But in more numerous cases we must resort to great public works in order to preserve the vital principal of joint-ownership of land and water.

UNDER SWEETWATER DAM.

One of the most beautiful places for home-making on God's green earth is where the sunny slope of Chula Vista stretches from the foothills to the Bay of San Diego. Here are a few thousand acres which were reclaimed and planted to the most valuable crops as the result of the construction of the famous Sweetwater Dam. If there is any place where the dove of peace ought to spread her wings and hover like a benediction it is at Chula Vista. But there is no peace. The little community is virtually the tenantry of absentee waterlords who live at Boston. The water is owned apart from the land.

The people of Chula Vista paid \$300 an acre for the land without improvements some years ago. As the land without water had practically no value, the settlers supposed the price they paid included water. In fact, they thought they owned a certain amount of water per acre. But they lived to find such was not the case. At least, they had no assurance that they could continue to obtain the precious element at the price (\$3.50 per acre per annum) which they had contracted to pay. The company raised the price to \$7 per annum. The supervisors restored it to \$3.50. The company immediately began suit, claiming that such a reduction was equivalent to the confiscation of their property in violation of law. The case finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was recently decided in favor of the irrigators. That was a great victory, since it saved the irrigators \$90,000 in "back water

rent," the forced payment of which would have bankrupted the community.

But did the decision furnish any water for the lands of Chula Vista? Not by any means. There is practically no water in the reservoir behind the famous dam, and there has been practically none for years. The company is "not responsible for the acts of Providence." If the floods do not come, how can they be stored? In the meantime, no act of Providence prevents the company from tendering its little bill for \$3.50 per acre per annum. It is "so nominated in the bond."

During the past few dry seasons the company has been pumping water. To fulfill its contract with the settlers? No. To sell the settlers at six and a half cents a thousand gallons, which makes the cost per acre quite substantial. What is to be done? The settlers have the decision of the Supreme Court, but no water. Judicial decisions, even when handed down by the highest court in the land, cannot, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be made to do duty in irrigating lemon orchards. Nothing but water will answer the purpose.

The lawyer who has fought the battles of the settlers all the way through the court is Judge A. Haines, himself one of the settlers of Chula Vista. His suggestion of the solution of the problem is as follows:

"There is something to be done by the people and the company in the formation of a cooperative company to devise a plan to improve the water system. Ten miles above the Sweetwater dam there is a place called Sweetwater Falls, where the rocks come to the surface and bring the underground flow to the top of the ground for at least a part of every year.

At this point at least a diverting dam must be placed and later a permanent storage reservoir from which a flume line would carry water to the present Sweetwater reservoir. Now, the people between the two reservoirs have rights which must be respected, and the thing to do is for the Land and Town Company and for the people to come together, form a mutual cooperative company and take in these people along the river, furnishing them water on a liberal basis, and thus utilize the flow which is going to waste annually in the sands, and which prevents the Sweetwater reservoir from filling. I believe that every good citizen under the system should join in this, as it is a plan fair and equitable to all concerned and the only one which can meet with success.

Thus it begins to look as though at Chula Vista in the early future, as at Riverside years ago, the plan of settlement will be found through the absorption of private irrigation works by the landowners. No harm to "vested rights" will result. On the other hand, justice will be done, to the great and to the humble alike.

New and broader irrigation laws must be formulated before these plans can be carried out in a large way. To bring this about is one of the great objects of the Constructive League. Every interest in the West will be benefited by the consummation of such a policy, and no one will reap larger rewards than our "hard-headed business men"—the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, who prosper with the growth of a contented population.

A HOPI PATRIARCH—CHARA, OF HUALPI. *Photo by A. C. Vroman*
This is the sort of man the agent is trying to "civilize" by forcible haggling of his hair. (See p. 685).

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

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JUNE, 1903.

BULLYING THE "QUAKER INDIANS."

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

IN the April number, under heading of the Sequoya League, some generic picture was drawn of the conditions which now prevail on the Moqui Indian Reservation. With the present number it is designed to carry the matter a little further, particularly in the way of showing by photographs who and what these people are that are now so evil entreated by the official representative of the United States, set over them as the Evangel of Civilization and Education.

A HOPI COUPLE.

It is 363 years since these "First American Quakers" became known to Europeans. In 1540 a squad from Coronado's expedition to the discovery and exploration of Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory and Kansas, went up from Zuñi, under Pedro de Tobar (and accompanied by that rare missionary Fray Juan de Padilla, the first martyr within the limits of the United States), and saw the Moqui towns. It was on this journey that the first news was heard by white men of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Upon the report of Tobar's expedition, Coronado sent Capt. Garcia Lopez de Cárdenas, who also visited the Moqui towns; and, marching onward, first discovered that unspeakable chasm, the Grand Cañon. In 1583 Espejo again visited this "Province of Tusayan" and recorded the names of five or six pueblos. In 1604 Juan de Oñate, the colonizer of New Mexico and founder of the second and third civilized towns

within the limits of the United States, again visited the Moqui villages. In 1629 active missionary work by the Franciscans began in Moqui, when Fray Francisco Porras, Andres Gutierrez and Cristóval de la Concepcion undertook its spiritual conquest. Benavides, writing in 1630 his great *Memorial*, records the miracle which made the missionaries welcome there; and we have long record of these early labors to civilize and christianize the Moquis in days when one could not exactly invade Arizona in a Pullman. In the great Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, all the priests in the Moqui country were killed, as they were throughout the Southwest. Incidentally there were already fools and oppressors in the year 1620. But in those days they were suppressed. A royal decree of Jan. 9, 1621, given under the hand and seal of the king of Spain, and addressed to the Custodian of all the Missions of New Mexico (in which Arizona and the Moqui towns were of course then included) says (by contemporary translation): "And forasmuch as it hath been understood that in divers Causes in which ye and your Religious have proceeded against the Indians for Errors and Slight Faults, ye have caused them to be Shorn of their Hair—a Punishment whereof they suffer great affliction, since this is for them the greatest insult possible . . . ye are to give orders that the Religious of your Custody *shall not inflict such Punishments*, but that the newly converted shall rather be given in all things Good Treatment and Loving-Kindness." It was not until 280 years later that anyone foolish enough to think to Barber people forcibly as a Means of Grace had authority upon any portion of the North American continent; but after so long waiting we have caught up with and surpassed that medieval folly.

There are now eight Moqui pueblos or villages—Hano, Sichúmovi, Hualpi, Mishógnovi, Shumopovi, Shipaulovi, Oraibe, and Moencape, a westerly colony, mostly from Oraibe. And merely by the way, these villages were visited in the year, and on the great day, of American Independence, now more than a century and a quarter ago, by Fray Francisco Garcés, who walked on his feet from Tucson, in and out, up and down, over and across, the whole Southwest; up to the middle of California, and from there back through the deserts to Moqui—the very first European that ever found those cliff-built towns from the West.

The name Moqui, now butchered by a few misguided souls into "Moki," is a historic name vital for several centuries. It seems to derive from the Zuñi epithet "a-mu-que"—which is, as politely as it may be translated, the "people that need handkerchiefs." As a matter of fact, most of the familiar tribe-names in the United States are similarly uncomplimentary

Photo by C. F. L.

HUALPI, ONE OF THE MOUNT TOWNS. (All water is brought up this cliff.

and taken from epithets applied by outside tribes. There is a reasonable reason for not using the term Moqui for the people (it is the only name for the collection of towns), as there is for not using as to many other Indian tribes their most familiar nickname; but if the word is to be used at all, it should be Moqui. One reason why these neighborly designations have been applied to our Indian tribes is that very usually the name by which the tribe calls itself means simply in their idiom "The People"—as for instance does *Din-né*, the name by which the Navajos, our biggest Indian tribe, characterize themselves—whereas the appellatives given by outsiders of their own race and time usually have some definitive significance.

In this case there is a striking exception to the general rule. The immemorial name by which the Moqui have called themselves is truly descriptive. It is "*Hopi-tu shin-u-mu*"—"The People of Peace." This has been abbreviated to *Hopitu* and *Hopi*, the latter being the form generally used by students.

There never was a fitter nomenclature. Although it is true that they resisted the first attempts to christianize them, it is also true that no Indian tribe in North America has so long and clean a record of non-resistance. If ever a modern nickname was applicable, it is that which I have given these people—"The Quaker Indians." When Columbus discovered America—and for immemorial centuries before him—these Indians were living on their arm of the Arizona desert; cliff-perched to escape the marauding Utes and Navajos; thirsty in a thirsty land; growing their poor little crops of American corn and squashes by hard work, and in dependence on the scant rains of that great arid plateau; and even carrying their water for washing and for drinking such distances and with such labor as would make any American community I ever saw—and I am acquainted with every State—quite as "dirty" as the Hopi Indians ever were within historic times. In frontier wanderings for the last eighteen years I have had many opportunities to observe, with no small curiosity, how little ablution the general fastidious American (of the most refined class) is content to get along withal, when it is a matter of going a couple of miles for a basin of water, or of bathing outdoors when the weather is pretty cold.

In striking contrast to the aboriginal neighbors who surrounded them on all sides—the nomad predatory tribes which lived by war, plunder and the chase—the Hopi have for unknown centuries (certainly since long before the discovery of America) been a sedentary agricultural people, living by the scanty crops that could be raised on their arid farms; building,

and living in, good and permanent houses of stone and adobe; minding their own business; never going on the war path; standing off the hostile tribes as best they might, and trading in simple barter of the beautiful blankets, robes and baskets (in all of which industries they have attained a characteristic excellence), for salt, fruits, hides and other articles. In prehistoric times, before there was wool in North America, they made excellent fur robes by cutting rabbit-skins into strips, winding

ONE OF BURTON'S VICTIMS.

This is the man whose hands were bound behind him with balling wire, and hair hacked off in this "civilising" fashion by Kampmeier, Burton's right-hand man. See footnote, p. 681.

them about cores of vegetable fiber, with the hair-side out, and then joining these furry ropes together with an ingenuity which surprised the first Europeans who saw them. Some of these robes are still made, and I have found fragments of them in prehistoric cliff dwellings.* They also raised a little cotton, or obtained it by barter from southerly tribes, and wove it into garments. Coronado in 1540 brought along many sheep, and did not take them back out of the country; but it is doubtful if these first flocks survived. From the time of the Conquest by Oñate, however (1598), sheep began to be a fixture in the Southwest, and the Franciscan missionaries taught the Pueblo Indians to grow wool, spin and weave it. The industry took a great hold, being peculiarly adapted to the country and to the Indians; and for centuries the very best textiles in North America have been made by the Navajo and Pueblo Indians. Hand-weaving suited not only the sedentary Moquis, among whom it is carried on by the men, but also the wandering Navajos, whose women are the weavers. By one of the differentiations familiar to the ethnologist, the Navajos have tended more to the making of blankets; and while their product has been enormously vitiated and degraded by contact with civilization, its diamond dyes and its vulgarity of taste, the old "Navajos" were the most beautiful and the best blankets anywhere known. An uncivilized Indian never makes a mistake in combinations of color; but what he does after a generation of

*See also photo of a Washoe weaving one; p. 439, April number.

contact with the Superior Race is sadly familiar to all that know the modern blanket. The Hopi, on the other hand, specialize in the way of *mantas*, the excellent woolen dresses of the women, and now supply all the Pueblos. Men from Taos to Isleta travel with their burros 300 miles over the arid trails to Moqui, to trade their fruits, potteries and other articles for *mantas* for their womenfolk. Fray Francisco Garcés, above alluded to, was in Oraibe on the 4th of July, 1776. He mentions seeing flocks of sheep, larger than those in Mexico; and "gardens which cost much trouble to build." There were also "many fields of maize and beans, and various Indians working

INTERIOR OF A MOQUI HOME.
Girls grinding corn.

Photo by A. C. Vroman

therein." He mentions their national dress, and their peculiar national methods of wearing the hair; and the "flute dance" which he witnessed.

Through these centuries, the Moquis have lived their quiet and gentle life. Like the other Pueblo Indians—who have twenty town-republics in New Mexico—the Hopi have an elaborate literature. Literature it is, although unwritten; for they transmit it orally from father to son, in metrical form; so that from generation to generation it goes on practically as unchanged as does our printed page of law or gospel. Their law and their religion are thus immemorially preserved; and fortunately amid our disgraceful general carelessness, there have

PAUKIA, A HOPI STORE-KEEPER.

Photo by A. C. Vroman

been some Americans with minds to study these things, so that the lore of the Hopi is now largely of scientific record. It includes not only history and their moral and civil codes, but a great deal of real poetry. These people are far more law-abiding, and far more religious, than any American community whatever. The laws they understand, they obey without thought of evasion. Even brutal and stupid laws, latterly forced upon them by the Superior Race, they obey as best they can, while almost any other people on earth would rise in red rebellion. As for religion, every act of life is with this people attended by religious preparation and ceremonial. The

"dances" to which uninformed Americans object are as absolutely solemn and religious services as are held in any cathedral; and not only their dances, but the planting of their fields and the harvest, the building of their houses, the lighting of their fires, even their smoking, are sacraments. Of course, their religion is not ours; but in the Constitution of the United States there is a certain rather binding prohibition against interference with anyone in America because of his religion.

ON GUARD

To keep their crippled child from being dragged down the cliff to school

As everyone knows who knows anything about them, the Hopi are industrious, self-supporting, patient farmers; home-building and home-lov-

ing, of the happiest disposition, and so gentle and long-suffering that no one thinks to call it cowardice because they do not resist oppression. They are not spiritless, but of that sunny and unvengeful disposition we see in some rare old-fashioned children among us. They are extraordinarily faithful in their home life, and the affection between parents and children is as strong as anywhere in the world—and stronger than in New York or Washington. There is no "race-suicide," no infanticide, no neglect of children, in Moqui. They do not have to punish their children to make them behave; and the children are always obedient and respectful to their parents. The Hopi are honest in their dealings, and are truthful when not intimidated by oppressors. There could hardly be a more biting commentary on Agent Burton's unfitness for his place than his belief that "all Indians are liars." These people have *had* to lie to *him*, in self preservation; but people who know how to treat them do not find them mendacious. They are of a childlike simplicity of spirit, but no fools; they are keen observers, sharp-witted, with a fine sense of humor as well as of dignity, amenable to reason and to suasion, and highly sensitive to insult and disgrace. Everyone who has dealt with them on the right lines knows these things

A MOQUI MATRON. (1st Mesa). *Photo by A. C. Freeman*

to be true ; and after all these years of contact there are a great many people who know the Hopi well. A cloud of witnesses, including many of national and international reputation, can testify to these characteristics.

In all the three centuries that New Mexico and Arizona were under Spanish rule, the People of Peace, dwelling away out yonder among the mirages of the little Colorado desert, never suffered so many indignities and oppressions as they have undergone at the hands of this humane government in the last four years, or even in the last calendar year. It is a pity that we cannot officially adopt a few of the Indian laws of Spain ; for they are so much more rational, merciful and statesmanlike than our doddering policies, that the comparison is not an agreeable one for Americans to make.

HUALPI, ONE OF THE MOUNT VILLAGES.

Photo by A. C. Trimmer

These are the people who in this year of grace are being treated as was set forth in the April number of this magazine.* The process of changing an old and conservative race from its immemorial habits of religion, dress and life is a hard enough one at best. The Department, which formulates the *How*, is Remote, and is preyed upon by countless conflicting "business" interests, and politicians hungry for places in the Service for their favorites. It has never at any time been guided and enlightened by knowledge of what history and science have provided for guidance. For a long time in the past it was famous

HOPI MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
Whose door was broken in at night by Burton's
man, Kampmeier.

as the most corrupt branch of the public service. It has been greatly purified and changed for the better within a few years; and this present administration, I fully believe, earnestly desires to do what is best for the Indians. While it cannot at all be pretended that the policy thus far devised will ever startle future statesmen by its wisdom, there certainly has been a great gain in common sense; and the idea which a few years ago was

*If we could look in unexpectedly at Moqui:

"We should see the little village surrounded by these armed Agents of Civilization; the houses invaded; parents and children scared out of their gentle wits, and hauled, shoved and knocked about; screaming children of three or four years old dragged forcibly from their weeping mothers and driven off through the snow down to the schoolhouse, and left after school to clamber back up the icy cliff almost naked to the weather. We should see the teacher in charge of one of these schools coming up into the village; the children fleeing in terror, and with screams, at sight of him; the older people withdrawing into their houses. We should see him enter an Indian home from which the mother and grown daughter flee at sight of him; and, in his rage at their terror, kicking all the crockery in the house to fragments and slashing the bedclothes to pieces with his knife.

"We should see a father clinging to his five-year-old boy, who, in mortal terror because this Gentle Evangel of Civilization had flogged him, dared not go to school again. We should see the father and child torn asunder by violence; the child lugged off sobbing to school; the father forcibly hustled down off the cliff to the schoolhouse, his hands bound behind him with baling wire, and his hair sheared off roughly and publicly as a punishment. * * *

"We should see this oppressor [Chas. E. Burton, Supt. and Disbursing Agent for the Moquis and Navajos, stationed at Keam's Cañon, Ariz.] and his be-pistoled Navajos surrounding a Moqui village; herding the men into a Council Chamber under threat of shooting, and there handling them, holding them and forcibly shearing them as they were so many sheep; and sometimes leaving the scar of the shears on their flesh."

"MAJAH" HURTON. "THE WHOLE THING," AT THE HUALPI SNAKE-DANCE
Agent Burton wears military garb, and has himself called "Major"—on what authority is not known.

anathema throughout the Service is now of very respectable standing there—viz., that you cannot Make an Indian into a White Man, but that you *may* Make him a Better Indian. It is a spread of the same good horse-sense for which Booker Washington stands among his people—for negro education was long as foolishly conducted, though perhaps not as oppressively. With the decadence of that Great and Good Machine, Maj. Pratt, of Carlisle—a man whose magnificent energy and organizing efficiency did wonders for his school; and dominated the Indian policy of the nation for years; and made very wonderful show pupils; and would have done something for the Indians, if he had known anything about Indians or human nature—the whole horizon has cleared.

It is a pity to have to say it; but there never was a truer word, than that this is the best thing that has happened to the Indians of this country in a generation. Maj. Pratt is no longer the Indian - Bureau - and - the - National - Convention - of-Indian-Teachers-and-the-Mohonk-Conference, and several other functions, all bound in one big, dominant volume. He is respected, as he deserves to be, for he did the best he knew, and did it masterfully; but he broke up more Indian homes and broke more Indian hearts of fathers and mothers than, please God, it shall ever fall to the lot of any other one man to break. He tried to Make his Indians White People; and fancied that Carlisle was bigger than the Attraction of Gravitation and the Moral Law. His pupils learned to despise their parents and their native industries—the blanket-making and the basketry and the pottery, which are the admiration of scholars the world over, but which to the chromo-minded are “barbarous.” Now, the Department is bending more and more toward perfecting the reservation day-schools (the only measure by which any lasting good ever was or ever will be done to the Indians on a large scale). It is encouraging the native industries; is teaching basketry and weaving in a great number of its Indian schools; and instead of being so foolish as to expect to transform an Indian into a Caucasian, is trying to make him an Indian fit to be a useful and happy citizen of the United States. Whatever its mistakes of detail (and these are many), its generic nose is at last turned in the right direction. It is at last trying to do the thing that Can be Done—with enough time and patience and consideration. And if it can learn that the patience and the consideration must be infinite, its casual blunders will gradually remedy themselves.

But it makes a vast difference how the regulations of the Department are carried out. It makes a difference with all laws and with all education among all peoples—and Indians are

People. You cannot teach any person—child or adult or collection of either—by Main Strength and Awkwardness. You may scare or beat a pupil into submission; but you can neither club nor scare an education into him. Everybody knows that. The old days of the ferule, and tying up by the thumbs, and the daily wallopings, are gone by—except at Moqui.

Realizing something of the difficulty of its task, the Department throughout its regulations emphasizes upon all agents, teachers and others in the Indian service the need of "tact, perseverance and patience." Any half-way reasonable measure, administered thus, will win anywhere. It would win in Moqui. And it ought to be tried there. Agent Burton is believed to be a good man; but he was not born for a teacher or leader of anybody. Instead of using "tact and patience" to enforce the odious Hair-Cut Order, for instance, he proceeded on a jump, as though glad to have this thumb-screw to coerce the unhappy Hopi. He had about four months in which to "report progress" in enforcing this order. The howl of derision which went up all over the country when the ukase became public caused a second order to be issued immediately, practically revoking it. Burton suppressed this second order, and enforced the first in all its brutality—and with far more brutality than was ever contemplated. It has been a crusade precisely adapted to his mentality; and he has pursued it with an energy worthy of a decent cause. Even last fall he tried to enforce a second hair-cutting upon the unhappy people whose locks he had haggled in the winter. Some of the pictures accompanying these mild remarks may give to people whose mental gifts are not quite like Mr. Burton's some idea of the difference between the careful, precise and immemorial hair-dressing of the Hopi (which is as stately and ceremonial as that of the Revolutionary Dames) and the Sheep-Shears Cut enforced by Mr. Burton. There are still some Americans aware that George Washington wore a queue. What a pity that Mr. Pin-head Burton could not have come along to Make him a Better American by Hacking off his Hair!

I believe this outrageous and absurd order will never again be enforced. I believe it is so universally derided and despised throughout the country as to have no ghost of a chance of resurrection. But if it does revive, nothing will be simpler than to initiate a campaign in which public contempt shall wipe it off the official slate forthwith and forever. So far as is known, it is practically dead already everywhere except at Moqui; and I venture to say it is going to die there. It has had a good run among these submissive people. It has outraged, humiliated and embittered them. It has put an impediment in their educa-

tion which will not be entirely removed in ten years of faithful, sensible work to come. It has been the backbone, the goal, and the one mental illumination of Mr. Burton's regime. By bulldozing the Indians; by threatening to bring the Army and cannonade their little towns; by withholding work from them when they were starving, and then by corralling with armed Navajos such as had not yielded to these gentle suasions, and shearing them forcibly as if they were sheep, he has brought about so much short-hairedness at Moqui that it is truly a marvel that the people are not by now given to pink teas, golf, plug hats, corsets, peanut politics, automobiles and other evidences of High Civilization. But to the great surprise of Mr. Burton, amputating their hair has not changed them a bit—except to make them (and other people) despise him.

The Sequoya League has made a scrupulous and searching investigation, lasting over eight months, and with its special agent (of the highest character and common sense) directly on the ground for nearly six months. It has brought charges against Mr. Burton, and asked for a full investigation of these charges. It expects not only to prove its case, but to secure the result it desires. It believes Mr. Burton to be a respectable citizen, who would adorn some other walk in life; but he was not fitted by God or Nature to be Czar over the lives of the 1800 Hopi. It has a sort of an impression that he will not permanently continue as Barber-in-Chief to the People of Peace; and that in that gentle old domain there will presently be a regime characterized by something a little more modern, a little more rational, and a little more effective than Suasion by Six-shooter, Civilizing by Scissors, and Education with a Club. Owing to the extreme aridity and worthlessness of their lands, which would bear nothing at all, except for the pitiful industry these Indians apply, serious famine is a chronic condition there. This year has been rather worse than others; and a large number of the Hopi are actually destitute. It is good to be able to state that friends have promised a carload of corn for the relief of these people, and that the Santa Fé R. R. has generously undertaken to haul it to them from Kansas free of charge.

What the Hopi need to Civilize them, a good deal more than they need having their hair cut or their moustaches cultivated, is an improvement in their water supply. A gentleman of high standing last year offered at his own expense to put down a well and supply the power for pumping to relieve their habitual water-famine—it is to be borne in mind that every drop of water for every use has to be brought in jars for long distances and up precipices a good many Americans shudder at. But the privilege was refused. Wells ought to be put down near each

pueblo, and water drawn by wind-power, no other being economically practicable in that remote spot. Dams in the washes should be constructed—and could be, at slight expense—to conserve storm waters for irrigation. What the Hopi need is help to help themselves. They should not be given rations; they ought not to be left half-starving. No community is more willing to work when there is anything to work at; and relatively to training, perhaps no American community works more faithfully. The little picture of the laboriously made garden-beds shows, to thoughtful people, something of this truth. If the Government can help them to more water and fewer shears;

"GARDENS WHICH COST GREAT LABOR TO BUILD." (Garces.)

Terraced gardens of Oraibi. Terraces 6 to 15 ft. wide, 16 to 18 to to the hillside.
Squashes, corn, melons, onions, chiles, beans, grapes, peaches.

if it can give them Teachers who are not Taskmasters, Leaders who are not Mule-drivers, the Hopi will Do the Rest. And if it is possible for a reasonable proportion of the American people to understand the situation, the Moquis will unquestionably get what they need.

It should not be neglected to remark here, as a token of the petty oppression now operative at Moqui, that some forty Navajos were brought over by an American of standing, a friend to Indians, and of experience in the Service, to enjoy the Pasadena Rose Tournament on New Year's Day, 1903. It was attempted to bring over also a few Hopi, but Mr. Burton absolutely forbade them to leave the reservation, and recalled some who had

A HOPI BASKET-MAKER

Photo by A. C. Freeman

left their Little Russia to start on such an outing. One man made bold to come, under the mistaken notion that he was in America, and that (as his ancestors were here milleniums ago) he was an American. But when he got back to Moqui he was punished for his audacity in leaving his master's domain, and had to work out his fine by scrubbing the Government's floors at that Center of Civilization and Education. I would like nothing in the world better than to face any American audience with Mr. Burton and Lá-pu at my side, and cross-examine the two before that jury. This is only an incident of the fact that Mr. Burton's wards, whom he is expected by the Government to "fit for the duties and privileges of American citizenship" dare not go off the reservation; neither Just Because they Want to (as some Americans like to be free to do), nor to secure Work when their families are Hungry because the crops failed, nor to go when some friend invites them to See what Americans are Doing, and to learn something for themselves by the example of the most progressive American communities. It is only an incident, but a significant one. What sort of a policy is it that is afraid to have the Hopi see cities like Pasadena and Los Angeles, and see the Pacific Ocean; see the agricultural thrift, the inventions and the material progress of such a community—and also learn that there are other kinds of Americans than the Burtons? The Indians who did come—Navajos who are not meek and submissive, and whom Mr. Burton has very judiciously refrained from bullying—were escorted in from Arizona free of expense, on their own car, with abundant food, were treated with the highest consideration in California, were not made a Holy Show or a Circus; did nothing which the proudest Americans in Pasadena were not proud to do in the way of contributing to the parade; were given excursions to the city, to the great ocean (which is a tradition among them for a thousand years back, but which they had never seen, and which they treated with such reverence as it does one's heart good to see in this irreverent age); sold a lot of their wares, and got money which God knows they need for their families; and had at once not only the most enjoyable outing of their life, but the most educative. *They* also were forbidden to come; but, being Navajos, they came. The Hopi, being a People of Peace, obeyed their worsted-motto-minded despot, and turned back from the journey and from the education—all except the one; and he had to pay for his outing as soon as he came under the tyrant's thumb again. Perhaps this is the way to "fit the Indians for citizenship."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The "Maiden Coll," typifies the squash blossom, the Moqui emblem of virginity, the married woman's cullure symbolizes the withered squash-blossom.

A Hopi Handpressing. (Mother and daughter.)

Photo by A. C. Fromm

THE RATTLESNAKE AND ITS VENOM.

By W. H. BACKUS.

S I look back on many hunting and camping trips in the mountains and on the desert, nothing makes me more thoughtful than the lack of accurate knowledge about rattlesnakes shown by those who have the best right to understand this curious creature, either by residence in, or calls of business to, the localities where it doth most abound. They have abundant opportunity to observe this only venomous snake in California, since it is liable to be found anywhere—in old cabins, in pastures and hay fields, by streams, on the dry and rocky hillsides, and amid the arid desert. Yet in twenty years I have met with very few who did not have some astonishing misconception about this snake, its habits, its mortiferous armament, or the remedies for its bite.

These people, who have the opportunity to know better, tell most incredible stories, as though of personal experience or by personal knowledge; and with such a positive air that one hardly dares doubt their assertions. Next to the snake stories in number and authenticity are tales of wonderful cures by a pinch of soda on the wound, or the internal application of a quart of whiskey.

As to this last remedy—of almost universal fame throughout the continent—a recent case in my knowledge is in point. Two

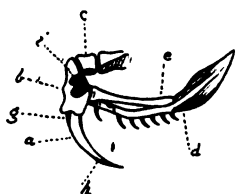
persons were out walking in the hills near a popular resort, and encountering a rattlesnake, killed it, smashed its head and hammered it till any other animal would have believed in "punishment after death." While one put his foot on the macerated head, the other proceeded to cut off the rattles; there was a convulsive jerk—and the man who was amputating the tail was bitten on the hand. The bite was probably not severe, either as to depth of penetration or as to amount of poison injected. The two persons hastened for assistance, and by the time they reached their stopping-place the bitten hand was much swollen and very painful. Several stiff doses of whiskey were administered in succession; and as the patient was very much terrified and apparently growing worse, the treatment was kept up until he became dead drunk, and nearly perished from the whiskey.

Another person who had been bitten by a rattlesnake reached a physician frothing at the mouth, and begging to be allowed to die. This was a much more serious case than the one just mentioned, and the patient lost his hand by gangrene. Undoubtedly it could have been saved if proper attention had been given at once.

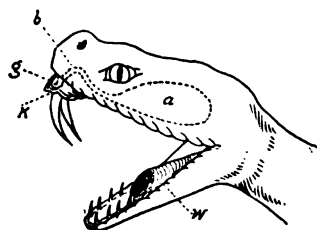
Few cases of snake-bite, in my experience, were properly treated at the outset—that is, immediately and on the spot. There is, generally, a waiting for some hours, then a driving at break-neck speed, over roads generally bad, to a physician; and by the time the doctor is reached, the patient is practically in a state of collapse. All persons who visit places where there are poisonous snakes should have at least a primary idea of what to do in the first emergency.

Before touching upon the treatment for snake-bite, let me give a short description of the working of the poison apparatus. (See drawing).

In this drawing *a* is the fang, with a tiny canal running through it on the opening at *g* to a small longitudinal slit at the point *h*. It is through this canal that the poison is injected into the wound. The maxillary bone is upright (instead of horizontal, as in the mammals) and hinges on the lachrymal bone which, in its turn, hinges on the frontal bone of the skull; both sides are alike, and each works independently of the other—the bones being neatly bound together by very elastic liga-



a, fangs; *b*, maxillary bone; *c*, lachrymal bone; *d*, internal pterygoid bone; *e*, external pterygoid bone; *g, h*, openings into the hollow fang.



a, poison sac; *b*, poison duct leading to opening in fang at *g*; *h*, hood, drawn up around base of fang; *w*, windpipe.

CROTALUS ATROX RUBER. [2]

Photo by W. H. Buckus

ments. Each fang is firmly fixed in one of the two sockets that lie side by side in the maxillary bone; one socket being empty until the fang in use is broken or drops out from natural causes; then one of the reserve fangs moves forward into the empty socket, and is soon firmly cemented in place. These reserve fangs range in size from a mere rudiment to the full grown fang, so it is probable that a rattlesnake is rarely without at least one fang, and will soon have his full complement of two. The reserves lie folded back behind the functional fang.

The dark spot *i* is a hollow process in the maxillary bone known as the pit, and distinguishes the crotalid snakes, or pit vipers, from all other snakes.

In its natural position the fang turns back and lies along the upper jaw, covered by a fleshy hood that conceals it from view even if the mouth is pried open.

When a rattlesnake wishes to strike, the mouth is thrown wide open, and a muscle attached at one end to the skull and at the other to the posterior or pterygoid bone is contracted, drawing the pterygoid bone forward, pushing the fang to erectness on the hinges of the maxillary and lachrymal bones; the fleshy hood is drawn back about the base of the fangs, and the snake throws itself forward from its coil, driving its fangs deeply into the victim.

The poison sac which lies along the upper jaw, back of the eye, is compressed by this action, and the venom is forced

through the ducts passing up over the maxillary bones and down the opening of the fangs at *e*, and then through the fangs out at the opening along the point and into the wound.

The rattlesnake can bite without striking, just as any animal does, by closing the jaws. It can also push the fangs in a short distance by a quick pull on the retractor muscle, somewhat as a cat works its claws. Either fang can be erected or retracted at will, without moving the other.

I believe it certain that rattlesnakes sometimes bite without injecting any poison; but whether this is intention (by not making the fangs and the poison glands work together), or because the poison escapes under the hood, or because it previously

CROTALUS CERASTER.
The Desert "Sidewinder."

Photo by W. H. Barker.

has been exhausted, doubtless the wonderful cures we sometimes hear of are due to some one of these reasons.

To test the accuracy and distance of the rattlesnake's stroke I have used a stick with a soft wad of cloth on the end; and have found that they frequently missed their aim if the mark was kept moving, and that when they coiled as in Fig. 2 their reach was quite limited; but when coiled as in the other photographs the distance at which the snake could strike effectively was increased. I also found that when the fangs were driven deep into the cloth the poison was sometimes left on the outside and ran down the sides of the mouth, dripping from the angle of the jaw. That was probably due to the fact that the hood and poison duct were pushed back from the opening *h*.

In this country a great majority of the bites are on the hand, or through one or more thicknesses of clothing, and fatal results are rare; but in countries like India, where the natives go bare-legged, the mortality is enormous. Between 1890 and 1900 the

CROTALUS L. CIPER

Photo by W. H. Backus

average death rate from snake bites and wild animals in India was over 22,000 in a year.

In the majority of snake-bites the fangs fail to reach a large vein; consequently the poison does not come immediately into the circulation. When the fangs enter only the tissues, the action of the poison is comparatively slow. The first thing to do in such a case, while the venom is still in the wound, is to force the blade of a sharp-pointed knife down into the pores, opening them up and causing the blood to flow freely. Then suck the wound strongly (unless the mouth or lips have wounds or sores) and get out all the poison possible. A ligature should then be tied above the wound and twisted tight. A handkerchief, with a stick for twister, answers this purpose. This retards the access of the poison into the circulation, and gives the system a longer time to fight it and eliminate it. This ligature should be loosened occasionally to prevent mortification. All this can be done before going to a physician. A stimulant will be necessary if there is a long journey to medical assistance.

If there is at hand a hypodermic syringe and permanganate of potash, it is well to inject a 5 per cent. solution into the punctures, and around them in the swelling, kneading it into the tissues. By many, chromic acid is preferred to the permanganate. Both are useful in destroying the venom, and both are antiseptic; and when either can be promptly used there is no reasonable need of amputation. By this time, if a stimulant is necessary, give small doses of whiskey or brandy -remembering that if enough is given to produce intoxication it only helps the poison. The value of the alcohol lies solely in its power to stimulate the vital functions of circulation and respiration. It has no direct action on the poison whatever. If no alcoholic

liquor is at hand, a little ammonia in water may be given in the earlier stages; but it is inferior to alcohol and in severe cases it produces too great arterial pressure which may result in internal hemorrhages. Applied directly to the wound, both ammonia and alcohol are useless.

Since snake venom is a nerve poison, depressing the action of the motor nerve centers, many authorities recommend hypodermic injections of strychnia at short intervals—in larger doses than in the ordinary cases in which strychnia is "indicated." The action of this drug is quick; and if after twenty minutes the patient is no better, a second injection may be given. In critical cases it is deemed advisable to give strychnia until slight symptoms of tetanic convulsions appear; and the patient should be watched closely for at least twenty-four hours, as a relapse may occur. In those cases where a snake was large and the fang was so long as to reach a vein, making death possible, strychnia should be injected intravenously, as subcutaneous injections would be useless. It is only in case that the poison reaches a vein that death is imminent.

In the majority of snake-bites, the action of the venom is slow; and after the beforementioned aids have been applied I believe it advantageous to cleanse the stomach and bowels and take hot water in considerable quantities.

First of all, and last of all, calm the patient. Don't let him be terrified into a nervous collapse. If the snake-bite doesn't kill, there is no need of him scaring himself to death. The pain of such a wound is severe, and a deathly sickness is a general symptom; but in any ordinary case there is very little danger of fatal result.

Riverside, Cal.

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE."

Photo by Pierce


"WHENE IT IS ALWAYS AFTERNOON."

Photo by Pierce

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE CONTINENT

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

XIII.

 CALIFORNIA has been "Keeping School" for a long time, and has had many sorts of pupils—some brighter than others. The relative teachability of different classes, anywhere in this world, is not always flattering to the self-appointed "highest class." Until they are constrained with ropes or fences to close companionship with man and some absorption of his stupidities, the animals are never fools. They retain the universal mammalian birth-right of Common Sense; and among the other things this means is adaptability to one's environment. The only non-adaptive mammal in the world is civilized man; and even he has to learn at last—after his folly becomes too expensive in one given line

No "animal" in California has gone to this long climatic school in vain. Each one is acquiring here, under different circumstances, a habit different from that of its own species in the East; and some of them have made very striking differentiations. The clutter-mouthed gopher, which burrows underground in the dark, and is practically never seen of daylight, is not after all so blind as some that try to trap him. Out here he has learned to reverse the habitual seasons of hibernation; and instead of slumbering through the winter, has learned to keep awake in that green California season when the rains make the earth soft for his tunneling and full of succulent roots for his palate; and to take his semi-annual long nap in the parched

PASADENA IN 1876. (FROM ORANGE GROVE AVENUE, NEAR BELLEFONTAINE STREET.) PHOTO BY H. A. PARKER, PASADENA

summer, when the ground bakes hard and is to be pierced only with a pick, and the roots of the wild vegetation dry out.

There is no other country where seasonal forethought and the prudence of the ant are less necessary than in California; but in the East the woodpecker does not know enough to lay by for a rainy day; while the California woodpecker, thanks perhaps to the aperient and instructive qualities of his home, has invented that truly remarkable—almost startling—custom which was illustrated in this magazine for July, 1902, page 25. Innumerable huge oaks and pines in this State have their bark fairly riddled with holes this post-graduate Californian has drilled just big enough to receive the long acorns, which he brings in vast store and drives into the holes so tightly that it is almost impossible to pry them out with a knife. He does not lay by the acorns against a vegetarian day of need. Nay! His shrewdness is of a far higher order. He leaves the acorns wedged, each in its cavity, until the worms breed in them; and then, when his meat is mature, Mr. Carpintero hammers open his vegetal incubator and picks out the dainty grub within! Really, it looks as though even human beings ought to learn something from a country where the woodpeckers have so much advanced beyond their tenderfoot kind.

And not the animals only. Even the vegetable kingdom here proves itself no dunce. Every blade of grass, every flower and tree, has learned in California a different habit from that of its own family in the Eastern States—that is, those whose families are represented at all in that intemperate zone. It is a wonderful story of botanic promotions, which would make a fascinating book “all by its lonesome.” Out here the Eastern annuals learn to be perennials; the Eastern herbs graduate to bushes; the Eastern bushes burgeon out as trees. For a little instance; many who read this will remember, as I do, the elderberry bush of Back East; here the elderberry becomes a tree; and I cut one down on my own place which was 19 inches in diameter—cut it down because of its interference with a lordly sycamore, each one of whose four trunks was nearly twice as large.

Anyone at all prone to pessimism must feel a hundred times a day in this wonderful new land—for it *is* new, as regards man in his modern evolution—that the human scholars are not only at the foot of the class, but admirably fitted to stay there. He sees them escaped from freeze-to-death winter, and sunstroke summer; but still keeping in mind the seasonal division they were born to. He sees them in their architecture affronting not only art but common sense, hardly at all adapting their homes to the new and absolutely unlike conditions, and with little regard to either hygiene or comfort or convenience—some

PASADENA IN 1903.

Photo by H. A. Parker, Pasadena

From Emory's Report, 1848.

leaving their houses cold in a country where every stranger feels cold at first, and others putting in furnaces and steam-heat where these intolerable curses of the East are no more needed than in the place General Sherman would have "chosen as residence and rented Texas;" afraid of the sun, which is here the very God of Life; afraid of the night, which is sane and healthful as the breath of a babe; afraid of the rain, which is really no wetter than in the less favored regions of the East; afraid of their fellow man, who is here no longer troubling his head about them; afraid of the conventions, which anywhere are foolish enough and are here idiotic, because not even pretended to be necessary; afraid, in fact, of everything except the one thing in the world that any human being has a right to be afraid of, the only human being that can harm him. Namely, himself. To note the habit of life and the mode of thought among these people, transplanted to a new and sunny soil, and with a chance to grow; to see how they have imported to California their minds and methods in the same shape that California sends out so much of

SAN DINGO IN 1846.

its fruit, viz., hermetically sealed—is inevitably discouraging, unless one remembers that Evolution Takes her Time. It cannot truthfully be said that these tinned mentalities rob only themselves by their lack of adaptation to the new environment, by their reluctance to take God and Nature at their

word; for in this world that cannot be said of any person in any relation. He who robs himself robs all; and a community is wise or happy only by the individual happiness and wisdom of its units. But it is true that while this sluggishness to learn makes the whole State suffer—and in fact has commercialized and philistinized and analine-dyed its social and political complexion—no one else suffers so much as the individual sluggard, who has come where one *can* Live, where one *ought* to Live, where it is a moral obligation to Live—and not to go through the Paper-doll automaton Motions of Living to which the huddled human hives of the East have very largely come. And in this fact there is hope. Few people any longer wear out much shoe leather in pursuit of a duty to the public, or to posterity; but when the individual transgressor is himself the worst sufferer, he is going, by insensible degrees but as inevitably as Fate, to stumble at last into a line of lesser resistance. More and more, as he and Time and the new opportunity continue their mutual friction, he will find it convenient to be not quite so many kinds of a fossil; and will drift, however unconsciously and without much strain on his reasoning faculties—as all peoples in all times have drifted to whatever was good—into saner methods, and

methods better squared with the new environment. As Bayard

FREIGHTING HORSE ON THE DESERT.

Photo by Percs

Taylor remarked more than half a century ago: "If Americans can learn the lesson California writes sharp and large on the blackboard, here at last we may see a *happy* American-born race."

This is not meant ungraciously—indeed from the point of view of one who believes that California really means something, and who has made some effort to define and understand that meaning, it is extraordinarily tolerant. Carlyle mentioned the population of Great Britain as "nineteen millions of people, mostly fools." The population of California is a million and a half of people, not one of them as wise (let us hope) as he can be; but they are all in a better way to learn than are the constricted dwellers in a moss-grown land. And the cheerful thing about it all is that here, if any where in the world, Common Sense must ultimately become common once more.

Let it not be thought for a moment that these people who have not yet begun to learn a tithe of the Fun that is Coming to them, have learned Nothing, or have little learned in comparison with the relatives they left behind only five or ten years ago. There is no commonwealth, nor any community, in North America which has learned so much and so soon and so hard in the things which are really generic, as the really typical populations of California. And the documents are on file to show it. Places like Los Angeles, Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, San José, San Diego, Santa Barbara and many lesser ones are a miracle in American economics. In the rapidity, the manner, the beauty and the sanity of their upbuilding, they are of a class unknown to the East.

A city like Riverside, for instance, with its 8,000 people and \$30,000,000 of investment; its \$2,000,000 in bank deposits; its more than \$1,000,000 worth of new buildings erected in 1902; its orange crop of two and a half million boxes in 1901, netting \$1,500,000 (or about \$175 to every man, woman and child)—all this, where in 1870 was nothing but a sun-baked plain, shows teachability. And if these gross figures are startling, they are not one-half so significant as the details and the methods of this development, and the new dividends of full-blooded and growing life drawn down by each inhabitant. On the 7th of May of this year President Roosevelt drove over miles of Redlands streets carpeted with rose-petals and fringed with charming homes—not brick pigeon-holes elbowing one another, but Homes—and miles of beautiful park; and addressed a crowd of 5,000 people of an average of intelligence, refinement and taste no Eastern community whatever could surpass, and very few could tally up with—and all this on ground where I used to hunt jack-rabbits sixteen or seventeen years ago. And so the story

AN ISLAND HERMIT, SANTA CATALINA.

Photo by Flower

runs through all Southern California. There is, in places, too much tendency to "Residences;" but on the average this country is becoming more rapidly than any other part of the Union a country of beautiful Homes, each with its own plot of ground, its own eternal flowers, its fruit trees and its sane and necessary touch of mother earth.

In material things this region of elective population sets the pace for the Union in many lines. Los Angeles is better lighted than New York City, and has better urban transit than any Eastern city I know of. The second electric road in the United States was built here. The city was first in the Union to be lighted throughout by electricity. One electric company spent in Los Angeles a quarter of a million dollars a month every month in 1902, and is exceeding that expenditure this year. The city has 170 miles of electric urban lines; and 500 miles of suburban lines are under construction. In electric transmission of power, California took the lead and is still easily preëminent. In 1900 the world's records were beaten by bringing 33,000 volts from the San Bernardino mountains to Los Angeles, 82 miles. Then 40,000 volts were brought from the Yuba River to Oakland, 140 miles; then from Colgate to San Francisco, 211¾ miles—up to date the longest power transmission in the world. Work is now in progress to bring 28,000 horsepower from the Kern River to Los Angeles, 116 miles; and 120,000 horsepower from the San Joaquin River to San Francisco, 180 miles; and to Los Angeles 218 miles. This, with the enormous adaptation of petroleum as fuel, is rapidly solving the long-time problem of manufactures, in which California was before very seriously handicapped.

Perhaps it will make it clearer that certain precedent remarks about an extraordinary shifting of population were not absurd, to note that even by the United States Census of three years ago, the city of Los Angeles had gained in the last ten years almost twice as many people as the State of Vermont gained in the last fifty years. There are ten States and Territories in the Union which have not gained as many people in the decade as the city of Los Angeles—New Hampshire, Maine, Delaware, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Vermont, Wyoming, District of Columbia and New Mexico. The District of Columbia comes nearest, but falls 4,000 short. Kansas next, 9,000 short. Los Angeles gained in the decade more than seven times as many people as the State of Nebraska; and 14,000 people more than Delaware gained in twenty years from 1880 to 1900, although Delaware had in 1790 more people than Los Angeles a hundred years later. (See footnote next page.)

The city of Los Angeles in the last decade has gained in

population more than half the increase of the State of Oregon or of the State of South Dakota; more than two-thirds as much as the State of Idaho; more than two-thirds as much as Rhode Island; and three-quarters as much as Utah.*

In the decade from 1890 to 1900 Southern California gained 20,000 more population than the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Delaware put together.

As has been remarked, the new migration is by far strongest toward Southern California; but the record of the whole State is remarkable enough. By the United States Census, in the fifty years from 1850 to 1900, the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Florida and Delaware gained 1,303,163. In the same half century California, which had in 1850 about the population of Delaware, has gained 89,293 more than all of them put together, or nearly another Delaware. In the last decade (that is 1890 to 1900, United States Census) California gained in population 31,999 more than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware put together. Only eleven States in the Union contain any city of any size which has gained as many people in the decade as the city of Los Angeles gained from 1890 to 1900. Locally, it is curious to observe that while Los Angeles in the last decade gained 9,000 more inhabitants than San Francisco, it also gained within 727 of as many as all the other cities in California, except San Francisco, now exceeding 10,000 population, put together—viz., Oakland, Sacramento, San José, San Diego, Stockton, Alameda, Berkeley and Fresno.

The postoffice statistics (made up by the government) are always significant measures and indices of growth—and not only of numerical but of qualitative growth. No city in the Union has ever shown the astonishing advance in this line recorded by Los Angeles. The increase in sales of stamps for the year ending June 30, 1902, over that ending June 30, 1900, was \$107,145—\$10,516 more than the *total* sales of Paterson, N. J.,

*INCREASE IN POPULATION.

Los Angeles City.....	1890 to 1900 —	52,084
New Hampshire.....	1890 to 1900 —	35,058
Maine.....	1890 to 1900 —	33,380
Kansas.....	1890 to 1900 —	43,399
Nebraska.....	1890 to 1900 —	7,390
Wyoming.....	1890 to 1900 —	31,826
New Mexico.....	1890 to 1900 —	41,717
District of Columbia.....	1890 to 1900 —	48,326
Delaware.....	1880 to 1900 —	38,127
Nevada (decrease)	1870 to 1900 —	156
Vermont.....	1850 to 1900 —	29,521
Oregon.....	1890 to 1900 —	99,769
South Dakota.....	1890 to 1900 —	72,762
Idaho.....	1890 to 1900 —	77,387
Rhode Island.....	1890 to 1900 —	83,050
Utah.....	1890 to 1900 —	68,844

TRANSPLANTING A GIANT CALIFORNIA PALM FROM LOS ANGELES TO SAN FRANCISCO.
 (35 years old, 58 ft. high, 18 ft. circumference at ball, 20 tons weight.)
 Photo by E. W. Eakin Co.

with a population of 105,171; and \$18,981 more than the total sales of Fall River, Mass., with a population of 104,863 — both cities being considerably larger than Los Angeles at the time of the last census. The total sales for the calendar year in Los Angeles were :

1901	1902	Increase
\$312,524.48	\$399,617.56	\$87,093.08

The *increase* of Los Angeles for 1902 over 1901 was within \$1069 of the *total* sales of the larger city of Fall River for the entire year.

In domestic money orders in 1900, California ranked third State in the Union, exceeded only by New York and Pennsylvania, this item aggregating \$14,894,997.

The city of Los Angeles has twenty banks with deposits aggregating \$42,296,401; and with \$15,500,000 deposited in savings banks. The bank clearances for 1902 were \$243,683,927—an increase of \$98,500,000 over the preceding year.*

No other State in the Union equals California in average amount of bank deposits per capita, its average being \$764.52 as against the U. S. average of \$408.30.

The rapidity and magnitude of growth in population

and material development are startling enough. In a recent installment I printed the figures showing number and cost of new

*In 1900 there were in the State 287 banks (37 national, 178 commercial, 53 savings, 19 private). Total Capital \$46,502,820. Total Resources \$385,302,285. In 1902 there were 321 banks.

buildings erected in the principal cities of the Union during the whole year 1902. Los Angeles still keeps up that astonishing disproportion as compared with the bigger cities. The 36th city in the Union by population in 1900, it was in March, 1903, 4th city in number of new buildings, and 8th in total cost of new buildings, begun during the month. The school census just completed (May, 1903) enumerated not only the children but all permanent residents, and gives a total population of 136,596. If this is correct—and the census was taken with care—the city has gained in 35 months 34,477 inhabitants; and has probably advanced from 36th place in the Union to 25th or 26th. There are in the city 39,824 children.

But quality is as notable as quantity. The furnitures of the higher civilization are in advance of the highest American average. Schools and churches show phenomenal growth. The Los Angeles public library (with 81,000 titles) is 24th in rank in the Union and 14th in circulation. Los Angeles has supported a symphony orchestra for six seasons, and is the only city in the Union under 150,000 population that has this minor but vital token of refinement. It was the 8th or 9th city in the Union to support one, and is justly proud of its admirably conducted body of 50 pieces.

The largest pipe organ in the world—with two and a half times the capacity of the famous instrument in the Salt Lake Tabernacle—is being built in Los Angeles. By the way, also, California is (Census, 1900) the 8th State in the Union in number of piano manufacturing establishments. It is also 9th State in number of patents issued per 1000 of population.

Merely as an incident it is to be noted that while California has another big, free, rich and highly effective University (Stanford), the State University is the 14th in size among all the universities in the world; and in America is exceeded only by Harvard College in number of undergraduates and total enrollment. Furthermore, the Summer School of this State University already outranks all summer schools in the United States in enrollment—having last summer 830 students. Scattering typical facts like the above indicate something of the astonishing growth in grace, as well as in material prosperity, now making by the Graduate Easterners whose reward is in California.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MT. LOWE RAILWAY.

Photo by Pierce

PANGO PANGO HARBOR.

Drawn by Louie Keeler

MY FRIEND LEÓTA.*

A Samoan Sketch.

By CHARLES KEELER.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE had gone some distance, when, on nearing the opposite shore of the lagoon, Leóta motioned to the village and said enquiringly, "*kirikiki*?" I fortunately knew that *kirikiki* was the nearest approximation which the Samoan can make to the English word cricket, and on hearing the shouts of people on shore concluded that Leóta wished to know if I cared to see a game. I accordingly assented, and we paddled to the shore. What a scene of animation greeted us as we came in sight of the level strip of land where the sport was in progress! Most of the players were girls, and the master of ceremonies was Méle, a buxom wench of forty. She was a character in Pango Pango, as fat and good-natured as mortal could be, and athletic in spite of her excess of adipose. To see Méle smile would put the most melancholy of men into a good humor. Her skirts were gathered up above her knees so she could run without encumbrance, her wavy hair was tossed back from her comical face, and her fat hands were clapping vociferously as we approached. Whenever the ball was struck there was a beating of drums, a clapping of hands, and a shrill chorus of voices to add to the excitement of the moment. Sometimes it went whizzing into the water, but the players, nothing loth, splashed in after it, clothes and all.

As the game is an all-day affair—and in fact, like a Chinese drama, continues for weeks at a stretch—I concluded, after we had enjoyed the fun for some time, that we had better leave. But no, our entertainers would not hear of this. One of the fair sirens of the bat proposed that I take her place in the game. I was evidently in for it, so I took the club and struck

*Illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.

the ball a fierce whack. Amid the clamor of drums and the shouts of Méle's band, my partner (or opponent, for I was not quite clear as to the details of the game) and I ran back and forth from stake to stake. Then I missed a ball, and on enquiring what next, was promptly informed that I was to pay one shilling for missing. *Kirikiki* evidently came high in the South Seas. Méle soon called Leóta to take the other bat, so he and I knocked the ball back and forth. Presently he missed, and I enquired if I was to get my shilling back. "No, no," explained my entertainers, "you pay *'siki penny* (sixpence). When you miss, you pay one shilling, when Leóta miss you pay *siki penny*." This arrangement seemed a trifle one-sided to me, but was so eminently satisfactory to my savage friends that I had not the heart to withdraw. While the money lasted, which was not very long, we had a riotous time of it, batting and running, pitching and catching, shouting and beating drums to our heart's content. Finally I suggested to Leóta that it was time to go, and we said *tofá* to Méle and her flock and turned towards the shore. In passing a house on the edge of the cricket grounds, a girl called me in. I recognized her at once as the one who had climbed a cocoa-palm a few days previously, to get me a cocoanut to drink. She was seated beside a board upon which a circular disc of *tapa* was spread, painted in concentric rings, with a checker-board center. Beside her was a half cocoanut shell, and in her hand a little pointed stick. The whole contrivance looked so like a wheel of fortune that I took it for granted I had come to the side show attached to the ball game, and that I was expected to put a shilling in the midst of the circle and see it disappear. But no, my suspicions were unfounded. My acquaintance of the cocoanut tree simply wished to show me the piece of *tapa* she was painting and have me admire it. This I did most feelingly on discovering that there was no price of admission, after which Leóta and I went to the canoe and resumed our ride on the placid bay.

On returning to Leóta's *fāle* we found the family busily preparing the dinner. The kitchen was a thatched shed at some distance from the house, with a pile of hot stones for a stove. The people were at work there making cocoanut cream cakes for dinner, and this is how they did it: Four of the young men were sitting on the ground surrounded by piles of bread fruit and banana leaves and rough baskets to hold the food, while the women were busy on the outside, bringing cocoanuts and arranging other details of the repast. All were employed, but so leisurely that the spell of the lotus eaters might have been upon them. The cocoanuts were cracked and the meat was

INTERIOR OF A SAMOAN HOUSE.

scraped out with a sharpened stick, falling in shreds upon some banana leaves. These particles were placed in a bunch of fibre which was moistened, and wrung thoroughly. The juice was thus squeezed out into a wooden bowl as a rich white cream. Fresh *taro* leaves were next heated over the hot coals, and held in the hand as a cup. The cream was poured into this, a piece of banana leaf was wrapped on the outside, and lastly it was tied up, covered over in the coals and allowed to bake. In a similar fashion fish were roasted, while breadfruit and taro roots were simply laid in the hot embers to cook.

In the course of time Leóta announced that dinner was ready. The food was brought into the *fále* in rough palm-leaf baskets, and a mat was spread for me to sit upon. To my surprise I found that I was expected to eat alone. Leóta's daughter sat opposite me and cut up slices of baked breadfruit, seasoned with the cocoanut sauce. She took some little fish out of a bundle of leaves and removed the skin and bones, handing me the

slices of meat as if I were a baby. There were also pieces of gray, mealy taro root to consume, and a fresh cocoanut to drink. Not till I had finished my meal did the family sit down to eat what remained of the feast.

What a fascinating evening it was as I sat on the pandanus mat and looked out on the village and into the neighbors' houses! The cool shadows of night were settling upon the scene. There was a soft murmur of musical Samoan speech wafted to me from afar. The *iaos* were chattering away in the tree-tops. The steely water of the bay quivered, but showed no ripple upon its breast. Even the great boughs of the cocoa-palms, which respond to every breath of air, were still, and the broad leaves of the breadfruit, on their scraggly stems, did not move. The dark mountains stood sharply stamped against the sky. Many black specks of home-bound canoes dotted the water afar off. A fire glistened in the center of one of the adjacent houses, and women and children were moving around it. The night mosquitos were beginning to hum about us; the voices of the village subsided, and all was quiet save for the sweet chatter of the *iaos*.

The old gray-haired grandfather came sedately in, carrying a staff, and sat down on a mat near me, crossing his legs under him, as is the fashion of the Samoans. The family began to drop the curtains for the night, shutting out the lovely picture—the low stone walls, the banana leaves, the drooping pandanus sprays, the luxuriant foliage bathed in the evening light, the rosy sky, the glistening water and the blue mountains beyond! Leóta's wife and mother prepared my bed, taking coverlids and pillow from the camphor-wood chest. It was nearly dark under the great turtle-back roof, with its three big central posts and its circle of supporting columns. Presently a splendid big piece of tapa cloth, or *síápo* as it is called in Samoa, was produced and suspended from side to side, making a private apartment of about a third of the *fále*, in which I was to sleep.

The evening cicadas had begun their sweet, strident calls. The *iaos* had ceased their chattering and the hollow resonant beat of the high chief's drum sounded from across the water. Darkness had fallen on the village of Pango Pango. As I peeped out between the mats I saw fires here and there in the different *fáles*, which illumined the dusky forms crouching about them. The languor of the tropics cast its spell over this night scene and all was peace.

The grandfather looked like a patriarch of old as he sat in the fire-light with the family gathered about him. The baby of the household lay on the mat with head resting on his

father's lap. His hair was all shaved off with the exception of a tuft in the center of his head, giving his little savage face the oddest expression imaginable. As we sat there we heard songs wafted on the still night air from the surrounding houses. Leóta, facing his seven boys, called upon them to join him in a hymn, and all sang in beautiful savage cadence an impressive song. Following this he recited a long solemn prayer in low, earnest tones, while in the distance arose the hymns from other households.

After the service, Leóta suggested that we eat again, and almost immediately a little girl appeared holding a thatched mat for a tray, upon which were some pig meat, bread-fruit and a little banana bundle of cocoanut sauce. Again the food was first offered to me, and, after I had finished, to the family. When the viands had been dispatched, a *kava* bowl was brought in and two of the boys prepared the drink. The evening was wearing on, so while the members of the family were lying down on their hard bamboo pillows I sought the comfortable couch they had prepared for me with so much delicacy and care.

In the morning, people were astir by starlight. When I arose the *iaos* were singing and women talking all about. The water glistened like silver; a gray-green mist hung over the landscape, and the graceful cocoa-palms swayed along the shore. I walked home feeling that I had been participating in the life of a by-gone century, so child-like, so hospitable, so genuine it seemed.

This was but the first of many entertainments at the home of Leóta. I could never walk up the path to Pango Pango without being seen by some member of his family and invited in for an hour's meditation and halting converse, seated on the pandanus mat. Every day some little offering was left at my door—a rare shell, a bunch of bananas, a roasted fowl, or a basket of cocoanuts, bearing witness of his unflagging goodwill. Many meals were eaten under his friendly roof. But all this entertainment was interrupted when we left Tutuila on an excursion to the windward islands. Leóta enjoined me to be sure to come to his *fale* immediately on returning and to bring the *fafine* and pickaninny, as he had a surprise in store for us. The time was drawing near for our departure from Samoa, homeward bound, and it would no doubt be our last visit to him.

On returning from the windward islands an opportunity was afforded me to accompany two missionaries on a walk to Leóne, a village at some distance around the coast of Tutuila. They promised to send me home by boat on the following day, just in

time to make ready for the mail-boat. The trip would show me many new phases of Samoan life and take me into a seldom visited section of the island, so I concluded to let my wife make peace with Leóta, and undertake the trip.

I reached Leóne after a seventeen mile walk along the coast, over steep mountains, and through the tropical jungle, and spent an interesting night at the girl's mission school. On the following morning a storm had blown up and the waves were dashing high on the reef. People shook their heads when we spoke of putting to sea in an open boat with a crew of boys to row us. We might get through in safety, but then again we might not. I concluded to walk back, and after many delays started, with one of my missionary friends, on the home trail.

It was dark when we reached the house. My wife was anxiously looking for me and told me that Leóta was also greatly worried. He had planned a feast for us, on a much more elaborate scale than any we had hitherto enjoyed, and when the hour arrived and I was still absent, my wife and little girl, accompanied by a Samoan lady, had gone without me. His *fále* was all trimmed in leaves and vines in honor of the event, and a most sumptuous native banquet was spread before the guests. When Leóta learned that I was to return by boat he looked at the weather and said it was very dangerous to go to sea in such a wind. Why had we not told him I wanted to go to Leóne? He would have taken me and brought me home in safety. If I did not return by night he would go in search of me.

My wife was telling me all this as we looked out on the tossing cocoa-palms and the black clouds hurrying overhead, when Leóta appeared before us. His broad face lighted up with a genial smile as he saw me. He had come with his boat. His boys and some other friends were waiting in it now, ready to put out to sea to look for me. I had known Leóta less than three weeks and we had talked but little during that time, yet there he was, a simple savage with only a loin-cloth for dress, ready to go to sea with his brave boys on a wild stormy night in hopes of rendering me a service.

The next morning the mail-boat was in the harbor ere we had finished breakfast, and all was bustle and confusion. In the midst of it Leóta arrived with his family, loaded down with parting *alófas*. There were finely woven mats, so highly prized by the Samoans, and carved spears, and tapas, with baskets of cocoanuts and bananas, and a pineapple that had been ripening for us for a week past. The tiny little boy brought a tapa and a carved toy spear as a present for my little girl, and there were fans and necklaces for us all. What a parting it was with

those simple people! Maunga, the high chief, was there with his fly brush, a family heirloom, which he placed in my hand, and his wife brought us mats and tapas. Leóta claimed the privilege of taking us to the steamer, so we said farewell to his wife and were rowed out by his stalwart sons. He explained as we went to the boat that we were the first white people he had ever known, and told us that we should come back to him soon. He said he would come to us in America.

We were late in reaching the steamer's deck. There were many farewells to say, but last of all Leóta was standing there, silent and dignified. He took my wife's hand in his and touched it to his lips like a courtier of old, and then saluted me in the same way. With a sad "*tofa*" and a shake of his head he walked down the ladder to his boat, and in a few moments was lost from sight in the confusion of boats and canoes. There was a tumult of merry savage voices and many light hearts as the great steamer moved slowly out to sea, but Leóta's was not one of them. Our lives had come together for a brief spell and then drifted apart in the great current of human destiny, and I for one, am richer for the friendship formed with a savage on the dreamy shores of Pango Pango.

Berkeley, Cal.

WAS IT THE SEA?

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD.

THE song of the sea is in my ears—
 The song of the sea, the song of the sea!
 Souls that have lived in the bygone years,
 Singing to me, singing to me!
 Off to the west the dark sky clears;
 A sea-gull circles, and wheels, and peers.
 The cloud fleets sail to the southward—Hist!
 Was it a voice that called to me—
 A voice that I have not heard in years—
 Or was it the sea?

My cheek is wet with a dash of spray—
 A dash of spray, a dash of spray!
 And into my heart come, creeping, fears;
 And I look away, I look away!
 And into my eyes there comes a mist,
 A mist of spray—or is it tears?

Los Angeles, Cal.

SLAVES OF THE RING.

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.

"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid!"

The Red Light was deserted, except for the little group of five at the poker table, and some eight or ten "sweaters." This was a matter not of chance, but of design.

The fact was, Doc North had a victim in the oils; a tenderfoot with a "wad." Wherefore Curly, the barkeeper, had given the wink to the strikers who stood in with the house, and they had lured the outsiders away to other resorts, that there might be no interference with the *coup*.

The game had been going on for some hours. It should be premised that though four of the five at the table were in league against the fifth, the play up till now had been fair, as far as any manipulation of the cards was concerned. This was for two reasons; to allay any suspicions the victim might entertain, and to get enough of the "sucker's" money on the table to make the final assimilation profitable. The method of accomplishing this result was simplicity itself. The four bet high against each other—and whenever one of them lost all the chips in front of him, he would buy about four times as many as he originally had.

At first they would pay cash for these; but as their purchases grew larger they paid with checks, which, the banker cheerfully volunteered, were as "good as gold." This statement was misleading; for if (as sometimes happens) a chance deal should put the "sucker" big winner, he would find the checks worthless and the givers gone.

Now, every time the other players bought more chips, the tenderfoot bought more also, so he could have enough to "tap" the highest man. In this simple manner, the game, which had started with a twenty dollar "change-in," had grown until there were \$8,000 in chips on the table, of which \$2,500 were paid for with the stranger's money. Moreover the tenderfoot, having seen the others "bucking" viciously against each other, with every appearance of disgust and dismay on the part of the losers, would not suspect collusion when he was "skinned."

So the play had gone on, with the usual ups and downs, and sufficient time had elapsed since the assisted exodus of the crowd to make the finish have artistic verisimilitude. But at this juncture, the door opened and a cowboy came jauntily in.

The newcomer was apparently about twenty-two or twenty-

three ; tall, slender, with a very freckled face, a snub nose, merry blue eyes, and a shock of sandy hair, exposed by a sombrero which hung precariously on the extreme back of his head.

His costume consisted of a flannel shirt, and blue overalls tucked in his high-heeled boots. A black silk handkerchief was knotted around his neck, and a six-shooter and belt were girded loosely around his waist. He was slightly bow-legged, after the fashion of all who go down to the plains on horses, and walked with an easy, self-confident swagger, his clanking spurs keeping time on the floor.

This unwelcome guest took a cigar at the bar, looked at the clock, and passed on to the back of the room, where a table was littered with papers. He threw a careless glance at the players as he went, and sized the situation up succinctly in his mind. "Got a sucker—but it's none of my funeral."

He had not been reading long when the tenderfoot began to sing as he shuffled the cards. The tune was "John Brown's Body."

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the death of Alpha Phi,
Mine ears have heard the groanings of the leather-lunged Arki;
My lips shall tell the story to our eagle in the sky,
How old Rhizomia booms !"

The cowboy read on for awhile, then arose, stretched himself and sauntered over to the poker table. He thrust both hands in his pockets and watched the game a few minutes in silence.

Two of the men at the table were singularly handsome. One was Doc North, gambler and gunfighter, one of the most dangerous men in the Southwest. The tenderfoot was the other.

North, a man of about thirty-five years, had piercing black eyes, silky coal-black hair and mustache, smooth, white hands, well shaped and well kept, and a quiet air of reserve force which impressed one with the idea of a spring of highly tempered steel, bent to highest tension, ready to rebound at the slightest touch.

The other was of a young, smooth, boyish face, clear-cut in profile, guileless and open. He had clear brown eyes, and the joyous light-hearted manner of our "golden youth," before care and responsibility have sobered them.

Apparently the cowboy soon wearied of watching the game, for he yawned and went back to his papers. As he did so, North caught Curly's eye and shot a significant glance at the intruder. This was before the days of wireless telegraphy, yet Curly understood plainly that he was to offend the outsider and drive him out if possible.

Accordingly he approached, leaned on the table, and said roughly:

"Young man, are you a deputy-sheriff, or an officer of any kind?"

The other lowered his paper and gazed over it with an air of mild curiosity.

"Why?"

"'Cause if you're not, you've got to take off your gun."

"Me? This gun?" Innocent surprise was depicted on every feature. "Why, this here gun is mine. I've done paid for it long ago."

Curly flushed. "You've got to take it off," he persisted. "See the law tacked up yonder?"

"Are *you* a deputy or any kind of officer?" queried the cowboy, not heeding the angry glances from the group of "sweaters."

Curly, disconcerted, scratched his head.

"No, I ain't," he said, "But I don't want you packing a gun in my house."

"My friend," said the cowboy, in a dispassionate tone, "We all have to put up with a heap of things we don't like in this world, and I reckon you'll have to put up with this. You see, this is a free country, and I'm half white. Go 'way, please—you interrupt my reading."

Curly was "flustrated." He did not know how to handle this imperturbable person. If there was a row, the "lamb" might cash in and quit the game with his wool still on his back.

While he stood undecided, another stranger came in. The cowboy at the table looked at him with the careless and indifferent glance one bestows on a stranger, yawned again, and twisted his moustache. In this action his finger lingered lightly on his lip for the fraction of a second. Then he became immersed in his paper, while Curly went behind the bar to wait on the last comer.

"Beer," said that person, tapping on the bar with a coin. He was a cowboy also, dressed much as was the first, except that he wore "chaps," his garments were of finer texture, and he had no sixshooter. He was about twenty-eight years old, broad shouldered, with curly auburn hair and beard, now plentifully sprinkled with alkali dust, denoting that he had just come in from "the road."

He drank his beer, walked across and watched the game awhile, and then went over to the table where the other cowman sat, closely watched by Curly and the others.

"Hello, stranger," he said, cheerily, taking a chair. "See anything about the price of yearlin's in the papers?"

"Yes—they're bringing 18, 20 and 22."

"Cattle business is looking up," ventured the latest comer, evidently willing to enter into conversation.

"Ye-es," replied the other, laying down his paper. "Prices are coming up all right. But in my country, the loafer wolves 's about to git my young stock." He stole an almost imperceptible glance at the table. "We've just natcherly gotter find some way to protect 'em."

"Where 're you located?" said the shorter man genially.

"Dundee, New Mexico. Where you holdin' out?"

"Oh, I'm up in Crow Flat."

"The devil you are! Say, I got two mighty fine American horses over there, I bought from Coffeldt—Triangle K on left hip. Lemme get a piece of paper and write down the brands for you, an' if you find 'em and put 'em in a pasture and let me know, I'll pay you well for your trouble. They run away and went back. I'll give you full description and my address, so's you can write me."

"Write in this," said the last arrival, producing a pencil and note book.

North had been listening to the colloquy and decided that the strangers were harmless. The intended victim had been yawning, counting his chips and otherwise manifesting his intention to quit soon. It would never do not to "go through" him after all this trouble. So he gave the signal to ring in the "cold deck" next deal.

Could he have seen what the younger cowboy wrote in the note book he would not have been so easy. For the language and the tenor of it were startlingly at variance with the appearance and speech of writer and recipient. It read thus:

"That young fellow playing poker is a U. P. man and Rhizite. He sings "Old Rhizomia Booms" and wears the '00 colors and Phi Kappa pin. Think it must be Foley. Don't you remember Big Chump wrote us about him? The other players and all the onlookers are in the play, and they're going to rob our man. We'll have to do the *Deus ex Machina* act. When I begin operations, you take care of the barkeep till you get a gun."

The other read it over and put the book in his pocket. "All right, *caballero*," he said. "I'll do the best I can for you," and he began to make inquiries as to a non-existent Jim Canning.

Meanwhile, Juan Velarde dealt cards for the last hand. It was North's ante and Foley had the first say. He looked at his hand. He had four kings and the joker.

He came in for the ante, five dollars; the two men on his left

did the same. Velarde picked up his hand and raised twenty-five dollars. North made his ante good and called the raise. It was now up to Foley.

He considered a moment only. Under the Red Light rules, four aces were the top hand, as they did not play straight flushes. Hence there was only one hand in the cards to beat him, and, as he held the joker, the chances were about a million to one in his favor. He slid his cards together and raised back one hundred dollars. The man on Foley's left dropped out; the next one staid. Velarde saw the raise and came back two hundred dollars.

North leaned back in his chair, studied his cards and started to throw up his hand. Then he looked again—evidently reconsidered—and shoved in the required amount. "I'll just draw with you fellows," he said. "Three hundred won't break anybody."

Foley raised five hundred dollars. The other man showed three tens and threw up his hand. Velarde stayed.

North pushed back his sombrero, and ran his fingers through his hair. He counted up the pot, and looked searchingly at Foley and Velarde. "Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five dollars, if I stay," he announced. "And I can get a chance at that for five hundred dollars—five hundred dollars to draw cards—hum! And they can't raise me out before the draw, because I have the last say—Hum-m!"

"Thirty days just the same as cash," suggested Velarde.

North pondered deeply. Finally he looked up. "I said I'd draw with you fellows, and damned if I don't do it."

"Cards?" said Velarde, taking up the deck.

"Give me the top one. If I do fill, look out for yourselves."

"The next one, please," said Foley.

Velarde waited on them and laid the cards down with a villainous grin. "I'll play these," he said. "I've got you fellows faded this time."

"We may help, one of us," said North, with a pleasant smile, to Foley, "It's your do, sir."

"I pass," said Foley.

Velarde bet five hundred dollars.

North looked at his cards. "I see a stranger," he said softly. "I'll just have to raise you my pile." And he shoved in all his chips. "About eighteen hundred dollars more, please, Mr. Velarde."

"I call that as far as my money goes," said Foley. He sized up his chips—"I'm two hundred and forty dollars short. I've a show for this money, and you two gentlemen can bet on the side."

Velarde threw his hand down, face up, exposing a flush. "I don't want any of it," he said with a scowl. "I guess both of you filled. Anyhow you can't both win—I'm glad of that."

"I have four kings," said Foley with a smiling face. "Had them all the time."

"And I," said North, in purring tones—"have four aces—and I had them all the time!" And he started to rake in the money.

"One moment, gentlemen," came a clear, even voice behind North. "You haven't looked at my hand yet. I have a six full!"

Every one looked around. The younger cowboy, still seated, was covering the crowd with a cocked six-shooter, while the other one was silently herding the bar-tender toward the crowd with a heavy iron poker. North's eyes blazed, but he did not move. To do him justice he was no coward, but the steady eye and hand carried conviction. The possessor of "the drop" has a singular moral ascendancy over his fellows, which must be felt in person in order to be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

"Don't move," said the man with the gun, in an icy voice. "Don't anybody move—make no mistake, Mr. North—stead-y! —stead-y! STAND STILL! The first man to make a break will never be sorry for it! There. Get Mr. North's gun, Shorty. Now, gentlemen, there are two of us, and we are excellent marksmen. Everybody hold their hands up, please. Thank you, gentlemen—that was nicely done. I am pleased to find you of such an obedient and obliging disposition. Quite still! Now, Foley, how much money are you in this little game?"

"About twenty-five hundred dollars," said that much astonished youth. "How did you know my name?"

"Never mind irrelevant details, my son—this is no time for airy persiflage. Just feel around these gentlemen and remove any artillery you may find. What! Only three from all that crowd? Oh, yes. Doubtless this is on account of your law yonder. Mr. Barkeep, please cash in Mr. Foley's chips—twenty-five hundred dollars' worth, I think you said?"

"But—but—" stammered Foley.

"But me no buts," said the other. "This was a brace game from the start. You need have no scruples. Thank you, Mr. Barkeep."

"Have you a gun, Foley?" said Shorty. Foley shook his head. "Thought not. Give me one of those, and one to Sandy. Let's git. There are several horses tied to the rack. Back out, Sandy."

"O. K.," returned Sandy. "Come along with us, please, Mr. North." The three backed toward the door, still covering the crowd. "Good evening, gentlemen," came in Sandy's mocking tones from the door. "Allow me to suggest that it might prove unpleasant, perhaps disastrous, to Mr. North if you followed us. *Good bye!*"

And he backed out into the moonlit street; North, in inarticulate rage, following with his hands up.

Foley and his companion had loosed all the horses but three. Sandy mounted. "Go on, you fellows—I want a moment's private conversation with Mr. North. Come up to the corner, please, Mr. North."

When they came to the corner Sandy stopped.

"Do you remember Minnie Bannard?"

North turned a convulsed face up to him. "Ah—I see you do! Take this for her!" And he struck North a violent blow over the head with his six-shooter and started after his companions at full speed.

He had not gone far when three or four of the Red Light crowd came to the corner and opened fire. Sandy rounded another corner, and overtook the others.

"They got after us mighty quick. They must have had a lot of guns behind the bar," he said cheerfully. "As I was making my *adieux* to North I heard them saddling up in the feed-yard, and mounting in hot haste. 'There'll be racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea' here, in a pair of minutes."

Foley turned in his saddle. "Who are you fellows, anyway?" he demanded.

"Rhizomians both," answered Shorty. "Myself—Louis Jourdain '96. Barbarian. Clubhouse. Very much at your service."

"Better known as Aramis," supplemented Sandy in ludicrous imitation of the other's laconic speech. "Theologue. Subtle. Poet. Class Poet. Second Class Poet—first one resigned. Ten-second man. Half-back." Oh—in response to a look of inquiry—"I was in the Prep—Kindergarten, to be exact. Name of John Graham. And we two were fellow Rhizites, and contracted a sad case of Wegotism. So I led him from the paths of virtue, and now he's my accomplice in the cattle business at Dundee, New Mexico."

"Do you remember hearing of Clavers—the tackle that saved the '95 foot ball game?" said Shorty to Foley as they raced along, with dogs snapping at their heels, and windows opening behind them to allow curious heads to be thrust out. "Well, that's him, 'Claverhouse' because he was John Graham, of

Dundee, you know—"Clavers" for brevity, and because of his amazing superfluency of speech."

"Look out! Here they come!"

Some eight or ten of the Red Light men came into the street several blocks behind, and bullets began to whistle by them.

Sandy stopped, and deliberately emptied one of his six shooters at them. A scream told him that one of his random shots had taken effect. In a moment he rejoined his companions.

"A very palpable hit," he said, laughing. "Dearly beloved brother," to Jourdain, "I would not presume to dictate, but unless you can get a Waterbury on that old stick of yours, I think it extremely probable that we shall all take breakfast where General Sheridan proposed to take supper on a certain memorable occasion."

"This horse," said Jourdain, slowly and with dignity, "is shot through the thigh. Turn down the next street to the west. It's out of our way, but I want to get in the shade of the houses. I have an idea. Give me one end of your rope."

Sandy complied, and Shorty deftly knotted the two reatas together. "Two blocks down is the very place," he said. "Some trees there. You go on one side, and I'll go on the other—Take a turn around the trees and set our horses back—"

"*No sabe muy bien.* Ever read 'A Fool's Errand?'"

"No—why?"

"Well, I have," chuckled Sandy. "Here we are."

The pursuers had delayed a moment to see how badly their comrade was hurt, so the cowboys had time to arrange their ambuscade unseen.

"Here they come," said Shorty, when he had taken a turn around a tree with his rope and another turn to his saddle horn. "Sandy, you blamed fool, keep your rope tight. What are you doing?"

"I load my six-gun, dear friend," said Sandy's bantering voice from the shadow on the other side of the street. "Don't pull the rope taut till they get here—they might see it. Say, these fellows will be apt to get bruised. Let's not shoot to hit—just scare 'em."

Down came the wolves with a tumult of wild shouts and the thunder of horses' feet. The two cowboys reined their horses back to their haunches. A moment later the foremost horses struck the rope and fell, breaking the rope, and those behind, unable to stop, stumbled over them. A shrieking chaos of trampled and tangled men and horses piled up in the street. One or two of the rearmost ones swerved and passed on, pursued by a volley from the three friends. Foley rode into the *mêlée*

and caught an uninjured horse for Jourdain. "Thank you," said that person as he mounted, "you'll do. But I want to lead old Bally, for if we leave him, these fellows will find out who we are, and we'll have to account for all this later."

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" interrupted Sandy. "Say, we'd better ride up. North wasn't in that bunch. If he had been, he would have spread his men out in different streets to make sure we didn't dodge him. What did I tell you?—Here he comes now! The others got ahead of him while I was taking leave of him."

"That's bad," said Jourdain. "He's got the fastest horse in the country, they say. See how he gains on us. We've got to stop and fight." He wheeled round a corner and stopped in the shade again. "Get down behind your horses, and shoot for keeps."

"This looks uncommonly like murder," objected Foley.

"Shut up!" growled Jourdain, "you don't know what you are talking about. He is a dead shot, and has killed too many better men than himself, already. He deserves no more mercy than a snake."

North swept furiously round the corner on a magnificent black horse; so swiftly that he was carried far over on the further side of the street.

A merciless storm of flame and lead greeted him from the shadow. Even at this fearful disadvantage North fully upheld his reputation for gameness. His six-shooter spoke twice in sharp rejoinder, and Sandy felt a sting as a bullet grazed his arm and buried itself in the adobe wall behind him. The gambler's gun rang on the pavement—he reeled in the saddle—then straightened up and rode on, without turning his head. Foley, wild with excitement, aimed at him again, but Jourdain knocked his gun up and the bullet sang harmlessly by. "*Habet*," said the leader. "Besides, he's dropped his gun. That sort of thing isn't done, you know."

Far down the street North threw up his hands and fell heavily. The three galloped to where he lay. Sandy jumped down and turned him over.

"Quite dead," he said. "Hit six or seven times. He looks as peaceful and quiet as a sleeping child. Poor Minnie! 'Nothing in life became him like the leaving of it.'"

"A brave man," said Jourdain. "I'm glad we didn't hit his face. Come away."

They rode on in silence. Foley was trembling—even Sandy's gay spirits were damped. Only Jourdain's iron nerves remained unshaken. "You'll have to come with us to avoid consequences,

Foley," he said. "Don't you never carry that much cash again in a place like this."

Some of North's discomfited followers came up to their fallen chief and fired a few desultory shots after the victors, but made no effort at further pursuit of the trio that had proven so formidable.

"Howl, wolves! Your leader is dead," said Jourdain. "Guess they've got good and plenty. All the same, the sooner we get to the New Mexico line, the better. We'll go to Fleck's, and I'll doctor old Bally—I haven't had any supper yet." And he began to sing,

"The President and Faculty, Emendia's classic lip
Grew sweet on us when first they saw our banner on the tip
Of creation's topmost Pinafore, the old Rhizomia ship
For old Rhizomia booms."

"All together!"

And they sang to the rhythm of the galloping feet,

"Then shout aloud, Rhizomians, lift your voices to the moon;
Let them sweep along the Milky Way, a telephonic boom,
And onward, upward ever and through joy, delight and gloom
Let old Rhizomia boom!"

Tularosa, N. M.

THE GULLS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

By HARLEY R. WILEY.

WITH blink and leer they peep and peer
Through cabin windows dim—
These sliding things of beak and wings
So silent, grey and grim.

Though speeds the ship, they gleam and slip
Unhelped by wing or wind;
In curves of grey they swerve and play
Yet never fall behind.

The siren sings, the fog bell rings
And still these phantoms drear,
With trailing shroud of mist and cloud
Come trooping in our rear.

Anon they wheel in devil's reel
And through the spectral light,
While tolls the bell in ghostly knell,
They fade from mortal sight.

San Francisco.

THE LADY OF THE GALLEON.

By LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

II.

THE whole ship rang with work. The Spaniard, with his fashion of aiming high, had grinned up at us with four rows of teeth and cut our rigging to pieces, besides making work for the carpenter's gang on bowsprit, foremast and mainmast. Some of the shot had taken us between wind and water, so that pumps must be manned and plugs fitted; there were our wounded to be cared for and our dead to slip into the sea. But beyond this, our ship must be made ready for our host of prisoners. This was the gravest matter of all; for if the Spaniards should rise against us, outnumbering us, as they did, two to one, we must look for a bloodier battle than any we had yet seen.

All these industries, the noise of hurrying feet, the creaking of gear, the beating of hammers, suddenly gave place to a strange, heavy, shuffling tread that so aroused my curiosity that I lifted my bandage to look.

Through a fog I saw, across the deck, eight of our sailors carrying a chest of dark wood bound with iron, with great hinges and padlock; and just behind eight more men were about to hoist a second, and then a third, and still others, over the ship's side. Every man on our deck had stopped in his work with arm lifted—never was so much clamour so quickly quelled—for all were struck dumb with the same thought; and then with three unholy cheers we greeted the Spanish loot, like lusty sailormen. The men who carried the first chest turned about to answer us, and in turning tilted their burden on an uneven keel. That sent the true metal rushing and ringing within the chest, and to that tune we cheered again.

Before the last treasure chest had been stowed in the Commodore's cabin, the first of the prisoners appeared over the side; and for two hours they swarmed out of the boats and up the Jacob's ladder, a steady stream of dark, angry-looking men, who trod our deck with suspicion, as though they thought it mined. The wounded Spaniards and the Officers were to come last and were to be stowed in our cabins; but all these sound folk had to go below in the hold, the only place we could safely stow such numbers.

At first we had not known the name of our prize, but now we heard it, with the Spanish accent, on every tongue. She was *Nuestra Señora de Cabadonga*, and, it was added, she had carried treasure to the amount of half a million pounds sterling.

When the tramp of our prisoners had sent me into a half-drowse, I was roused by some one near me crying, "The Spanish Officers !"

Lifting my bandage, I saw the Commodore standing at the side in his best flaxen wig and blue-laced coat, and about him his lieutenants drawn up at attention, looking prodigious fine in gold-laced coats and spangled waistcoats. Our sailors were ranged in line, dressed in all fashions (for it was not till five years later that Lord Anson himself gave a uniform to the Navy), their honest faces shining with the sweat of their new-left toil. Between their short ranks came the grave, splendidly-dressed Dons, with heads held high ; the anger and dark looks that the Spanish sailors had shown disguised in these beneath an air of arrogant calm. They walked like shining conquerors through our homespun line, looking neither to right nor left, with such disdain as would have inflamed their reckoning confoundedly, if young blood had had its way. With the Officers came a Priest of the Jesuit order, a puny figure of a man with a nose like a great owl's and eyes so hotly bright that they seemed to have burned back into his head ; his long straight lips smiled constantly, as he looked about him. He ran his eyes down our short lines, eked out with all our boys, and spoke in French to the Officer with whom he walked :

"My God !" he cried. "Taken by a handful of boys !"

The next moment he was begging, with many smiles, for speech with the Commodore, and they stood together in earnest talk.

A boatswain's chair had been rigged at the yard-arm, and the long business of hoisting up the wounded from the boats began. Of this I saw nothing, as my eyes were again blurred with staring. I was told that General Don Jeronimo, the Portuguese who had been in command of the galleon and who was wounded, came first and was laid in the Commodore's cabin, and that all the other officers, many of them also wounded, were to be given the cabin Mr. Saumarez had occupied, with six of our men armed to stand guard.

As soon as all the Spanish Officers had passed, our men were ordered to their work, and the *Centurion* hummed again. Then once more there came a sudden check to this noise, and I heard only the creak of the gear hoisting the boatswain's chair. Again I lifted the bandage, and started to my feet.

What I saw was the chair, which was but a plank, like those that are notched at each end and laid for a seat between the ropes of a swing, hanging from the yard, high above the *Centurion's* deck, and on the seat of it the Jesuit Priest steadying

beside him the figure of a woman—a nun—who leaned forward and battled with her black robes against the snatching breeze. High up there, above my head, she was beating like a black bird against the dirty pink of the tropical sky. I watched breathlessly as the in-board guy was hauled taut and the chair was by degrees drawn in and eased down toward the deck. The woman was very young. I think I have never seen so young and white a face under the black of a sister's veil. I walked straight to the side, dragging the Surgeon's foolish bandage once for all from my head, and put by the sailor who had been lifting the wounded from the chair. He was not the right man to lift a nun. As the chair creaked across and down toward me from the rigging above, I felt in my hair the wind of her coming, like the beat of a sea-gull close at hand, and I looked straight up into her face, as I held out my arms to steady the nearing seat. She was pure white and black, except for her lips and the lining of her narrow nostrils that were strongly coloured, as the flesh of a peach is stained where it lies against the red stone. Her eyebrows were laid across the white of her forehead in a subtle, fine line, as though cunningly drawn with the wood soot that lays its flakes on the inner side of a chimney, so soft and velvet-like that a man would put his finger on it. But it was none of these things, but the whole of her, that made a man feel her, all at once, like a shock running through him.

Her eyes were not frightened nor did she turn from me; but as I lifted her from the Jesuit's side, I felt her body stiffen between my hands as the body of an angry child stiffens, and I would have laughed had I dared; for joy leaped in my throat, and a spirit of contest that met her own. She was the first woman of my class I had seen for three years, and, nun though she was, she was still a woman; I knew it by her temper.

As I set her down, I said in my best French, "I hope the good Sister is not hurt?"

She drew her veil about her, and with a little movement toward the Priest, remained silent.

"Sister Carmelita regrets that she speaks only the tongue of Spain," he said politely, in French.

At that moment the Commodore came forward and bowed with grave ceremony to the young Sister.

"You are twice welcome," he said, "as belonging to the noblest sex and to the most virtuous profession."

When I remember how he said this, with none of the grimaces of the modern pretty fellow, but the look of truth and gentle courtesy, I recall with anger the false gibe of the false Walpole, who said that Lord Anson might be the first Englishman since

Drake to go round the world, but that he would never be in it. In truth, the Commodore lacked in nothing that became a gentleman, and the honor that he was to reflect upon England shone from a clear glass.

When he had welcomed the Sister, Mr. Anson turned to the Priest and said, "I have ordered that the lady be given a state-room near that of her wounded countrymen. I regret that the space is too small for her comfort. It is the best that the crowding of our ship allows."

The Priest bowed his acknowledgements, as I think he understood little that had been said, and the Commodore told me to direct the lady to her new quarters.

While we had been talking, Sister Carmelita had stood quiet, only her eyes moving from one speaker to the other, her whole face and figure motionless except for her eyes and the line of the brows that wavered. The wind had wrapped her long black garments about her, and now, as we started to move, she tripped upon their trailing length. For a moment she was entrapped, but gathering up her draperies and stepping out with energy, there fell on the deck a heelless black shoe, and the foot, for an instant in plain view, was close-fitted with a saucy little slipper of fine scarlet Morocco, with a wonderful heel, the like of which I had not seen.

That night, and for many nights after, every Officer and man on board the *Centurion*, who was off duty, slept in his cloaths, ready at any moment for the alarm of a revolt among our prisoners. We slept—those who did not watch in their hammocks—with pistol-belts buckled and cutlasses laid at hand.

Our ship and the captured galleon were put under light sail and headed for China. Although neither vessel was fit for sea-service, we did not wish to linger on the borders of the enemy's country; and what was more in our minds was that, as long as we sailed with four hundred prisoners, the enemy was in our country, and had only to rise up to make it their own.

With the tropic dawn all hands were piped up by the Boat-swain. On deck I found the Commodore, in a plain cloth coat and a bob-wig, giving orders to the Carpenters. He was instructing them to build two great square funnels, one over each of the hatchways leading to the forward- and to the after-hold, where the prisoners were confined. These structures, which were to lead to the upper deck, were to be shaped like large chimnies and to be made of planking, with square, flaring mouths. They were to lead from the fetor of the crowded holds to the purer air above. As I came up, the Commodore returned my salute absently, but turning to me explained the nature of his design.

"I shall mount four swivel-guns at the four corners of each of the guards and keep a man posted near-by with a tinder-box, so that he may fire the guns down into the funnels at the first symptoms of revolt from below. The ventilation, too, will be improved for our prisoners." In explaining his devise, he beamed upon me more joyfully than after the capture of the galleon—for inventiveness is the gift of the devil to make modest men vain. He explained that all other access to the holds was to be securely closed, and concluded his harangue by saying soberly, "I am determined that we shall not spend such another night as the last."

He seemed annoyed when I replied that I did not care for a better night than I had enjoyed, so I hastened to add that anything that supplied our prisoners with better air was greatly to be desired.

Even on this upper deck the air was foul from the overcrowded ship, and in the neighbourhood of Mr. Saumarez's former cabin, where the Spanish Officers lay sweltering in blood and sweat, the stench was sickening to the sense. We were in the height of the steaming Summer weather of these latitudes, where many times each day the bottom drops out of the sky and lets an upper ocean down upon the ocean beneath ; then both together steam up again into the burthened air to form a new torrent.

But the floods had served to sweep from the decks the blood of yesterday ; and a new feeling of excitement, a looking from a past too well known to a future unknown, was upon us all. It was not like the excitement of battle, half shuddering and fierce, nor the noisy exultation of the moment when we saw the chests of treasure brought on board ; it was a secretive and watchful excitement. We were all conscious to our finger-tips that there was a woman on board—a woman with a scarlet slipper under a loose, convent shoe. For what I had seen had been seen by others, and that night, between the close-hung hammocks, the word had gone softly from mouth to mouth. There was a spirit among our English sailors that made them speak of a woman of her sort seldom and softly, and yet the sense of her nearness was in the morning mists and shimmering from the yardarms. It came like the rumour of crystal, running streams and the healing freshness of growing things to scurvy-stricken folk.

But little as had been said openly of Sister Carmelita, the Priest had told me something of her the night before. I was standing the first watch, leaning on the rail singing over to myself what words I could remember of an old, almost-forgotten pastoral, that had not been in my mind since I left England. I

could only gather lines here and there from my memory of a "mayde" who came forth to gather "maye," and who fell into sweet dispute with a "shepeard" boy "in breeche of coyntree blewe,"

"That would she ought or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell."

I well remembered that,

"She wore a frocke of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
Which seemly was to see ;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
Y-wrought full featously."

And then a part of his wooing came back,

"And I to thee will be as kind
As Colin was to Rosalinde,
Of curtesie the flower."

"With that she bent her snow-white knee
Downe by the shepheard kneeléd shee,
And him she sweetely kist—"

"A beautiful night," said a voice at my elbow, in French, and I came out of my reverie, waspish, as a bee shaken from a clover-top. Then the Priest spoke of the phosphorous in the sea in a way that made me know he had other matters in mind. At length he said, "I have done your Nation and your Profession a great injustice. I stand amazed at the courtesy with which, as prisoners, we are treated. Especially at the consideration shown to the Bride of Heaven who has been captured with this prize of war. When I but hinted to your Commodore that she was grieving for the loss of her Father, in yesterday's engagement, he ordered that her meals should be sent to her in her own cabin." Then he added in a lower tone, "He has not even set eyes on her since she first came on board."

I felt my temper rising. "I have never understood," I said with heat, "why persons of intelligence should consider that a Sea-Officer should have a character and temper resembling the furious Elements among which his life is spent. It is not the habit of any Englishman to betray the helplessness of a virtuous woman who is defenceless in his hands."

My plainness of speech offended the Father, who threw out his arms deprecatingly to ward off the idea he had just been insinuating.

"No doubt," I added, "the lives of some of our buccaneers in the past have given colour to the ideas that prevail in this regard."

He accepted the amends and said, "I feel that I hold the position of actual as well as Spiritual Father to my young

charge. She was on her way with her Father from the convent in the City of Mexico to the convent of Santa Clara, in Manila. After his burial, she implored my protection against danger. Such an appeal would enlist the chivalry of any man," he said, peering at me out of the darkness. "Her family is one of importance," he continued. Her Father was Don Pedro Valdès, the chief military official of Luzon. His gift of his child to the Church is one that the Church will seek to repay."

Despite my interest, there was somewhat in his talk that I could not stomach ; so I made an excuse of Duty and walked to another part of the ship, where I stood my watch out alone.

With daylight, as I have said, came a new day of labour ; but I was no longer a bandaged outcast from it all, and every moment of every hour was filled with the work incident to handling the ship with our lessened crew, to pushing forward repairs, and to building our new hatchway-guards. Toward night, Mr. Saumarez sent a boat from the *Cabadonga*, with a report for the Comodore and a note to me, asking me to send him some papers and instruments that I would find in his cabin.

He would scarce have known the place for his own quarters. Latin curses and hospital smells flung a man back from the door, while the hammocks, hung one above the other in rows three deep, were swung so close, from side to side, that a visitor must needs creep under to reach certain of the men. The cabin was ill-lit, so that most of it was happily unseen, and I had to call for a lantern to make my way in the disorder. I was kneeling on the floor before Mr. Saumarez's locker, with the lantern hung on a nail overhead, searching for the papers, when there came to my ears the sound of knocking.

"Come!" I shouted, wheeling about to see, while Sister Carmelita stepped into the cabin, and at her heels the Jesuit Priest. The cursing and groaning died down as she went from hammock to hammock, bending toward the men and speaking, in Spanish, words with babyish endings that make that tongue most fitting for Lovers and Mothers. One old Officer, light-headed from loss of blood, continued to curse on without abatement. Then in the hammock next him a young Officer sat straight, and shaking his fist at the old man, flung out a broadside of Spanish in loud, fierce tones. Laughter broke from them all, short-lived, Spanish laughter, led by the girl-laugh of Sister Carmelita. I rose and lifted my lantern in surprise, but she had closed her lips over her little, sharp teeth, and was bending toward the sick man.

"He is delirious," explained the Jesuit. "What he was saying," he added politely, "was that the plague should devour

and all the Saints of the Good God eternally damn the hell-hound who would swear before a lady."

So this was what had amused them!

The young man steadied himself for a moment, staring as though half-waked to consciousness by his own voice, then with a moan fell back. The little Sister caught him in her arms and held him against her breast. It was then that I stood greatly puzzled, throwing the beam of my lantern upon them. I knew that I had once before seen her lift a dying man to her breast, and that then, as now, she raised to me a face of hatred. But it was for only a moment that her angry eyes played upon me. She turned to the Priest and spoke with decision, and there ensued what I saw was an angry altercation. Suddenly her voice dropped to pleading; and looking down at the man in her arms, she spoke still more tenderly and, drawing from her robes a rosary, she laid the Crucifix softly against his lips. One of the Officers in a hammock spoke, and then several others.

"What is she saying?" I demanded of the priest.

He shook his head obstinately.

"Eh bien!" Sister Carmelita cried, laying the unconscious man gently upon his pillow; standing up, she pushed her veil aside and spoke with sudden white-flaming resolution."

"You must know, Monsieur!" she cried in French, so angry and fluent I could scarce follow her words, "this is my brother, Don Juan Valdès," her brows drawn to a steady line as she defied the priest. "He will die in this pen! I cannot nurse him here. I demand of your Generalissimo—Oh, no! I beg of him—" and the corners of her lips drooped in sobbing irony—"I beg of him that my Brother may be carried to my cabin, and that I may care for him." Then, her mood and her face once more a-light, she cried, "Will he deny this to the son of the dead?"

I could not see in her face a trace of shame, or even the least consciousness of the trick she and the Priest had practiced upon me in denying her knowledge of the French tongue. On her face was only the sweep of her present passion. My pride was up. I was too insignificant, then, to be even consistently deceived.

"I think, Madame," I said, "You would do well to consult your Spiritual Adviser in this matter, also. I know too little of the customs of your sacred callings."

"Oh!" This was a half-laughing intake of the breath, and turning she spoke in Spanish to the Priest.

For my part, I replaced the lantern and returned back to my search in the locker, as though the matter no longer concerned

me. When I had gathered the papers and instruments together and was making ready to leave the cabin, I was stopped by the Priest's hand on my arm. I found his bright eyes rather sullen as he said :

"Can you find if Commodore Anson will grant an interview to Sister Carmelita?"

"I will send another Officer to you," I said. "Some important matters prevent my serving you in person." I bowed, without looking, and left the cabin.

After dispatching a messenger to the Priest, I found that the *Cabadonga's* boat had long been ready, and I hastened to give my packet into the hands of Mr. Saumarez's coxswain. It was Tam Mackinnon himself, and he stopped for a crack with me. The galleon was leaking amain, he said, from our low shot, and her supply of fresh water was all but gone. He had bid me good night and gone down the ladder, when his old face was suddenly thrust back over the side.

"Lieutenant Lightfoot, Sir," he bellowed.

"Yes, Tam."

"I wanted to tell ye there was na leetle laddie amang the slain."

"It was a matter of no consequence, Tam," I said, grandly.

"Aye, so I thocht," he replied enigmatically, and dropped out of sight; but his voice came up to me, "Weemen an' Papists, sired by the muckle black de'il!"

"Commodore Anson sends his compliments, and wishes Mr. Lightfoot's company in his cabin," said the Commodore's boy out of the twilight.

I made sure it was on business connected with Sister Carmelita, so I was surprised to find two sentinels in place of one, stationed at the door of his cabin, and still more by what met my eyes when the door opened. The light from several smoky lamps was centered on the heavy baize-covered table, around which the Commodore and his Lieutenants were drawn up, eagerly examining a number of charts and documents spread out before them; but what caught my eye and breath was, that on the table lay a prodigious mass of Spanish coin, heaped by the shovelful in an irregular pyramid—chiefly in pieces of eight, flanked by bars of virgin silver, hundreds of pounds of treasure lying loose under the smoky lamp-light, while our Officers bent forward over the charts. Two or three of the chests stood with their lids thrown beck, partly emptied; but the pile of chests still untouched, filled the rear of the cabin; against the table leaned musquets and cutlasses in quiet readiness. Then I suddenly realized, with a start, another presence

in the room. On the Commodore's bunk a massive, grizzled head, all I could see of the man, lay Don Jeronimo de Mentero, the Generalissimo of the *Cabadonga*—called the bravest Captain of their Service—staring vacantly from his great sunken eyes upon the treasure that had gone from his keeping.

As I closed the cabin door and approached, every man looked up, except the Spaniard, whose eyes were fixed.

"We have here," said the Commodore, motioning me to a chair, "charts and journals of the greatest importance. Now for the first time we have accurate information of these waters and of the routes followed by Spanish navigators in crossing the Pacific. For one hundred and fifty years Spain has secretly held this information, and to-night we hold it—for England!" The parchment in his hand rustled.

A smart knock at the door fell upon us jarringly. At the word, the Commodore's boy entered and, saluting, said "If the Commodore will permit it, the lady says that she will have speech with him to-night."

Mr. Anson showed a moment's annoyance, glanced at the disordered table, and then said quietly, laying down the chart that he held, "My time is at the lady's disposition."

Sister Carmelita entered alone. As she advanced with dignity through the group of men—for all of us rose as she entered—her eyes seemed to take in no particular of the confused cabin. She wore the same black robes and veil; her Crucifix—hung from a rosary made for a taller woman—beat softly against her knee as she moved.

"I have come," she said in French, stopping some paces before Mr. Anson and addressing herself entirely to him, "to ask a privilege for my brother. He lies wounded in a cabin—not so commodious as this—where sixteen other men are lying. He will die there! I wish to have him carried to my cabin, so that I can care for him."

Mr. Anson, whose French was not so sure as his seamanship, turned to his second Lieutenant, who, in turn, hesitated.

"Ah!" cried the lady, her calmness gone at a flash, "I see that I have asked too much of our noble enemy. We are not sufficiently humbled!"

She drew a step nearer, and in doing so saw, as I had seen and with the same shock, the great face staring from the bunk; and again she cried out, this time in Spanish, with a woman's compassion in her voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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IN the next number of this magazine it is intended to print an illustrated review of the work done by the Club at the Missions of San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando Rey, San Diego and Pala, with an abundance of photographs showing the condition of these Missions before the Club undertook its work and after its work had been performed. Of course, not half the necessary repairs have been made at any of these Missions. It will require many years of work, and many thousands of dollars to put them in such shape as will do credit to the intelligence of the American people; but already a very large amount of work has been done—and well done. Work is still going forward at Pala, where it is intended to complete the roofing of the entire front.

The Landmarks Club Cook-Book—the best California cook-book ever printed, and the largest and best authentic collection of Spanish-American recipes anywhere extant in English—is selling well and giving universal satisfaction. It can be had at this office for \$1.50, or by mail \$1.60. The book contains a large number of photographs showing the Missions and the work of the Club.

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THE SEQUOYA LEAGUE OF CALIFORNIA.

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THE first contract of the Sequoia League is at last signed, sealed and delivered. It was a large undertaking, and the campaign has been long, hard and continuous ever since October, 1901; but the end has crowned the work. The League's motto is "common sense, patience and never-let-go;" and in this sign it has won. It has outworn red tape and routine; has beaten the greed of landowners anxious to profit by the misfortune of Indians who had lost their homes; and has even outwearied the meddlesome class whose numbers are recruited, as the proverb informs us, by a new birth every minute.

The first installment of the Warner's Ranch Indians were successfully moved to their new home at Pala in the second week of May, and were at once set to work in preparing their houses and lands. At this writing there is every reason to believe that the remaining exiles will be as successfully transferred. All the hysteric talk about "bloodshed," "armed resistance," "dying in their old home," and that sort of thing, reiterated by yellow reporters until some of the Indians themselves echoed these foolish phrases, came to nothing. The people from the Hot Springs were transported by wagon without the slightest resistance; and these are the only ones who have made any talk whatever of resistance. In spite of evil advisers; in spite of their pathetic and manly love for their old desert home in preference to any paradise; in spite of their inability to understand the legal procedure by which they were ousted, the people of Cupa neither fought, nor waited to be dragged. That great and deep-grained Reverence for Authority, which is in all un-

spoiled human beings—and which is recognized as the greatest leverage to help the Indians, by those who know enough to use it—triumphed after all ; and how much this means can be remotely imagined only by those who know something of the temptations to which these simple and heart-broken people were subjected—by Americans who ought to have known better, and who mostly did know better. If the Indians had not had better sense than most of their advisers, the eviction would have been a battle.

The removal, however, was no easy task. The Indians had been lied to, deceived, confounded, and inflamed until neither they nor anyone else knew just where they stood. Anything less than the highest tact and executive ability at the last moment would undoubtedly have resulted in serious trouble. The matter was fortunately in charge of United States Indian Inspector A. E. Jenkins, who has an enviable reputation throughout the West, and who has added new lustre to his record by carrying out this difficult and ticklish duty without a hitch. A great deal, also, must be credited to Dr. L. A. Wright, Agent of the Mission Indians, who has had this situation on his hands for two years, and whose good sense and conscientiousness have had much to do with the final successful outcome. The steady, consistent, patient work, for more than a year, of the few who were officially connected with the matter, had its logical fruit when the pinch came. In spite of themselves, the Indians believed the men who had neither lied to them nor wobbled.

Naturally enough, in their time of stress, they preferred to count as their friends the people who told them what they liked to hear ; the brilliant persons who said : " Oh, never mind the Supreme Court ; it doesn't amount to anything ; you just stay right here ; it will come out all right." They as naturally felt that all who told them the unpleasant truth—that the decision of the Supreme Court was final, and that they would have to leave their old home—were their enemies. In this estimate they were assiduously confirmed by irresponsible, or half-baked, or malicious Americans, until they came to feel that their only friends were the harpies who are making money out of their misfortune—lawyers who take their pitiful savings on pretense of reversing the Supreme Court ; discharged reporters who take their money for equally valuable services, and just common muddle-headed visitors who " feel sorry for the Indians " and show it by adding to their troubles.

All this, however, is only what anyone expects who engages in any attempt to better fixed conditions. The work of the League in this matter was begun with full realization that it would incur the enmity of routine politicians, of disappointed

landowners who wished to unload their worthless properties on the Government, of idiot tourists, and of the Indians themselves. The task was undertaken neither for glory, nor for money, nor for thanks; but to secure for these Indians who had lost their ancient home, a good new one. A model new home has been secured. It is better than anyone, even the most sanguine, dared hope. The Indians are now on it. They have begun life anew—not as all their fellows among the Mission Indians of Southern California have to live, practically all of whom have been evicted from their old homes into worthless lands where nearly all of them are now destitute; but on a reservation which in the market is worth four or five times as much per acre as the home from which the judgment of the United States Supreme Court ejected them two years ago last month.

The episode of the Warner's Ranch Indians has aroused almost universal interest in Southern California, and far beyond. It has served as a peg on which to hang an incredible number of ignorant falsehoods in and out of print; but it has warmed and welded a very competent public sentiment among intelligent people; an energy which has not only served to enable the League in this work, but will suffice to aid it in similar undertakings for a long time to come. It is to be remembered that the Warner's Ranch Indians are not the only ones who have lost their homes. Nearly all the "reservations" in Southern California are but the ragged desert edge of fertile valleys from which the Indians have been driven. All these elbowed people would rather stay where they are than move to a paradise; but part of the work of the same Commission which secured the new home for the Warner's Ranch Indians was to recommend that with the \$23,000 saved by that Commission to the Government some of the fertile lands adjacent to several reservations be purchased and added to them, so that without being removed these Indians may have lands which will keep them from semi-starvation.

*
* *

The Warner's Ranch episode is closed. It was a tragedy; but that could not be helped, after the Supreme Court acted. The one comfort about it is that, for the first time in our history, the Indians get more land and better land than that from which they are ousted. And this is what the Sequoya League has done. The Indians have now the problem of adjusting themselves to the new conditions of having farms which will yield them a livelihood. They never had that at the old home, where they subsisted chiefly as landlords, renting their bath-houses and their homes, and otherwise living on the visitors to the famous Hot Springs. At Pala they will have to cultivate the

soil ; but the soil will support them when they cultivate it. There is land enough, and good enough, in the Pala Reservation to support twice as many Indians in comfort as have been transferred thither—or white people either.

While of late years the condition of the Warner's Ranch Indians at the Hot Springs has been relatively easy, through rents and receipts from white visitors, it should be remembered that this was not always so. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Emory of the Advance Guard of the Army of the West, which made the first march overland to California, records in his Report what he found at Warner's Hot Springs in December, 1846:

"To the south down the valley of the Aqua [sic] Caliente lay the road to San Diego. Above us was Mr. Warner's backwoods, American looking house, built of adobe and covered with a thatched roof. Around, were the thatched huts of the more than half naked Indians, who are held in a sort of serfdom by the master of the rancheria. I visited one or two of these huts and found the inmates living in great poverty. The thermometer was at 30°, they had no fires, and no coverings but sheepskins. They told me, that when they were under the charge of the Missions they were all comfortable and happy, but since the good priests had been removed, and the Missions placed in the hands of the people of the country, they had been ill-treated. This change took place in 1836, and many of the Missions passed into the hands of men and their connexions, who had effected the change.

"The Indians have made pools for bathing. They huddle around the basin of the spring to catch the genial warmth of its vapors, and in cold nights immerse themselves in the pools to keep warm. . . . Dec. 5.—A cold rainy day, and the naked Indians of the rancheria gathered around our fires."

Capt. A. R. Johnston of the same little army (who was killed four days later, in the fight at San Pascual) says in his diary, recorded by General Kearny, under date of Dec. 2nd, 1846 :

"We found Warner's a place which would be considered a poor location in the United States, with a hot spring and a cold one on his place ; a good place for stock, but bad for grain, one would think. The labor is performed by California Indians, who are stimulated to work by three dollars per month and repeated floggings."

Incidentally, this bit of official history shows that the Hot Springs were included in the grant originally—or at least as far back as 1846. There has been irresponsible newspaper talk that they were taken in recently by "progressive surveys."

As for Pala, it is where it has been for a long time ; where it was chosen by the Franciscan missionaries nearly a century

ago—men who never made a mistake in a choice of location—where it was when Helen Hunt Jackson, certainly as devoted a friend as the Indians have ever had, praised it twenty years ago; and where the Commission examined, tested and selected it last year. Anyone who is curious to see who told the truth about it—the Commission, which stated that it is an excellent property, or a few mendacious trouble-makers that have called it “barren and worthless”—can examine it for themselves.

The Commission has done its work, which was to select a good home for 300 Indians whom the U. S. Supreme Court had left homeless. It can afford to challenge comparison of its results with anything in the whole history of the Indian Service. The Interior Department has done its immediate work in removing the Indians to the new reservation. The task is now on, both for the Indians and their official guides, to get the full benefit of the new, and materially better, opportunity. As for those who are still Sorry for the Indians (as the League is), there is now, and there will long continue to be, an excellent and substantial way in which to show how deep the Sorrow bites. There are some thousands of other Mission Indians now a great deal worse off than the Warner's Ranch Indians are or ever have been. The League is going to keep its shoulder against the wheel in the same patient, rational and persistent fashion, until all these things are remedied as well as may be. It takes two things to carry out these plans. One is public interest, which seems to be well aroused; and the other is money. Anybody who is really sorry for the Indians can help them quite as much by contributing to the work that is being done for them as by bubbling over in the newspapers. There is nothing to hinder free-born Americans from talking; but the time is apparently here when the sincerity of people who air themselves in print but pick up their hats and strike out for home when the contribution box is passed, will be at least doubted. Membership in the League is \$2 per year; life-memberships \$50. The League has no salaries; all moneys received go directly to the work of “Making Better Indians and better treated ones.”

* *

Last November, one George Larando Lawson wrote to the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, suggesting that he would like the job of reporting for that journal the removal of the Warner's Ranch Indians, then thought to be at hand. The editor replied that these matters were not available—“*unless the removal shall take on some dramatic aspect.*” (Italics mine.)

There was then no human probability of a “dramatic aspect” to the eviction. Everything was arranged, understood and serene. Eighteen months before, the Supreme Court of the

United States had affirmed the decision of the lower courts adverse to the Indians of Warner's Ranch, and the San Felipe Ranch—the two cases being conjoined. Six months before, the President had appointed a Commission to procure a new home for the evicted Indians, a wide public protest having been made against the selection of the Monserrate Ranch at an extravagant price by an Indian Inspector. That Commission had (after long and arduous labors in the field, and still longer clerical work) selected very much the best of all the properties offered for sale for this purpose—including over 100 ranches. The Report of the Commission had been approved. The Indians had by their delegates held a conference at Riverside with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who explained the whole situation to them, and they promised him that whenever the Government ordered them to move they would move peaceably. This magazine has already printed full information as to the case; and has shown by figures and photographs how much superior the new home is to the old. It has also shown that every possible effort was exhausted by the Commission to keep the Indians in their old home, which they naturally and properly love much better than any other, no matter how superior.

But the significant fact that Mr. Lawson—who was a tag-end newspaper reporter in Los Angeles, and was discharged from the Los Angeles *Express* because of his little habit of dead-beating bills, of which too many complaints were made to the office—has gone about the country claiming to be a representative of *Collier's Weekly*, explains some of his later actions. He thought he could *make* the removal "take on a Dramatic Aspect;" and he has been laboring, with what little mind God gave him, and a malicious ingenuity derived from Somewhere Else, to be sure of a "story."

I hold before me a letter from the editor of *Collier's Weekly* which says, among other things: "I hope the Department of the Interior will not hold us responsible, as we know nothing whatever of Mr. Lawson beyond what he says himself. He is not in any sense of the word our representative or correspondent, and he has no right to use our name in any way whatsoever to promote his own ends."

But meantime Mr. Lawson was simultaneously turning a dishonest penny by letters to Los Angeles papers, and fanning the flame by which he hoped to profit more largely. The Los Angeles *Herald* inadvertently printed one of his stupid articles March 22nd, in which he declares that the Government "has not kept faith" with these Indians; abusing "the Washington officials and their servants," and telling several wilful but relatively unimportant falsehoods. On discovering the imposition, the *Herald* promptly made amends; but the exposure of his disastrous meddling and untruth seems to have made Mr. Lawson

anxious lest his plan to get a few Indians killed, so that he might have a sensation, be in danger, and he sent up another "letter" to another paper—the *Express*—where it slipped in at an unguarded moment. This letter was a wholesale aggregation of malicious lying—and very stupid lying, at that. The matter was not detected by the editor until on the press; and although as much as possible of the more palpable and abusive mendacity was destroyed in type, the remnant printed article was precisely the sort of thing to illustrate Mr. Lawson's character and to encourage the Indians to resist the Government. The *Express* also immediately published a handsome retraction, with regrets; discharged Lawson from even the temporary connection of correspondent, and branded him editorially as a "mendacious and untrustworthy correspondent who had imposed on it;" but these matters were in type and were shown the Indians by "their dear friend" who was trying to work them up to resist the Government of the United States.

Since being so discredited and branded that he can hope for no further local market for his mendacities, Lawson has been working among the Indians, and was recently expelled from the Hot Springs by the owners of Warner's Ranch on account of the trouble he was breeding.

It seems incredible, but it is evidently a fact (being supported not only by the testimony of the Indians but by his own printed declarations) that this alleged "American" has taken the money of these bedeviled people for his "services." The Captain of the Warner's Ranch Indians stated to the Indian Agent, the Special Agent and other Government officials in the *junta*, held April 16th, at the Hot Springs, that Lawson had gone to San Diego for them to *examine their title*, and that they had paid him for it. Also that he had gone to examine the Pala property for them—the new home which the Government had just finished purchasing—and that they paid him for that. Fahncy! A cub reporter, discharged as unfit even for a cub, taking the money of these evicted and sorrowing Indians to "examine their title," on which the Supreme Court of the United States passed two years ago, and which has been investigated by a great many other authorities, including the Attorney General of the U. S. ! Fancy, also, this tourist space-writer going to "examine" California lands, and taking pay from the Indians as an expert!

This is black enough, but it is not all. He not only took pay from a people whose condition would move a stone, and whose sorry crust a starving dog would not rob, but in return for their money he has wilfully, consecutively and eagerly lied to them on such a scale as to make him a laughing-stock to everyone else except these desperate losers of their old home. The April number of this magazine printed part of the Commission's *Report* on Pala, with a lot of official photographs showing something of that beautiful and fertile valley and its water supply. An expert Commission of experienced Californians made that report. A great many official and lay witnesses of wide reputation, beside hundreds of "common people," know that valley. As has been stated in these pages, over 700 acres of it are irrigable, and 316 acres were being irrigated at the Com-

mission's visit; 2000 acres are arable, and about 1400 acres were being cultivated at the Commission's visit; and the official measurement of the water shows that at the height of the greatest consecutive drouth California has ever known there were 140 miner's inches of water. But the too-eager liar Lawson printed that "more than 3200 acres of the 3438 of the Pala Valley are nothing but rock, sand and gravel" . . . "as deep and unproductive as the Sahara," and that there is "no water available for irrigation." He told the Indians about the same thing, and added that they "would starve to death."

It is not the intention to give space to a detailed nailing of Mr. Lawson's lies. This is a sample. They were not only foolish and ignorant lies, but they were with the express purpose of stirring up the Indians to revolt against the Government—and they nearly had that result. The only design of these few words is to catalogue this person who traffics in human life, and procures himself to be paid by his victims; that he be remembered and classified.

So far as is known, the "blind-pig" lawyer John Brown, Jr., of San Bernardino, who was exposed in these pages in the December (1902) number, is the only other person besides Lawson who has been actively, purposely and maliciously stirring up the Indians to revolt, that his own pocket might fatten. Despite his solemn pledges to the Commission—made repeatedly in the presence of the Indian delegates, and stenographically reported—that he would take no more fees from these unhappy people for his impotent pettifogging, Brown has gone on not only bleeding them for money, but filling them with vain and disastrous ideas. But there are others who (without these vile motives, and simply out of oatmeal-mindedness), have done much harm. A hysterical old gentleman named Patterson, who was removed from the Hot Springs by order of the owners, recently imposed on a San Diego paper with a long screed of particularly absurd and senile falsehoods, which were eminently designed to make trouble for the Indians. His lies also were malicious, because of a fussy anger at having to leave the Springs. But a spite-lie is not, of course, comparable in meanness to lying for gain.

It was not at all idle when it was said in these pages that people who wilfully make trouble for these Indians, or prey upon them, will be branded. It is the serious intention, and one which will be reasonably continuous. There is infinite patience in the League for those who merit patience—which includes all Indians, and even such superior Americans as are really friendly though foolish. But the people who ought to know better, and who do know better, and who still for vulgar or meddlesome motives rob the Indians either of their money, or of their land, or of their water, or of their respect for law, will have themselves to thank for the burn if they put their fingers on this red-hot stove. The League will sanction no injustice to Indian or white; but justice is precisely the thing it is here to secure—and that will include not only fair play for the Indians, but a visitation upon those who viciously or in criminal carelessness make serious trouble for them.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

ROOSEVELT'S new and personally conducted Winning of the West has been notable in many ways. Presidential tours, if few, have always been interesting; but in several important particulars this one was different. Of all our Presidents, Roosevelt is the one who least needed to come West to get his eyes opened. He was essentially Western already—Western by sympathy, Western in self-control, breadth and decision, and Western by the personal experience which was really the determining coloration of his extraordinary life. He understood the West already, better than many of his predecessors could have done had they lived here all their lives—and perhaps that is one reason why he wished to come, and see further and deeper into the great region wherein lies the hope of the nation. At any rate, he has profited by the coming; he knows more than he did, and so do we; and so for that matter does the whole country. As he has remarked: "I was a pretty good American before, but this has made me a better one."

But the most extraordinary thing about his Western tour is neither its unprecedented extent for a President; nor his preparedness to enjoy and profit by it; nor the hearty welcome a President may expect in any section of the country; nor the marvelous development which he found and which astounded even him; nor the endurance, patience and balance with which he met the innumerable lateral strains upon him. The marvelous thing is to see a President—or any other American statesman of this day—going about the country, East or West, Meaning what he Says, and talking straight, plain, Horse Sense. Our ears have been attuned to the falsetto of the political siren. We have been brought up on Or-r-r-atory, and big round Words as Blessed as Mesopotamia, and conscious chest tones, and iridescent platitudes about our Greatness and our Divine Mission and our Proud Boast, and all that. But, after all, when you take all this Star-spangled Rhetoric out in a quiet ten-acre lot, and look it over, you come to wonder how a man could Talk so Pretty for an hour and Never Say Anything.

In place of this traditional but tiresome dress-parade of Words, it is like a fresh breath of the pines to hear the President of the United States really Say Something; and God knows there

never was a time when there was more need of having said, and by the First Citizen, the very things that Roosevelt has been saying. In place of the statesman who seems to be back a sophomore at a prize debate, it is a blessed relief to have a plain man talk sane, sober, straight talk that Means Something, and that people can understand. Instead of spell-binding and Beveridging and posing, and feeding himself with the treacle of his own rhetoric, Roosevelt has been preaching the everyday sermon that is most needed. "Be decent. Live clean. Respect yourself and respect others. Insist on fair play, and give it. Carry your own weight; and when you can lift some other fellow up, lift him. Be strong, and be just. Don't quit the children, and don't rob them. Don't let any part of the country be treated as a thing to be skinned in a few years for the benefit of the present generation. Don't let it be a prey to the speculator. Keep it for the home-maker. Forest, land, water, scenery, whatever it is, so handle it that your children's children shall get the benefit." And so on. Of course, this is boiled down to more brutal compactness than the President said it withal; but it is the sort of thing he said in straight, incisive, unmouthy but well-rounded sentences, and it is the kind of thing American audiences are not used to hearing from our politicians—nor much nowadays from the pulpit. The Rostrum Mouth has come to be mostly a Fourth of July anvil, designed to make a Patriotic Noise but not to hit anything; but this Hunter of Big Game uses it rifle-wise—to put a bullet to the mark.

A GOOD

LANDMARKER
HIMSELF.

He lost no opportunity, for instance, to rebuke the vandalism which is so depressingly common among us (whether in the form of philistine neglect or of pernicious activity) and to say to American audiences a thing they cannot hear too often. It is also characteristic of the man that in the presence of the great wonders of nature he sees *them* rather than the chance they give him to Show Off. With him there is none of that business of "A very big Papa Perrichon and a very small Mont Blanc." At the Grand Cañon, instead of using that masterpiece of the Almighty for a blackboard on which to chalk his own Smartness; instead of being stirred to tell How this makes Me feel; instead of soaring on the wings of a rhetorical Darius Green in an attempt to describe to his audience what they had eyes to see, and that which no man can begin to touch with words, he showed his awe and his feeling by not parading them; and by the straight, sincere appeal that is first to strike a thoughtful man. He said: "I want to ask you to do one thing in your own interest, and in the interest of the country. Leave the Cañon as it is. You cannot improve on it—not a bit. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it. What you can do is to keep it for your children, and for your children's children, and for all who come after you, as one of the great sights which every American, if he can travel at all, should see. Keep the Grand Cañon as it is. Keep back houses and buildings and every other work of man from that awful brink. I am glad to learn that the railroad is to build its new hotel back among the trees. That is right. That is the way to treat these wonders."

And in the presence of the Big Trees of California, again, it was the same thoughtful and manful man that came to the surface, and not the orotund politician. "I desire to pay tribute to those who are preserving these wonderful trees. . . . They should not be marred by placing cards and names on them. The people who do that should be sternly discouraged. The cards give an air of ridicule to the solemn dignity of these giants. These cards should be taken off. I ask you to keep them off the trees, or any kind of signs that would mar them. See that the trees are preserved, and that the gift from Nature is kept unspoiled."

These immemorial columns, some of which were grown trees when Christ walked the earth, were pockmarked (according to a peculiar American habit) with the innumerable cards and names of visitors of a certain class. It is a pleasant little episode to record that after the President's speech, and while he had gone to walk alone amid the titan grove, the party tore down these records of silly vandalism, amid the applause of the crowd. But the vitally good thing about it all is that we have an unspoiled Man, who, in the presence of Nature's wonders and in the presence of civil problems is naturally stirred not to Art-Leather Oratory but to the straight, common-sense word for which the occasion calls.

There is no legal duress compelling the President of the United States to Know the Country upon whose destiny he has for a term of years so direct and vital an influence; but pending a constitutional amendment to this effect, it does seem that the laws of common sense and enlightened self-interest, if fairly enforced, should bring about the due result. As a matter of fact, we have had no Presidents who knew reasonably well the nature, the needs, or the potentialities of the larger half of our national geography; and not the West only, but the country as a whole, has seriously suffered by this lack. Only those who have been in contact with the task can dream what a hopeless and disheartening struggle it has been to teach the government at Washington the plainest truths about anything remoter from that self-contented center than Chicago; what deathless patience and persistence it has needed to secure for the West measures of local benefit, indeed, but of essential value to the nation as a nation; how impossible it has been to convince the provincial (in or out of office) that the West is not a savage, brutal land of ruffians and Indians, but a swift-growing, highly-civilized American community, entitled to the benefits of federal government, and earning those benefits rather faster than the average moss-grown communities nearer home.

Of course, it is no child's play nor pleasure-jaupt to make a Presidential Progress across the continent. On the contrary it is cruel hard work, thanks not only to the inevitable fatigues of formal travel and the unremitting Glad Hand, but to a selfish and merciless inconsiderateness which we may reasonably expect the American people to outgrow with longer maturity. But hard as it is, it is a debt to the people he serves, and a plain obligation of "business" and self-development, that the Presi-

HARD,
BUT
PROFITABLE.

dent of the United States should know his country. Merely as a political move, it is the part of common wisdom. With all its fatigues, it is full of interest and instruction; and from a higher point of view there is no reasonable doubt that it is a duty. The President is entitled to know his people; the people are entitled to know their President. This grab-bag business of having an executive of whom we know nothing except what the party papers prefer to tell us, and of his directing legislation for a people of whose environment, needs and thought he is blissfully ignorant—from neither side is this good democracy. If not a statutory requirement, it should be an unwritten law that every President of the United States shall, not later than his first year in office, visit, if not every State, at least every section, of the Union. It would be better, no doubt, if we might have this Swinging 'round the Circle during the campaign itself, and come back to the good old fashion of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, instead of throwing electoral dice in the dark; but if this cannot be, and if candidates and campaigns must be pre-digested and canned for us by the party bosses, leaving us to find out only afterward what sort of a man we have bought in the political poke, a post-inaugural visitation would do very well. A President's first year goes largely to getting the ropes, anyhow; and there are no more important ropes to learn than the people. Probably also, if this were a regular feature, the procession would come not to be so serious a crowding of the chief mourner as it now is, and American multitudes would learn a little more mercy to their guest. At any rate, there is every reason why this Meeting-up of the President and the people should be made habitual. And the example of President Roosevelt in this record-breaking round of Getting Acquainted will make it difficult for his successors to shirk the like obligation or neglect the like advantage.

"LOST
IN THE
SHUFFLE?"

It is a complicated question, and one in which the Lion as yet knows too little to take sides; but is a matter so important, not only in its local but in its national bearings, as to demand full daylight; and there has seemed to be, of late, a disposition to drop the curtains and step around tiptoe. On one side the sleeper there is the consensus of many able gentlemen whom the Lion knows and respects; on the other nothing but a small voice of protest crying in the wilderness; and the natural disposition with regard to the building of the first government reservoir in Arizona under the National Irrigation Act is to side with Things as they Are. But on the other hand, no concatenation of numbers or of friendship or of authority can make a thing true which is not true; and as the present harmonious promoters of the Tonto Reservoir were only a few months ago moving heaven and earth for the San Carlos Reservoir, and have absolutely reversed their own previous decisions, it seems not unreasonable to ask a little more explicit showing by them of the reasons for so sudden and complete conversion.

Everybody remembers, of course, that the very forefront of National Irrigation was the San Carlos Reservoir. It was urged and argued with all the eloquence of the irrigation crusade, and

with the added plea of humanity. It was not only to be a great exemplar of the noble National Irrigation policy of reclaiming arid public lands in order that home-seekers might find homes; it was also to succor something like 7000 Pima Indians whose services to the government and to Arizona as against the hostile Apaches are historic, and who are starving because deprived of their water by white settlers. Indian Associations, church and missionary and philanthropic associations were harnessed to the car of National Irrigation, under the plea of relieving these Indians; and if it had not been for this influence it is not too much to say that the whole National Irrigation movement would have been handicapped by several years. The Geological Survey, assisted by Consulting Engineer James D. Schuyler, probably the leading living authority on storage dams, exhaustively and expertly examined the San Carlos site, and unhesitatingly and fully endorsed it. It was just the place to initiate the government's great plan. Nobody ever heard of anything else, in the days of struggle, as a reservoir site in Arizona.

But as soon as the National Irrigation measure was passed, there was a sudden cessation of aching for the starved Pimas; and the Salt River Valley, with its 20,000 Live Americans and the fertile irrigated farms of Phoenix and vicinity, suddenly loomed up as beneficiary in the place of the Indians; and at this writing, though no man knoweth how it hath come about, it seems practically decided that the San Carlos reservoir is "not in it;" that the Indians may go chew cactus for their thirst, and that the Government is to spend \$2,500,000, not to reclaim public lands, but to improve the present property of private citizens of the Salt River Valley.

Now there may be very good reasons for this; and the character of men like Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Newell, and others in the forefront of the change, is of course very strong evidence that there *are* good reasons. But pray let us know what these reasons are. This maiden work of the government in National Irrigation concerns a good deal more than the Pima Indians, or the Salt River Valley Americans, or the National Irrigation Association, or any man, or any set of men, in the Geological Survey, or in the campaign for the reclamation of the arid West. It bites to the very heart of the whole question. It is charged (and so far as the Lion knows is not contradicted) that there are in the Salt River Valley 50,000 acres more land now under private ownership than the whole reservoir can serve when built. If this is true, it means, as anyone can perceive, that not an acre of public land will be made available for the homesteader. Vested rights must be preserved first, and should be; but the object of the National Irrigation Act was not exactly to double the value of property already held by a community as prosperous as that of the Salt River Valley, nor of Pasadena, nor of Los Angeles, nor of any other place. There are probably few localities in which private holdings will not be benefited by whatsoever scheme of government improvements; but the improvements were asked for and were legalized—and are going to be made, unless the whole thing is to end in ignominy and failure—to make available for new home-seekers the

now unproductive millions of arid acres in the West. It is on this basis that Eastern manufacturers and business men have been appealed to. It is the only generic basis on which sane and honorable men can be appealed to; and it will have to be lived up to.

Under the San Carlos reservoir there is a large amount of public land; the total ownership of private land being about 20,000 acres. There is no doubt that the Pima Indians are suffering because of the diversion of their water. There is no doubt that they merit decent treatment by the Government. There is very serious doubt in the Lion's mind whether these Indians can be supplied (as claimed) from the Tonto reservoir, which lies in a different watershed. It is doubtful if water could legally be diverted from suffering lands in the same Valley as the reservoir, and carried to another valley for Indians; and it is more than doubtful whether the rich and alert American interests about Phoenix would leave a drop of water for the Indians while 50,000 acres privately owned in their own valley went dry. It is also more than doubtful whether there is any remote chance of building both reservoirs within a reasonable term.

The fight for the San Carlos reservoir—the entering wedge of National Irrigation—has been on for seven or eight years. That there are no financial or engineering obstacles to the construction of this reservoir, is of record in abundant official reports. If the gentlemen who made these reports were mistaken then, they may be mistaken now; and they should at least explain how they came to blunder. This is not a case for “Sh! Keep Still, and it will all come out right.” If there is anything anywhere which ought to have full publicity, it is this very matter. It is the beginning and the test of the greatest and farthest-reaching enterprise ever begun by the Government of the United States; and on its outcome will largely depend the future of National Irrigation—and that means, in a serious sense, the future of the nation. If it turns out that the measure is merely a snap for speculators, or a Reward of Merit to those who have orange groves and alfalfa fields, it will not long endure as a national policy. We are not quite ready to Pension all Farmers.

Of course the charges which are made directly and clearly by the Casa Grande Valley Water Users's Association* may be all false; but they call for explanation. They are corroborated by many facts of general notoriety; and the friends of National Irrigation cannot better serve their cause than by making it visibly clear why they (or their leaders) have so suddenly Swapped Ends with themselves; how, when and wherefore San Carlos and its 7000 Starving Pimas fell through the stage without the creak of a board, and in its place, swift, rubber-soled and by no means emaciated, Phoenix stands demure at the footlights, her apron up for the First Ripe Plum.

Meantime it seems clear that the Department of the Interior should not clinch the Tonto Reservoir matter without searching investigation and cross-examination.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

*Embodied in a pamphlet, “Shall the National Irrigation Law be Used as a Great Graft?” which can be had of Dr. G. M. Brockway or Chas. D. Reppy, Florence, Ariz.

appearing. Here for the first time there is made accessible to the English reader (or for that matter to the reader in any language, except at prohibitive cost) an adequate presentation of the historic fact concerning the Filipino peoples and their country—the truth of the social, economic, commercial, political and religious conditions in the Archipelago during more than three hundred years from the earliest date at which it was added to European reasons for breaking the Tenth Commandment. Nor is the record as here given distorted ever so slightly by the inability of one century to comprehend the circumstances, ideals and points of view of another, since it runs *in ipsissima verba*, as nearly as may be—that is, in scholarly and painstaking translation—of those who planned and saw and did the things recounted.

The mere bulk of the work—55 octavo volumes, of some 325 pages each—will be staggering to such “statesmen” and “intelligent voters” as have predicated an acceptable Philippine policy upon the assumption of a comparatively unknown country, occupied by semi-civilized and barbaric tribes, held by brutal force of arms, and without any history worth mentioning. Yet only the most important documents and books are published, and many of these in abstract only. More impressive to the informed student will be a consideration of the patient combing of the archives and libraries of many nations—Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Italy, France, England, the United States and the Philippines—required to collect the vast mass of material available, and the quite as patient and even more discriminating labor of sifting out that which is most vitally significant. The final selections include reports from the Catholic missionaries and church authorities, descriptive accounts written both by the early navigators and explorers and by foreign travelers of many nationalities, reports and letters from Spanish officials, royal decrees and papal bulls and briefs. The period covered is that from 1493—the year of the Bull of Demarcation of Pope Alexander VI, which was later assumed to have “divided the world between Portugal and Spain like an orange”—to 1803, thus including much the greater part of the Spanish regime. During this time, Spanish rulers and Spanish missionaries had “raised a congeries of Malay tribes to Christian civilization, and secured for them as happy and peaceful an existence on as high a plane as has yet been attained by any people of color anywhere in the world, or by any orientals for any such length of time. . . . It tamed their lives, elevated the status of women, established the Christian family, and gave them the literature of the devotional life.” I quote from the Historical Introduction to the Series, by Edward Gaylord Bourne, Professor of History in Yale University—as balanced, inseeing, compact and comprehensive a bit of work as could be desired.

Most of the books included have never been printed in English, and some of them are of the greatest rarity. Very many of the documents are

published for the first time in any language; and obviously, as a whole, they have not been within the reach of even the most careful and learned student. A few are published bi-lingually, the English version facing the transliteration of the original. The illustration, not profuse but exceedingly choice, consists of portraits, views of churches, convents and other buildings, maps and plans, fac-similes of writing, etc., which have been selected in every case for their historic value. The editors are Emma Helen Blair, for six years principal assistant to Dr. Thwaites upon the monumental *Jesuit Relations*, and James Alexander Robertson; with introduction and notes by Prof. Bourne, and special contributions by others of the first authority. Only one thousand numbered sets will be issued—and since the work will be absolutely indispensable, not only to reference libraries but to anyone who would deal intelligently with Philippine problems, whether social, economic or political, these ought not long to be open for subscription. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. \$4 per volume, *net*. Orders taken only for the entire series.

BLIND,

YET SHE

Pretty certainly, no other woman of twenty-two was ever so widely known by reason of her personal achievement as Helen SMITH. Keller—the girl to whom neither light nor sound has carried the slightest message since she was less than two years old; who, just before seven, not only could not speak but had not the slightest knowledge of any word or its use—not even of “Mother;” at nine could write with her own hand to Whittier, “I love you very dearly because you have taught me so many lovely things about flowers and birds, and people” and at just eighteen passed her entrance examinations to Radcliffe College in Greek, Latin, Geometry and Algebra. Here, surely, Dominic Sampson’s favorite “Pro-di-gi-ous!” fits precisely. Any halfway competent record of such a victory as this in the teeth of such grim opponents would be important and interesting. As told, mostly by herself, in *The Story of My Life*, it is much more than absorbing. It is hard to say which of the three parts of the book is of most value—her formal autobiography, the selections from her letters, or the “Supplementary Account,” written by the editor of the volume, John Albert Macy, but drawn largely from the contemporaneous records of the devoted teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan; to describe whom with exactness I am driven to the reverent Hebrew phrase for whatever messenger brought, as by a miracle, from Somewhere Else to a human soul, inspiration and hope, truth and light—an Angel of God.

The book is not one to sum up, still less to criticise, but to read. Nor can anyone, young or old, who could fail to get both profit and pleasure from the reading, fairly claim any legitimate title to read at all. Yet three comments insist upon utterance. One touches the entire absence of guah and “hifalutin” in this story of achievement without precedent. Infinitely more gaudy coronals of noun, adjective, and exclamation point have been woven for the brow of, say, a gentleman who swam (or didn’t swim, perhaps—since authorities differ) a river, in the face of an enemy who couldn’t hit a flock of whales, than are here suggested for the teacher and pupil who together have set a new mark for the possibilities of education. The second notes that not one of these four hundred and odd pages sweeps the chord of sorrowful sympathy for the girl so tragically imprisoned of the senses. Nowhere does she pose, or allow herself to be posed, as a pathetic figure. Everywhere she is seen eager, joyous, triumphant. And, finally, her accomplishment stands as one of the supreme examples of the power of patient concentration. The infinite hunger to know, shared according to their kind by all that draw the breath of life, found in Helen Keller the accustomed channels for winning its allotted meat quite closed. When the miracle was wrought and a way was opened, all the dammed-up energy of the up-springing life poured through it in a torrent to be resisted of no obstacle, and with a solvent and assimilating force against which nothing could long remain refractory. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50 *net*.

JUSTIFIED
IN THE

OUTCOME.

A Journey to Nature—that clever story of the Wall Street man who was shooed away from his wonted perch by his physician, and to his amazement found that life was actually endurable a hundred miles away from the ticker—now appears elegantly and fitly gowned in a beautiful illustrated edition. During the speculation as to the identity of the author, the opinion was hazarded in these columns that

"J. P. Mowbray" concealed "a very recent Mrs.," and some evidence was offered from a subsequent story in similar vein. With the announcement of the death of A. C. Wheeler, veteran journalist, critic and novel-writer, came the revelation that he was "J. P. M."—and the guess looked like a very wild shot. But now the publishers state that his young wife had "collaborated" in the work over that signature, which makes it evident that it had at least "grazed the gold." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$3.50 net.

With the same name on the title-page, and probably the last book which will bear it—unless the brilliant essays on books and writers are collected, as they deserve, from the pages of the *Critic*—is *The Conquering of Kate*. It is a bright, ingenious and carrying love story of the early 70's. A beautiful but unreconciled Virginian, heiress to a noble, but mortgaged and unproductive, estate, and a keen and practical Northern civil engineer claim the majority of the attention, though there are a number of other well-drawn characters. He reconciles her finally, after complications quite out of the ordinary. If the author had only told in detail the methods by which John Burt was able to turn \$300 of Kate's money into \$10,000 by legitimate investment within a few weeks, it would gratify a reasonable curiosity. At any rate, it seems clear that the lady was warranted in concluding that she had found "a good provider," though she is not allowed to say so. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

The purpose with which Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, of the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, has written *Funds and Their Uses* has been to give a wide survey of the field of private finance—which he defines as the getting and spending of funds for private enterprise—leaving the more technical detail of financing for later treatment. Dr. Cleveland is an entirely competent authority, yet he apparently slips in stating (pages 26-7) as to nickels, pennies and other "token money," that "the Government agrees to exchange for gold coins at the rate stamped on their faces," without explaining that the "agreement" is a matter of Treasury Regulation, not of specific legislation. To my enquiry on this point, the Treasurer of the United States responds by reference to that clause in the Act of March 14, 1900, providing that all forms of money shall be kept on a parity with gold. Yet the same Treasury Regulation (of March 23, 1900) which provides for the exchange of subsidiary coins into "lawful money," stipulates (and in capital letters) "STANDARD SILVER DOLLARS—into silver certificates only." Certainly the mandate of March 14th, 1900, cannot be both compulsory and optional. Again he says, (pages 63-4) that the object of "crossing" a check is to have it "first presented to a bank to whom the payee is known, and whose indorsement will be accepted as a guarantee of the credit of the maker." If the question of anyone's credit is involved in the use of a "crossed check," it is that of the endorser, not the drawer. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net, postage 12c.

Clarence Moores Weed treats of the decorative arrangement of flowers, in *The Flower Beautiful*, with absorbed enthusiasm and conviction, hardly lessened as he considers the vases, jars and jugs appropriate for each flower after its kind. He is scornful as to the "bouquet," counting the Japanese fashion of so setting a single spray, or a very few, as to form a true picture, infinitely the more artistic. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful, and there can be no question as to the author's authority within this field. If any crude minds fail to appreciate

Such a judge of blue-and-white, and other kinds of pottery—
From early Oriental down to modern terra-cotta-ry.

I can prescribe nothing better than to "cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$2.50 net; postage 17 cents.

The new series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" is auspiciously introduced by Owen Wister's *Philosophy 4*. The story details the brilliantly successful struggle of a couple of Harvard students to prepare themselves for an examination, after their tutor had abandoned them in complacent despair, by a course of "original research." A little dinner of rare excellence, appropriately washed down, was one of

the early steps, which led to their ability to discuss such questions as the Nature of the Ego, Double Personality, and the Kantian theory of Time and Space, the next day, to the entire satisfaction of the examiner. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

It was a daring venture, and to be justified only of the result, to make Geoffrey Chaucer the central figure in a comedy in verse, and to surround him with his

Wel nyne and twenty in a companye
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe.

Percy Mackaye so justifies it in *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. His touch is light and sure, his verse graceful and musical, and there is, withal, a grateful flavor of scholarship, neither obtrusive nor insistent, but quite indispensable to a genuine "atmosphere." The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

Almost forty years have passed since the mountain trips recorded by Clarence King in *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*—he was assistant in the Sierra Survey, under Prof. Whitney—and more than thirty since the first edition of the book appeared. But it has lost no whit of flavor or value in the aging process, and the new edition is heartily welcome. Indeed, I know of no more recent treatment of the subject which surpasses it in fine quality or live interest—always excepting the quite incomparable work of John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The Success of Mark Wyngate, as told by Una L. Silberrad, is the story of a young scientist who struggles through bitter obstacles to brilliant achievement, inspired only by ambition and the zeal of the student; and of the girl who fights at his side, just for love of the man, and finally throws away her life to save his career from wreck. It has carrying power, but the leading pair seem less close to reality than some of the minor characters. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

In *Walda*, Mary Holland Kinkaid undertakes to depict the life of a fanatical religious community of the Middle West. A wealthy "man of the world" strays in, stays long enough to win the love of the beautiful girl who has been destined for Prophetess, and carries her off with him, leaving the community "short" one Prophetess. On whatever actual observation the author based her story, it is clear that it was entirely superficial. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

Old Squire gives full proof that B. K. Benson has by no means exhausted his vein of Civil War Stories, nor does the ore show any sign of "peterin' out" either as to quantity or quality. Indeed this book seems to me an improvement on its predecessors. Mr. Benson has the knack of which Defoe was the first master, of an attention to details—minute, yet never allowed to become wearisome—which gives the effect of narrative rather than invention. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.60.

The comic note is the dominant one in "Joe" Lincoln's *Cape Cod Ballads*, now collected from the various magazines in which they first saw the light, but pathos and sober thought are not lacking. They are attractive for their homely familiarity. The illustrations by Kemble—well, they are by Kemble, which is good enough recommendation. The book is above the average from the mechanical standpoint. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25 net.

Bradley Gilman has made, in *Ronald Carnaquay*, a distinctly penetrating study of two contrasted types of clergymen—the fluent, suave and commercially-minded as against the man with the true longing of the shepherd. Each acquires, or is acquired by, the congregation for which he is best fitted. The book is sufficiently caustic, without any trace of ill-temper or passion. The story is not more elaborate than is necessary to carry the purpose. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Elizabeth and Joseph Grinnell add another to their intimate and friendly "bird books," with *Stories of our Western Birds*. It is illustrated partly from photographs taken by the authors, partly from drawings by W. K. Fisher, of Stanford University. Issued in the "Western Series of Readers," it is intended primarily for school use, but its instruction is sufficiently flavored with pleasant entertainment to take away the un-

pleasant tang of "lessons." The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 50 cents.

Evidence accumulates that magazine publication is not an entirely satisfying branch of a department store. John Wanamaker has now transferred the ownership of "Everybody's Magazine" to the Ridgway-Thayer Co., which is composed of gentlemen who know something about the business. It has been a pretty fair sample of the ten-cent popular monthly, but the new owners expect to make it a good deal better—and will do so if they adhere to the lines indicated in the announcement of the purchase.

Tonti and La Salle are the leading figures in W. R. A. Wilson's *Rose of Normandy*, the scene shifting early from France to Canada. Indians, Jesuits, jealous rivals and misunderstandings make quite sufficient trouble for Tonti before he succeeds in plucking his Rose, even though she had followed him across seas. The 13-year-old who has appointed himself my voluntary assistant on "books that a boy'd like," says, "Fine! Lemme keep it!" Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A Plea for Hardy Plants, by J. Wilkinson Elliott, is the very effective statement by a landscape architect of the need and uses of his profession. It expressly denies an intention to teach the art, yet gives many valuable suggestions concerning it. The illustrations of the book are of most unusual excellence, as is also true of its entire format. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.60 net.

Kipling's *Just So Stories*, are now collected into a book which will delight every youngster and some of the oldsters. "Unique" is a mild word to apply to the illustrations, which Mr. Kipling did not trust to any less sympathetic hands than his own. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.20 net.

Richmond just before its occupation by the Federal troops is the scene of Joseph A. Altsheler's *Before the Dawn*. Both as to plan and execution the story is well-done. The pictures of the men who played the leading parts in the grim drama that was actually played on that stage seem well-drawn. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

The California Promotion Committee has just published an excellent map of the State, 23x27 inches, in colors. With it is a list of the chief products and industries of California, classified by location, and statistical matter brought down to date. It can be had gratis and post-free from the publishers, 27 New Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Felicitas, translated from the German of Felix Dahn, by Mary J. Safford, is offered as a "dainty little idyl of the period when the wave of German conquest was sweeping over the region which imperial Rome had ruled so long." With which description there is no serious occasion for quarrel. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

The Spoilsmen, by Elliott Flower, is a well-drawn story of what happens—or used to happen, since there are rumors that things have changed—to a really honest man who has been tempted to become a Chicago alderman, both during his campaign and afterward. It seems authentic, and is set off by a pleasant love episode. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Thrilling adventure, and plenty of it, forms the larger part of the bill of fare in Olin L. Lyman's *The Trail of the Grand Seigneur*. The scene is laid at the foot of Lake Ontario, during the war of 1812. The New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Lane That Had No Turning shows Gilbert Parker at very nearly his best. It is now published in fittingly beautiful form. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.

Cap'n Titus consists of eleven amusing little dialect tales of a New England seacoast town, by Clay Emery. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.00 net.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

SOME PHILIPPINE QUESTIONS.

By JAMES A. LEROY.

IT is now five years since we became entangled in the affairs of the Philippines. During these years we have weathered many storms of bitter partisan discussion, and men still differ both as to the causes which took us there and as to our future "Philippine policy." This is quite natural, proper and desirable. But it is neither proper nor desirable that there should be—as there is—even greater divergence of opinion as to the *facts*—the facts connected with our entry into the Archipelago, the insurrection, the conduct of our troops, the status and character of the natives, and, above all, as to the actual situation in the islands regarding peace for the present and the Filipino ideals for the future. There ought not to be such room for difference as to the facts; opinions will differ, and it is well so, but they cannot be justly formed unless based upon knowledge. And time enough has now elapsed so that the facts should be well and generally known. Why are they not? Why is the reading, inquiring citizen forced, when he hears constantly such conflicting testimony, to say, "I wish I knew whom to believe about this Philippine business?"

In the first place, the "shut-up" policy adopted in Washington in 1898 and the censorship under General Otis at Manila are primarily to blame. Generally the public became suspicious of all official sources of information on Philippine matters. This thorough-going skepticism has lasted beyond the times and the men who first gave occasion for it. The second Philippine Commission, sent out under Secretary Root in 1900, has been very frank and candid in its published reports and otherwise. Governor Taft adopted from the first an entirely different policy from that hitherto pursued in the Philippines in the matter of giving out news. Partly influenced by this fact, General MacArthur relaxed the censorship of cabled matter. It was entirely abolished, of course, when Manila came under full civil government on August 7, 1901. Yet Governor Taft has suffered from the public impression previously created. When a man of his standing and character makes an official statement it should be above skepticism; when he expresses an opinion, advocates a policy or hazards (more rarely) a prediction, such utterances should carry much weight with his countrymen. Not barring the possibility of difference of opinion, to be sure, for no man is infallible; but it should be regarded as having all the presumptions in its favor. Unquestionably, this man's utterances have greater weight than those of any one else who has been connected with Philippine administration. Yet one can always hear a chorus of doubters say, "Oh, Taft's talking optimism because he's Governor. You can't believe official reports." Had President McKinley from the first taken the people into his confidence there would not be this skepticism.

Secondly, the leading newspapers, reviews and magazines of the United States are to blame for much of the uncertainty in the public mind about the "facts in the Philippines." The editors have not done, and are not doing, their duty in this matter. Say this to one of that coterie of omniscient gentlemen who sit in walled-in dens in New York city and pretend to know "public opinion" in this great and varied country (yet usually see little that does not center between the Battery and Harlem), and he will

Mr. Leroy was with the second Philippine Commission from its appointment till January, 1902, as private secretary to Dean C. Worcester, now Secretary of the Interior in the Insular Government. He resigned on account of ill-health. Both Governor Taft and Secretary Worcester testify unequivocally to his ability, integrity, discretion and intimate knowledge of Philippine affairs.—Ed.

reply, "The Philippines have been written out. Too much published on them, in fact. The public is tired of hearing about them. If there was active insurrection going on, something picturesque, there would be no lack of interest. But the public does not want to hear about routine matters."

This last is a rather grave accusation to bring against the people of a republic which is charged with the welfare of some eight million human beings. Will anyone who has faith in our country and its institutions believe it?

Let us see if we can sustain our charges in the face of this plea of "not guilty" by the editors. We might agree that "too much has been published on the Philippines"—of the sort that some of our most serious publications have found space for. But the Philippines, so far from being a field "written out," have only been *skimmed* by the pens of the moment. This is true in whatsoever line you look—politically, ethnologically, scientifically in general, or from a purely literary point of view. But we are confining ourselves to the political aspect.

Up to the early part of 1900, there were a number of very capable correspondents of American press-agencies, weeklies and magazines in the islands. But, until active insurrection began, they were confined very closely to Manila and its environs. During 1899 they were busy telling about the progress made in quelling the insurrection. That job was still incomplete when, in June, 1900, those who had not previously left were called away for the march to Peking. They never returned; the editors thought it was getting "too tame" in the islands to keep men there who should tell of the pacificatory work of Governor Taft and his colleagues; of the new framework of government, municipal and provincial, which they were building up (something absolutely unique and untried in the Orient); and of the "inside history" of the formation of the Federal party, which should, working among the natives on the case of the Commission's concessions of self-government, bring recalcitrants to surrender. That history has never yet been written, and the American public has never been made to appreciate the subtle change of sentiment among the Filipinos which marked the very closing days of 1900 and the early half of 1901 in most parts of the Archipelago.

There were correspondents in Manila—yes! The Associated Press, representing practically all the daily newspapers of importance in the United States, had *one* man in Manila, made frequent changes, and sometimes was represented by a man who could not speak Spanish! The New York *Sun*, because not a member of the Associated Press, has also kept one man in Manila since the departure of its chief correspondent to China. From September, 1901, to June, 1902, the Associated Press representative was the man who, calling himself "Bellaires," recently attacked Governor Taft in a book on the Philippines, being bitter because of his recall. He was a flatterer and satellite of General Chaffee, and regularly colored his dispatches with a view to discrediting the civil government in this country.

Surely it was as important for the people at home to know what sort of a governmental regime we were setting up in the Philippines in 1900 and 1901, how the plans for self-government (limited, indeed, but nothing short of epoch-making among the Malays) were being carried out, as it was to know the "details" of Funstons' alleged swimming feats or of the numerous imitation battles of 1899. In future history, which will be the important year in Philippine history, 1899, or 1901 bringing the inauguration of Taft as Civil Governor? Certainly there should have been, representing our press in the Philippines in late 1900 and in 1901, at least one man broadly equipped to tell the story of the *constructive* work there going on,

as compared with the previous *destructive* period, keenly conversant with the situation, in touch with American governmental authority in the islands, a thorough-going American at home, knowing his country's history and her traditions and sentiments, and, by no means least, a man of sufficient breadth of sympathy to realize the sentiments of the natives and to feel their pulse—a man who neglected no avenue of information which should tell him what they were thinking and doing. There should, in fact, have been a dozen such men representing the American news institutions which pretend, if not to mold public opinion, at least intelligently to inform the public. From the combined testimony of such impartial observers we should have been able to keep close and accurate check on the progress of affairs in our new Oriental world. But there was not even *one* such man.

I have hinted at what has been missed by the American public of the story of pacification in the islands. But the failures are not all in the past. We are at this moment receiving entirely inadequate service of cable news from the islands, and we are getting no illuminating comment such as might come by mail. The interested citizen is left to patch up his story of events over there as best he may from scattering, insufficient and oft-times badly edited little cablegrams, interviews with returned army officers (frequently cherishing a prejudice or concealing an axe they would grind), helter-skelter comment in the editorial columns written by men no better posted than he, etc. "Nobody is interested in the Philippines," so the editors are going to wait until something scandalous or sensational, like the "water-cure," comes up, then give their readers information and exaggeration in chunks, so intermingled that no one can discriminate, and so distorted by partisan debate that the weary citizen can only sigh: "I wish we had never got into this Philippine mess." Then the editors will fold their hands, placid in the conviction that they have done their duty and content to await another Philippine sensation before they are ready to open their columns to more than the most meager little items.

This is not exaggeration at all. For him who knew anything at all about the merits of the question, the mass of editorial comment in this country last summer during the "friar negotiations" at Rome was puerile, ignorant, pitiable. During the past year the American Review, which, perhaps, holds the leading position in its class in the country, has published, anent the Philippines, one article abstracting the legislation by Congress, and two articles which were a jumble of plagiarized inaccuracies by a discredited "war correspondent," who jumped into the Islands, chatted with officer-acquaintances over Scotch highballs and jumped home again. Would the English reviews be so remiss in their duty, on any question having the relative importance for England that this Philippine question has for us?

At one time, in December last, it looked as though the Catholic schism in the Philippines, the native priests' "Philippine Independent Church," which is a new form of the anti-friar movement, might result in a new outbreak of general disorder in the Islands. Suppose it had: How many in the United States would have understood the nature of this movement, the character of its leaders, and its significance in general, not as an attack on American authority, but on the friars? How many editorial wiseacres would have gone astray in writing about it? Furthermore, what have we heard of the adroit diplomacy of Governor Taft which has averted the disorder which seemed certain to arise? What have we been told of the irritant effects of the Pope's Bull in the Philippines? How many in the States know that the schismatics have won a majority of followers

in at least half the Christianized provinces? That Monsignor Guidi's mission as a conciliator is already a failure, unless he performs herculean labors as a diplomatist, or there is a right-about-face at Rome? That Rome is already able to see that it was a mistake not to take Taft's offers outright last July? There are sensational developments possible at any time in the Philippines, touching this matter. Why are not our newspapers, magazines, etc., in touch with the situation?

Had there not been so much mysteriousness at Washington in the early days of this Philippine business, and had our press done its duty since, we should be clear on many points just now mooted or altogether in the dark. We should know that George Dewey, who prepared for and fought out a clean victory (though by no means "the most marvellous naval battle ever known"), was in no way a statesman; that he was unable to look ahead and see what we should inevitably be called upon to do in those waters; that he, in little ways, made it possible for the wily insurgent leaders to boast of an alliance and made our position doubtful in the eyes of other nations gathered there; and that the resulting unpleasant feeling between Germans and Americans was partly our own fault, and was largely the work of London press agents, assisted by the sensationalism of part of our own press. We should know that the "shut-up" policy at Washington and the "drift" policy both at Washington and Manila, brought on a war with the Filipinos, which could most probably have been averted. We should know that the conduct of our soldiery shut up in Manila in 1898 did us no good in the eyes of the temperate natives. We should know that the military authorities—our sole agents in charge until after the insurrection began, though the last men in the world fitted by training and temperament for so delicate a task—prepared for trouble more diligently and more intelligently than they sought peace; that the commander, Otis, was too small-minded, anyway, to grasp the situation; that nearly all of the reasonable, conservative men of influence, whom we might, up to December, 1898, have won over, had some *statesmen*, or men of affairs only, been on the ground, authorized to speak definitely for us, gradually drifted away from us, because of the vagueness and vacillation of Washington's position.

We should know, too, that Otis's foolish toying with Monsignor Chapelle, and a dozen similar things, were used by the insurgent leaders as proofs that the United States, like Spain, would be "led by the nose by the friars," and that the friars would be brought back to their parishes under protection of our guns; and that this belief was widespread among the people, led to the prolonging of the opposition to us, and had to be combated by the Taft Commission from the first. (He who doesn't know that this "friar question" is at the bottom of the Philippine insurrections, from 1896 on, has not yet begun to master the situation).

We should know that such speeches as that of Beveridge, who saw the glitter of jewels and the gleam of riches untold every time he thought of the United States in the Philippines did us more harm among the Filipinos than all the talk of Senator Hoar. The latter's speeches were used to bolster the insurgent cause before the election of 1900, beyond doubt; but, when it was all over, it was possible to point out to the Filipinos that Hoar was still a good American citizen, that he acquiesced in the verdict of the majority, that the anti-imperialists at home had no thought of fighting against their government, and that this peaceful acquiescence of the minority is what makes a government like ours possible. But the Beveridge speech was translated into Spanish, scattered everywhere, and is still doing us harm in the Islands. It spells "exploitation," the fear of which is very lively among the Filipinos, and the speeches of its champions on this side you cannot explain away over there.

To continue our supposition that we had all the time been getting full information from the Philippines: We should know that General MacArthur, during the session of Congress of 1900-1901, sent some very pessimistic reports about the situation, that were calculated to lead the public to think we had fighting on our hands for years to come, and to hasten the passage of the new Army Bill, whereby Arthur MacArthur, Major-General U. S. V., became Arthur MacArthur, Major-General U. S. A. We should know that, at the very time he sent that report, there had been a radical change in Filipino sentiment, and we should have been able to appreciate his "straddle" on the question later on. We should know that the

Federal Party was the main instrumentality in this change of sentiment, not so much in bringing it about as in affording it a channel for expression. We should know that the policy of conciliation and the liberal measures of the Commission were then beginning to bear their fruit. We should know that MacArthur is entitled to credit for a new "war policy of backbone," adopted just then, which made most of those unreachable by conciliation promptly tired of fighting. We should know what measure of credit to give to the Army for this vigorous campaign of early 1901. We should know, too, that the capture of Aguinaldo was a minor matter in the whole movement—a significant occurrence only as helping along the whole-sale surrenders already being received. We should know that MacArthur unduly exalted Aguinaldo before his people by attentions no other prisoner had received, even wishing to bring him to the United States, like a Roman conqueror with a victim at his chariot-wheel. We should know a good many other things enabling us to put a right estimate on General Arthur MacArthur and his opinions and sayings.

We should know, further, that a great majority of the Army men, jealous of seeing authority taken from the military and given to the civil establishment, exerted themselves in many ways to block the wheels of the new civil government, instead of patriotically seeking to carry out the will of their Commander-in-Chief, even though they thought civil government impracticable. We should know that the conferring of confidence and authority on natives by the civil government made many such men furious with hatred at the "niggers." We should know that the belated Samar campaign was, on this account, and because guided by a "Jake" Smith, under the full authorization of Adna R. Chaffee, carried on with a virulence hitherto unknown in our campaigns in the Archipelago. We should know that Chaffee is not blameless in this matter (if General Smith had "squealed").

We should know, quite as well, that there was tremendous partisan exaggeration of the "water-cure" matter in this country. We should have known that this was going on long before, and it would have been checked before it went as far as it did. As it is, the wave of exaggeration has helped make it possible for court-martials to "whitewash" some of the men who needed discipline; and the Army, which is, needless to say, not made up of brutes, has not got the "shaking up" which it still needs.


We should also had we been better able to follow events in the Islands because better posted, have placed great significance, as did the Filipinos, on the utterances of Governor Taft upon his return to Manila last August. He had been in this country and had exchanged views and discussed policies with the man who, since Taft and his colleagues were sent out, has come into the Presidency. We no longer have a "shut-up" policy at Washington. Governor Taft told the Filipinos, which is just the line of thought agreeable to him as an American citizen, not anxious to see this country embark on colonizing schemes, that it would sometime, no one can tell when, be for them to decide, along with us, whether they wished to seek statehood (the least probable outcome), to have some such government as Australia or Canada, or to go it alone (with our uplifted hand warning other nations to keep away). That means an end to the talk that "the Philippine question is settled for once and all." It has never yet come to a fair test, and it is impossible as yet to frame it. We must simply go along, meeting difficulties as they arise, and sometime, sooner perhaps than we think, the future status of the Philippines will be determined by the suffrages of their citizens on one side and of ours on the other. At last, we are dealing freely and frankly with the Filipinos.

And they are realizing more and more the significance of the new regime, which had its beginnings back in 1900, and was fully ratified and established this past year. There are political parties (more or less inchoate as yet, to be sure) in the Islands, standing for statehood, for "autonomy" under a protectorate and for full independence, the latter distinctly avowing its intention to work by peaceable means, and having the sanction of Governor Taft. If we got proper returns from the Islands, we should hear a little about such things as this, as well as about petty fights with bands of "ladrones," and we should know enough not to smell a general uprising every time we read of such a collision.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

SHALL IRELAND MAKE US ASHAMED?

 CAN Americans sit at the feet of Ireland and learn lessons of wisdom, of justice, of humanity? The thought is somewhat startling, even humiliating. We like to think of the United States as foremost among nations; the name of Ireland has for centuries been synonymous with despair. While the United States has gained population by leaps and bounds, Ireland has been unable even to hold her own. Her population has fallen from over eight million to less than four million. And wherever her sons have gone they have carried her ancient grief in their hearts and told the story of her ancient wrong. The wonderful growth of the United States presents the strongest possible contrast to the decline of Ireland. Our prosperity has not only been sufficient to sustain the native born with its natural increase, but great enough to share generously with tens of millions of adopted sons from over the sea. How, then, can we hope to learn lessons from the distracted, down-trodden and hitherto hopeless country which lies in the embrace of the Four Seas?

The morning of the new century has dawned on a New Ireland. Thus it singularly happens that British statesmanship and British public opinion are engaged in a task very similar to that which now demands the attention of American statesmanship and American public opinion in the sparsely-settled States and Territories of the West. The chief difference is that in Ireland the work to be done is the remaking of an old country, while here it is the creation of a new country, whose social and industrial institutions must be adapted to a peculiar environment. Ireland has the advantage of walking in the light of experience, terrible and bitter though that experience has been. But the world learns only through suffering. What has Ireland learned? Something that she can teach Americans, particularly those Americans whom God has entrusted with the responsibilities of fore-fatherhood in what is to be incomparably the greatest and most powerful section of our country.

RISE
OF A NEW
IRELAND.

LESSONS LEARNED
FROM THE
CENTURIES.

Three lessons Ireland has learned in sorrow and in tears—three lessons burned into the hearts and souls of all her people and handed down from father to son through long generations.

First, that no man can be free who does not absolutely control his means of existence—that is to say, the land from which he takes his living.

Second, that when this means of existence has been acquired by others, who make him a tenant and a serf, it must be restored to those who use it, at whatever cost.

Third, that even with a foundation of landed proprietorship it is still necessary to fashion a superstructure of coöperative organization in order to secure to the laborer a just share of his product of his hand and brain.

RESTORING
LAND
TO THE PEOPLE.

And at last Ireland has taught her masters the lessons that she had learned so well. A few weeks ago Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced into the House of Commons a sweeping measure providing for the restoration of the land to the gallant and unconquerable people of the Emerald Isle. How is this to be accomplished? Not by confiscation, but by purchase. And how can the impoverished peasants raise the money to buy out the landlords? Have they the means or credit to do it? No, but the British government has the means and the credit, and by the terms of the new bill these are placed at the service of the Irish peasants. The thing will cost tens of millions of dollars. Years will be required to work out the final result. But the Truth has at last been found and recognized—and “the eternal years of God are hers.” In the historic Round Room of the Mansion House at Dublin, the representatives of the Irish people have assembled to hear and discuss the terms of Mr. Wyndham's measure. They came from all parts of the island and from all classes of the population. Redmond, Dillon, O'Brien and the other great leaders were there. And with cheers which must have been echoed by their exiled countrymen in every part of the globe, they voted to accept the proposition. The landlords accept it, too. Thus the long tragedy of injustice to Ireland reaches the beginning of the end. Home Rule has not yet been granted, but Home Rule without landed proprietorship would have been nothing but a mockery. Indeed, political independence was chiefly sought as a means to the greater end, which is economic independence. Now that the latter has been granted, it makes little difference to the world at large whether Ireland shall have a parliament of her own, or a legislature similar to those of American States, or whether, like England, Scotland and Wales,

she shall merely send her representatives to the House of Commons and leave her administration to the ministers of the Empire. These are details. The one thing which was fundamental, was that the people should control their means of existence and so be able to make their labor tell for the improvement of their own condition rather than for the support of an idle aristocracy.

What lesson is there for the American people in the story of Irish land reform? Simply this: that any step which we now take in the direction of land monopoly must be atoned in strife and bitterness, and, in the end, retraced. For here, as in Ireland, greed must finally surrender to humanity. It is bad enough to have the statistician tell us that in the last ten years the proportion of tenant farmers throughout the United States has increased from twenty-five per cent. to thirty-five per cent. This process is still going on in the richest agricultural districts and at an accelerating pace. And it is inexpressibly deplorable. But this is not the worst. The worst is that we still retain upon the statute books laws which make it possible for speculators and adventurers to acquire for a song the most valuable possessions on the public domain. By means of the Desert Land Law, and the commutation clause of the Homestead Law, millions and millions of acres which ought to be reserved for genuine homeseekers are being taken up by those who will sell them to men who must have land to support their children, or who will use them for cattle ranches, or who will farm them in great estates by the aid of servile labor, or who will rent them to a class of dependent tenants. Thus, while the Irish farmer is rising from servitude to sovereignty, we are preparing the way in this country for a new lord and a new peasant. Will the glorious triumph for humanity in Ireland shame Congress into repealing these wicked land laws? And will our statesmen also have the sense and the patriotism to repeal the Timber and Stone Act, by means of which our priceless forests are being stolen for the enrichment of lumber kings, and our watersheds converted into barren wastes? Well may we ask, Shall Ireland make us ashamed!

FOUNDING
NEW LAND
MONOPOLIES.

But this is not the only lesson which Ireland teaches us. In the arid region, which is to be the chief theater of domestic colonization in the future, land is not the paramount consideration. There is another means of existence which comes closer yet to the question of economic independence. This is the water supply. Those who should be the teachers and the leaders in these pregnant years of institution-making are seeking to impose upon California and the West

THE
ABSENTEE
WATER LORD.

laws which would give the water supply into the keeping of rich men and corporations. They would have the water owned apart from the land. They would thus create the relation of landlord and tenant, for they would have the tiller of the soil "rent" the use of the streams from those who are to "own" them. This is a form of servitude infinitely more dangerous than that which is now to be abolished in Ireland. It is more dangerous because more subtle and more difficult for the public to comprehend and appreciate. It is keenly and bitterly appreciated by those who have practical dealings with the waterlord, but the fiction of landed proprietorship where somebody else controls the water is readily used to befog and deceive the minds of those who look at it from a purely academic standpoint. Why, the very universities chiefly supported by the exploited farmers are teaching the myth to the future citizens of California and the West. They are teaching that the water-right should be "appurtenant" to the land, then supporting measures which provide that the same water-right shall be lost for failure to pay one year's "rent" promptly when due, that the amount of the "rent" shall be fixed by officials beyond the control of the people, and shall be based on the "increasing value of land and water-rights." There is freedom for you! There is economic independence! It is the same kind of freedom and economic independence—only worse—which made Ireland's grief an object of pity to the world for centuries. Will our people learn the lesson in time, or will they plant the seeds of economic wrong and leave the bitter harvest for their children to reap?

THE GREAT
LESSON OF
COÖPERATION.

But even more can the new Ireland teach the men of the West, as well as Americans in general. What little blood was left in the Irish farmer after the landlord had taken his tribute was squeezed out by the fertilizer trust, the storekeeper, the money-lender and the railroad. Little wonder that everybody left the unfortunate country who could possibly do so and that those who could not get away were soured, disheartened and rebellious. Ten years ago a new leader arose—not a political leader (though he had a seat in Parliament) but an economic leader. This was Horace Plunkett. He induced the government to send a commission to the Continent to study the methods of those countries whose farmers had beaten Ireland in her natural market, the United Kingdom. Thus was learned the great lesson of industrial coöperation. But how could this be taught in all its amplitude—in all the wealth of its delicate and intricate details—to the downtrodden and discouraged peasant farmers? That was a problem for Horace

Plunkett to solve. He did it by creating the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. (It might better have been called the Irish Constructive League.) Its first object was educational. It started a weekly newspaper, employed lecturers, held meetings throughout the country. Thus it taught the people that *they must coöperate or perish*. Next, it taught them *how to coöperate*. What is the result? Over seven hundred coöperative associations have been formed, with some seventy-five thousand share-

RT. HON. HORACE PLUNKETT, *Courtesy Review of Reviews*
Architect and Leader of New Industrial Ireland.

holding members, who represent a population of over three hundred thousand souls. This is one-sixth of the entire agricultural population. The work is now progressing at an enormous rate, and a few years hence will surely embrace practically all who get their living from the land. These coöperators have abolished the fertilizer trust, so far as they are concerned. They buy their fertilizer at wholesale as cheaply as the trusts can buy it. They have abolished the storekeeper, for they have stores of their own and purchase their supplies at wholesale prices.

They have abolished the money-lender, for they have a system of mutual credit by means of which they get financial accommodations on the same terms as other bankers. They have even brought the railroad to terms, for they ship in such large quantities that they can dictate reasonable rates. Otherwise, they would probably build railroads themselves. What a wonderful thing is this New Ireland!

GREATEST
LESSON
OF ALL.

But there is one final lesson which she teaches us. This is the fact that if a class of capitalists happen to have acquired something which is the means of existence to millions of other men it does not necessarily follow that they must continue to own it perpetually. Neither does it necessarily follow that in restoring it to those who ought never to have parted with it, injustice must be done to innocent holders. It can be bought and paid for with money—plain, common, vulgar money. Far better that than endless toll of bitter tears and broken hearts! For while individuals may be poor, communities, nations, empires are rich. The true constructive spirit does not call for confiscation. It is willing to pay, for have not the people paid always and are they not paying now? But it asks that sometime—aye, *sometime*!—they shall “let my people go.” As it is now with the Irish estates, so it must ultimately be with the California estates, with the water systems—yes, even with the melting snow and with the whispering pines upon the mountain sides.

And so we come back to the question, *Shall* Ireland make us ashamed? Shall the absorption of millions of acres of rich agricultural lands, now owned by the people in fee-simple, go on unchecked until the last acre is gone? Shall the looting of the forests continue indefinitely? And will the American farmer never have the wisdom and the genius to make himself master of those instrumentalities of exchange which can alone determine how much of his product shall go to the support of his children and to the provision for old age, and how much shall go to the support of other men's children and provision for other men's old age? Upon the answer to these questions depends the measure of economic independence which our people shall enjoy. If it shall be said in the future that the Irish farmer is a freer man than the American farmer—that he is more secure in the possession of his means of existence, more truly the master of his destiny, because of his superior control of the machinery of production and exchange—then, indeed, will every thoughtful American hang his head in shame.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

THE UNITED ORANGE GROWERS.

THE GREAT MERGER IN ITS RELATION TO COÖPERATIVE
PROGRESS.

THE orange may yet be the symbol of coöperation in the West. Or, let us say, a branch from the citrus tree with ripe fruit, snowy blossoms and deep green leaves—the fruit for achievement, the blossoms for promise, the leaves as a token of peace.

At any rate, the orange-growers have long had the right of line in the fight for better organization, and the orange groves have long been the battle ground of this feature of the economic conflict. And now something big has happened. It is nothing less than a perfect working merger of practically all the interests that have been contending for control of the orange trade. The event has created widespread interest on this side of the continent where fruit is grown, as well as on the other side where it is mostly consumed. Is it a surrender, or is it a conquest? Have the lion and the lamb lain down together? If so, which is on the inside?

These questions are natural enough when it is known that the coöperative fruit exchange and the private commission firms (commonly known as "outside shippers") have actually struck hands and propose hereafter to work together instead of working against each other.

The subject is by no means one of narrow local interest. It is national rather than provincial. It is a matter of broad economics, and not merely a matter of selling oranges. Hence, it will be studied with interest by all classes of our readers and in all parts of the country.

I.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE EXCHANGE.

The Southern California Fruit Exchange, the great central organization, which has existed for the purpose of marketing the orange crop, will be ten years old next August. The idea originated with Mr. T. H. B. Chamblin, who was at the time manager of a local exchange at Riverside. He was thus one of the pioneers of coöperation in this part of the world and deservedly enjoys the title of "Father of the Exchange."

The development of the citrus industry in California has been attended by a succession of problems. To begin with, whether oranges and lemons could be grown at all in commercial quantities was problematical. The line between frost and reasonable immunity therefrom was narrow and uncertain. Only long and costly experiment could show where it was entirely safe to plant this delicate fruit. Then, irrigation proved

an endless problem. To begin with, it was a question of where and how to get water ; next, a question of how best to apply it to obtain the most satisfactory results. But these problems were as nothing compared with another which remains long after they have been solved.

This overshadowing question is, How to get a market which will return the largest possible share of profits to the producer ? Between the producer in California and the consumer in the East, lies the better part of a continent. Between them, too, lies the railroad and the embarrassing question of transportation cost and service. Finally, there is the buyer and shipper of fruit—the middleman or commission firm who at the beginning was more than the gateway to the market. He *was* the market, so far as the grower was concerned. Selling merely on commission, he enjoyed the certainty of profits with practically no risk of losses. His interest was not always identical with that of the grower. Not high prices, but large sales, ministered most to his prosperity. He was also in a more independent position than the grower. The latter had made his investment in land and in improvements and could not readily change his occupation when it became unprofitable. Really, he was at the mercy of the middleman, without whose services he would have no market. The result was decidedly unsatisfactory to those who had created the industry of citrus fruit-growing. Finally, the situation became intolerable.

Mr. Chamblin and others felt that the remedy could only be found in coöperative organization. The growers must unite and deal with the market as a solid phalanx. They might then hope to have something to say about prices, and even exert an influence on transportation rates and quality of railroad service. Originally, it was not intended that the exchange should invade the market with a system of Eastern agencies. It would merely attempt to fix f. o. b. prices in Southern California. Mr. Chamblin's idea was that every member was entitled to furnish his pro rata of the fruit for shipment through his association, and every association to enjoy its pro rata of the various markets of the country. All fruit was to be marketed on a level basis of actual cost, and books and accounts were to be open for inspection of the members.

If all, or nearly all, of the growers had united in the exchange, the problem of markets and of good average prices might have been solved at that time. Unfortunately, the major portion of the crop was never represented in the Exchange. As an inevitable consequence, the f. o. b. method proved a failure. As soon as the Exchange announced its price,

fruit held outside of the coöperative organization was uniformly quoted and sold slightly under Exchange prices. Thus it commanded the market, and the coöperators were left "holding the bag." They were performing a philanthropic service for their neighbors, but it looked as if they could hope to receive their reward only in the next world.

There was apparently but one thing to be done. This was

T. H. B. CHAMBLIN, "Father of The Exchange."

for the Exchange to organize its own agencies throughout the country, do away with the middlemen entirely, so far as its own membership was concerned, and make a square fight for control of the business at both ends of the line. This was perhaps the greatest coöperative undertaking ever attempted in the United States. The step was forced upon the growers. In a large measure it proved successful. It brought under its banner

about 45 per cent. of all the growers. From 1895 to 1902 it did a total business of \$29,000,000. This was transacted at an average expense of about 3 per cent., and the loss by bad credits was less than one twentieth of 1 per cent. The service and the net returns were, upon the whole, satisfactory to the large membership, else it would have fallen to pieces under the fierce competition of the outside shippers. These results were chiefly due to a wise and devoted management, in which all the local Exchanges were represented, and of which A. H. Naftzger was the head. And yet it is not pretended that the Southern California Fruit Exchange succeeded in reaching a final solution of the market problem.

II.

THE MERGER—CALIFORNIA FRUIT AGENCY.

And now something very extraordinary has happened—something which was totally unexpected by the general public, yet it is the most natural thing in the world. It is, indeed, a typical result of that ceaseless grind of economic forces which is going on silently night and day, and bringing about a gradual reorganization in the business affairs of the United States.

The friends and the enemies of coöperation have come together and agreed hereafter to act—in coöperation! That is to say, the great Exchange, with its thousands of members, and its more than sixty local associations, has combined with the leading commission firms to control the market for California oranges and lemons. All the local associations remain in active operation. The central organization is still maintained, but passes into quiescence. In its place there has been erected a still more comprehensive piece of marketing machinery. This is the California Fruit Agency. It is far and away the greatest fruit-selling organization in the world. And President Naftzger stands at the head of it as the directing spirit. The two elements in the Agency are the California Fruit Exchange and the Citrus Union, the latter representing the combination of shippers.

Heretofore the citrus growers have been divided into two camps—those inside of the Exchange and those outside of it. They have represented two hostile forces, which have been used to inflict injury upon each other. This may not have been intentional on anybody's part, but it was an inevitable result of the situation. It entailed keen and ceaseless competition, and it is now pretty well established that competition means economic waste, while combination and coöperation mean economic gain. These two forces now come together in a single camp.

There is to be no more competition in buying oranges. The board of thirty-two directors is composed of representatives of local exchanges and of the principal firms and commission houses which have formerly bought fruit of the growers outside of the exchanges. These directors will fix prices, f. o. b. California, from week to week, according to the supply and market conditions. They will be in possession of all possible data and in a position to take the wisest action. They ought to be able to get the last cent for oranges that the market warrants.

The system of distribution made possible by the merger is absolutely scientific. Mr. Naftzger, and his associates in the management, will now have no excuse for glutting one market and leaving another bare. They have agents all over the field to make daily reports of the situation. They control practically every car of fruit which is to go forward. Not only can they regulate the supply with the utmost nicety to meet existing demands, but they can develop and exploit new markets almost indefinitely. The gain to growers will come in two ways. First, it is hoped that this solid working combination will make it possible to maintain better prices. But, however this may be, it is certain that the elimination of competition, and the use of one comprehensive piece of machinery in selling and distributing the entire crop, will result in a large net saving of expense. The commission houses will, of course, continue to make profits from the fruit they handle. But the coöperators will receive their share of the gains accruing from the business of the California Fruit Agency. In order to effect the merger at all, it was necessary for the Exchange to agree not to increase its membership. Those who were fortunate enough to belong before the merger took place will continue to do so, while those who did not join must remain as customers of the commission houses.

There is another possible source of gain from the merger. It may be able to obtain lower railroad rates, and can certainly demand a better service. The railroads must now deal with all the factors in the citrus fruit business as one solid unit. It would be far too optimistic to say that this solves the transportation problem, yet it is certainly a step in the right direction. The greatest shipper is always the most favored shipper. And the California Fruit Agency will have upwards of 20,000 cars to ship.

There is one factor in the situation which the merger cannot directly affect. This is the growing production of Florida. The indications are that this will become more and more

serious. The merger does, however, put the California grower in the strongest possible position to deal with this outside competition. The possibility of tariff reduction is another factor which causes some uneasiness. Cuban reciprocity is opposed by the growers generally, not so much because of the actual reduction (25 per cent.) which it makes in the present tariff, as because it is regarded as an entering wedge which may lead to more far-reaching changes.

III.

HOW FARES COÖPERATION ?

It is most interesting to consider the effect of this remarkable consolidation upon the general coöperative movement of the time. Has this movement gained or lost in consequence ?

This much is certain—it has not lost one inch of ground. Not a single coöperative association is disbanded. No General of the Army of Coöperation has delivered up his sword to the enemy. On the contrary, our modern Prince of Orange, Mr. A. H. Naftzger, takes his place at the head of the procession. Those who have carefully studied his published papers and addresses during the past ten years will freely admit that the merger is not what he would regard as the ideal outcome. But who shall say that it is the *final* outcome ? We are making history very rapidly in these days. Events are unfolding, one after another, and leading us—somewhere ! We may not be able to foresee our precise destination now. But we can observe tendencies, and thus consider the bearing of events on the probable social and economic alignments of the future.

Let it be recorded, then, that the Southern California Fruit Exchange, founded in 1893, is not dead in 1903. On the contrary, all its component parts are yet in existence, stronger and more confident than ever before. Who, then, shall predict what it will be in 1913 ?

The California Fruit Agency has succeeded the central Exchange, but this is only an enlargement of the sphere of coöperation. The middleman still exists also, but he does not invade the territory of the Exchange. He holds his share of the field. It is the share which he has held from the beginning. Why did he choose to unite with the forces of coöperation ? Obviously enough, not because he believed those forces were about to disintegrate or to capitulate. He had learned to respect them in the fierce strife of competition. He had decided that they were here to stay. He concluded that he would rather work with them than work against them. It was a sensible conclusion.

No; it is not surrender on either side, but mutual gain. In one sense it is a triumph for coöperation, since the very elements which have heretofore regarded themselves as the natural enemies of the movement have now joined forces with it. But it must be conceded that the triumph is not complete. The middleman still lives. He will take profits that ought to go to the grower. This is because a portion of the growers choose

to employ him to perform a service which they really ought to do for themselves, and which the thousands of growers who belong to the associations are doing for themselves.

What is the real object of this coöperative movement for which the Exchange has stood during the past ten years? It is to raise the standard of living for our people to the highest possible level, then to maintain it against all encroachments. Every reduction in the expense of marketing the crop, every

A. H. NAFTZGER,
President California Fruit Agency

Photo by Schmacker

gain in the net return, is a contribution to that higher standard of living, and, therefore, to a better civilization. In such a cause there can be no stopping place short of complete success. There may be an armistice, but never surrender, never abandonment.

In the end, the producer must own all the packing houses and all the agencies of distribution. He must break down every barrier between himself and the consumer. In a word, he must become complete master of his destiny. And the great orange merger, viewed in its true significance, is another step in this direction.

Assistant Secretary—CHARLES SUMNER KING.
Organizers—CAROLINE RICKEY OLNEY, HARRIET H. BARRY.

A CLOSER ORGANIZATION AND WIDER USEFULNESS.

THE League has lived through its first period and come to the threshold of another. It was organized quite suddenly and in a provisional way only, with a view to meeting certain urgent and immediate needs, and with the expectation, on the part of its founders, that it would be more closely organized at some convenient time in the future. That time has now arrived. For two months past new and larger plans have been under consideration. These are not yet perfected in all their details, but may be announced in their main features at this time.

Heretofore, the expenses of the movement have been nothing except for comparatively brief periods when some specific thing had to be done. Thus, at the beginning, a few months were devoted to public meetings and the circulation of literature. The expense was borne by some of the leading spirits who wanted to see something done, and knew no better way than to do it themselves. A little later, it was necessary to have representatives at the State Conventions of the two leading political parties in order to get our ideas into the platforms. The men selected for this service paid their own expenses, which were only trifling. Then came the campaign to save the State from the terrible blunder of the Works Bill and to see that the appropriation providing for an investigation of reservoir sites and forestry plans, defeated by a former Governor, should not again miscarry. For this work a special fund was raised among the friends of the great principle of joint ownership of land and water. *Absolutely every specific thing which the League has thus far undertaken to do has been triumphantly accomplished.* But now we enter upon a second period in the history of the movement.

The work of enrolling members must be carried on continuously. The system of local clubs must be widely extended.

These clubs must be kept alive and made active. The scope of the work must be enlarged so as to include many things purely constructive in their nature, yet much more local in their character than the things with which we have thus far been dealing. A literature must be created, so that the Gospel of Constructive Economics may be real and studied of all men. These things require a revenue, which must be large in the aggregate, and regular and certain in its collection. It is hoped that the Constitution and By-laws will be ready for publication in this department next month. Some of the features of the new plans are as follows:

The organization will be incorporated.

It will drop the word "California" from its title and be known hereafter as The Constructive League, so that its sphere of work may be extended throughout the United States without any further change of name.

It will aim to bring under its banner all men and women who are interested in the discussion of civic and municipal problems, in local improvements, and, of course, in the great State and national economic questions which it has already brought to the front.

It will bring the principle of initiative and referendum into practical application by providing that any local club may propose subjects for discussion, and that no policy shall become a definite feature of the League platform until passed upon by the membership, acting through their local organizations.

In cities and towns where associations in the interest of public improvements are already in existence, the League will seek to bring about an affiliation with its own organization, by inviting such associations to accept representation in the governing body of the League. In localities where no such associations exist, the League will endeavor to cover the entire field of constructive activity, local, State and national.

The annual dues of the League will be one dollar. This is the minimum amount which could possibly suffice for the work, but it will be enough if the membership is large. It will, however, be necessary for local clubs to raise an additional fund for their own purposes, while those members who are sufficiently interested to desire the magazine and other literature must purchase it in addition to paying the dues. Provision will probably be made for a life membership on payment of a reasonable sum, with exemption from annual dues.

The new plans will be introduced to the public by means of a general meeting at Los Angeles, which may be followed by meetings at a few other important points in the State. But the chief dependence for the enrollment of members will be active work of organizers and the influence of *Our West* magazine.

The first organizers to take the field are Caroline Rickey Olney, of Oakland, and Harriet H. Barry, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Olney enjoys a wide acquaintance throughout California and Nevada, and voluntarily withdrew from profitable work in another line in order that she might give her time and energies to the upbuilding of the League. She has been identified with some of the successful clubs among women in the northern part

of the State, but feels that the League offers an opportunity to do the very thing which these clubs have thus far been unable to do in any large way—that is, *take an active and effective part in shaping events*. Mrs. Barry has been identified with the woman's club movement from its commencement, was active in club work for years in her native State (Wisconsin), and came to Los Angeles in the first instance as a delegate to the Biennial of 1902. She has been since then engaged in field work for Our West, and finds in the present plans an opportunity to realize ideals which have long been dear to her.

Both these ladies believe that the women of the West will welcome an opportunity to join in a social, economic and intellectual movement like that represented by the League. Women have been members of the organization from the beginning, but no special effort has been made to increase the membership among them. The organizers will enroll both men and women, but it is their particular ambition to bring the women of the West to the support of the Constructive idea. The work, which has already begun, is for the present chiefly directed to Los Angeles and vicinity. A little later San Francisco and the Bay Region will be entered, and the work will rapidly spread through the entire State. Other organizers will also take the field after a time. Their names will be duly announced.

One early result of the new plan will be the regular presentation in this department of records of Constructive work accomplished by women. For this feature of the department, Mrs. Olney and Mrs. Barry will be responsible.

The State Committee will be reorganized and enlarged, and will probably include active representatives of several other important movements in California and the West. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, of Los Angeles—foremost among the influential women of the time—and Mrs. John F. Swift, of San Francisco have consented to act as Vice-Presidents, representing the "better half" of the membership.

The present membership of the League is in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand. They were enrolled without any requirement for the payment of an initiation fee or dues. There will be no change in the status of these members for the present. They joined gladly and promptly when invited to do so last year. They have enabled the League to exert a powerful influence throughout California when such influence was absolutely vital to the cause. It is desired that they shall continue as members, at least until they shall have had an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the new plans. They will be seen by our organizers as opportunity offers. Until then, or until a specific date to be announced hereafter, they retain their membership and are in good and regular standing. Ultimately, of course, they will be expected to meet the same conditions as new members and contribute their share toward the support of the movement. In the meantime, any who are disposed to contribute at once to the support of the League may do so by remitting one dollar to the Treasurer, and their action in so doing will be vastly appreciated by those who have thus far given freely of their time and money in organizing and carrying on the movement.

LONG BEACH.

The City by the Sea.

By *SIDNEY C. KENDALL.*

FROM the many factors which combine to make it certain that the recent rapid growth of Long Beach is but the presage of vastly greater importance and prosperity in the near future, four may be selected as of the first importance. It is the residence section of a seaport already of consequence, and destined to be one of the important ones of the world; it is the trade center of a prosperous and fertile agricultural territory; it is a seaside resort of foremost attractiveness; and nature and man have joined in making it peculiarly desirable as a place of homes. A brief consideration of these points, in their order, will be worth the while.

The eastern coast of America is one continual succession of sheltering bays and possible harbors; the western coast is very different in this respect. There are few rivers or estuaries, and the shore line is seldom broken. In the past this was of little consequence, so few were the vessels that braved the terrors of Cape Horn. All this has been changed by the opening to trade of the great nations of the Orient; the acquisition by the United States of the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands; the creation of English-speaking empires in the Australias, and the marvellous development of the Pacific Coast. The scene of the world's greatest activity is shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ships have multiplied and sea-going commerce has increased at an amazing rate; and the canal across the isthmus will add tremendous impetus to the movement. It has recently been said by one whose words carry weight, "Yonder is the stage upon which the world's greatest drama is to be played. Here—is the stage entrance. Here is the door to India, China, Japan, Australia, the South Seas, the west coast of South America, Mexico and Alaska—in fact to the richest of the old world and the new, with a tolerably overwhelming majority

NEW BREAKWATER AT SAN PEDRO

Photo by Bacon

of the world's population and productivity, and a range in each to which knowledge writes not one addendum."^{*}

Nature has done much to prepare the way for a great seaport upon San Pedro Bay. Yonder lofty hill is Palos Verdes, throwing out Point Firmin like a protecting arm half around the bay of San Pedro. Along the southern horizon for thirty miles stretches the mountainous island of Catalina, and beyond this the island of San Clemente. Thus the bay is almost ~~landlocked~~.

What Nature has done, man has supplemented. Several transcontinental

SAN PEDRO HARBOR.

Photo by Wood

^{*} Chas. F. Lummis in "The Right Hand of the Continent."

railways find their terminals at this point—the tide-water end of the easiest grade and the shortest route across the continent, many hundred miles nearer than San Francisco to the proposed Isthmian canal. It is safe and easy of access in all conditions of tide and weather. It is on the direct route to our new possessions across the Pacific. The rapid growth of Los Angeles still further determines the approximate location of the seaport of the Southwest.

All these things are pointed out in the report of the United States Government Board of Engineers; and their decision in favor of a Deep Sea Harbor has never wavered. Acting upon their decision, the Government is expending \$3,000,000 in building what is probably the largest breakwater in the world. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is also going into the initial work of dredging the entrance to the Inner Harbor, whose

AT WORK ON THE GOVERNMENT BREAKWATER.

dimensions will surpass those of Liverpool or London, and which will be surrounded by wharves and warehouses, where ships of all nations will unload the products of all climes, and from which trains will bear them inland to every part of the nation. The shadow of the coming greatness already appears; for the harbor receipts of San Pedro doubled in 1902, and bid fair to double again in 1903. In lumber receipts San Pedro ranks next to San Francisco. And, at the present rate of increase, in one year San Pedro will be the first lumber receiving and shipping port on the Pacific Coast.

Visitors have commented upon the deserted appearance of the Pacific ocean as compared with the Atlantic in the vicinity of the seaports of the East. Such comments are becoming less frequent as the offing around Point Fermin is animated with the sails and funnels of vessels coming and going, and the harbor is studded with the masts of those swinging on their cables. The bay is acquiring a naval as well as a commercial repute. A squadron of the Pacific fleet consisting of the New York, Boston, Marblehead, Ranger, and the training ship Alert, recently cast anchor before Long Beach. Naval manoeuvres were performed, and each vessel in turn

engaged in target practice with the heaviest guns. Before his departure, Admiral Glass stated that he found the bay in front of the city of Long Beach, with its secure anchorage, its clear atmosphere and its broad placid expanse so admirably adapted for naval manoeuvres, and especially target practice, that he was certain that it would be frequently used for such purposes.

These are among the reasons why Long Beach has become conscious of her maritime character and expectant of a commercial destiny whose possibilities are not easy to over-estimate. Long Beach shares all that the future has for San Pedro Bay. She is within three miles of the outer harbor, and one branch of the inner harbor will approach very near to her western limit.

The supremacy of Long Beach in this respect is not gained at the cost of dreary sand flats, or barren, rocky cliffs; but here the fertile plain of California pushes forward a plateau whose rich products overhang the

GOVERNMENT BREAKWATER, OUTER HARBOR. *Photo by Bacon*

cliff whose base is sprinkled with the surf of the highest tides. From the very edge of the bluff extends a rolling plain, whose products are so much in demand that five acres support a household. Instead of farms of one hundred to three hundred acres, scattering a sparse population over a vast area, and producing that isolation which makes rural life so distasteful to many persons, five or ten acres here make a homestead. The result is that a country road resembles a suburban street, with homes near enough to be neighborly, enjoying the school, the church, the library, the telephone, the electric car and rural delivery. The country roads are, indeed, but extensions of the city streets. As they are built up they are finished with cement sidewalks and treated with oil. Homes less than two years old are already embowered in foliage and blossoms, and each one is within hail of its neighbor. In nearly every house is a piano and the latest magazine.

Some of these rural homes are occupied by families which have means to live upon. Side by side with these are families which must make their

NAVAL VESSELS AT ANCHOR OFF LONG BEACH.

living out of their little ranches. That they are able to do this and live in comfort is due to the following reasons: The soil is very fertile, and being free from stumps or stone, every inch is available. The climate is such that culture goes on all the year round. Every month in the year the rancher has something for the market. The proximity of a popular seaside resort, thronged with visitors winter and summer, provides a market at good prices for all manner of local products, especially small fruits, eggs and chickens. For example, a single acre of berries has paid about \$1000 in one year.

The greatest reason is stated last, and that is the abundance of water. The peace of mind that is suggested by this announcement can be best appreciated by the rancher who has suffered during recent dry years from a diminishing water supply. Rival water companies supply city and suburbs abundantly and cheaply. The city also owns a tract of water-bearing land with a view to developing its own water supply. The supply is from artesian wells one thousand feet deep. So great is the underground pressure that the water rises by gravitation, and is piped to the consumer without coming into contact with the atmosphere. No reservoir is used, except for irrigation. The water is remarkably soft and pure. It is almost a specific for kidney troubles. So abundant is the flow that there are streams and lakes, rushes and water fowl, where formerly there were only cactus and horned toads. It is a great deal to say that the Long Beach citizen or suburbanite may have all the water he wants for all purposes.

Domestic water for house and garden, costs \$1.50 per month. Acreage in plantation can be irrigated for the highest culture at a cost of three dollars a year per acre.

The choicest land about Long Beach is on the southern slopes of Signal and Reservoir hills. Here, above frosts and fogs, oranges, lemons and guavas are raised successfully, contrary to the opinion that such fruits cannot be grown in the vicinity of the ocean. Acreage on these hills is becoming very valuable, as it is being rapidly bought up for residences.

It can easily be seen why Long Beach has become the popular watering place for Southern California. Here, there, and yonder, are the various pleasure cities whose thrift and beauty have made them famous. Queen among them is Los Angeles, the Capital of the Southwest. They are all reaching eagerly along their electric lines to join hands with the City by the Sea. The Pacific Electric Railway is making the entire country one vast suburb. A smooth, straight, double-tracked electric railway—one of the finest in the world—makes a direct and luxurious avenue to the sea. Every fifteen minutes the palatial cars are darting along, making it easy for the inland dweller to skip down to the ocean and take his plunge, either in the surf, or in the magnificent swimming bath. This railway has only been running for a year, and already it has branches east and west, opening up outlying tracts and making them available for suburban homes.

The Southern Pacific and Salt Lake railways also reach Long Beach.

THE BEACH ON A HOLIDAY.

The latter is the new short line which will soon connect Salt Lake City with the sea. It owns Terminal Island below Long Beach, giving control of the east side of San Pedro harbor, and breaking the monopoly control of the water front, which might otherwise prove disastrous. The Salt Lake Railway has improved its road bed and rolling stock, until its equipment and service are strictly up-to-date, running frequent trains, including several "flyers" which make the trip from Los Angeles without stopping.

The permanent population of nearly 7,000 (for city and suburbs) consists largely of newcomers, as it has doubled in the past two years, and promises to do so again within the next two. The citizens are above the average for thrift and intelligence. Many of them have retired to spend their declining years where climate and situation are mutually agreeable. Many

THE SEA SANDS

of the older merchants and professional men are now building elegant homes on the most popular streets, thus displaying the improvement in their circumstances. To this is added the moving population, the comers and goers, that find in Long Beach the ideal pleasure and health resort. It is estimated that during special pleasure seasons or upon holiday occasions, the little city not infrequently becomes the temporary home, at least, of not less than thirty or forty thousand.

AND THE CITY.

The retail business of the city is much larger than its permanent population would seem to warrant. In fact the number of visitors is such as to give Long Beach the appearance of a city of twice or three times its population.

Fully alive to the fact that this is the chosen spot for a perfect all-year-round resort, Long Beach has provided a commodious Pavilion which at high tide stands directly over the dashing surf. The Long Beach Marine Band here holds open air concerts the year round, and thousands of people during every day of the year, whether it be midwinter or in the midst of

LONG BEACH PUBLIC PARK.

summer, linger here in happy enjoyment as the murmur of the surf blends with the orchestral strains.

To this attraction is added the magnificent Bath House, completed within the year at a cost of nearly \$100,000. Outside of San Francisco, it has no equal on the Pacific Coast. There are about 500 dressing rooms as well as hot, cold and salt baths with the most modern equipment in every detail. The upper portion of the Bath House is devoted to an extensive promenade, and here, protected by awnings, one has a grand, unobstructed view of the ocean and beach. Extensive bowling alleys are also provided for those who desire the sport, and adjoin the Bath House on the ground floor. There is also every response to the seeker of water sports in the line of launches and pleasure craft, together with the fishing boats that are always within ready call.

THE RECREATION PIER AND PAVILION.

A 632-POUND JEW-FISH, TAKEN NEAR LONG BEACH.

Two strong banks have had a growing business for several years, and recently a third bank has been organized. Besides these, there are also two savings banks.

There is now under construction a sewer system, and a commercial and pleasure wharf 2,000 feet long is an immediate prospect.

Concerning real estate, it may be said, that while prices have advanced at an astonishing rate, they have not more than kept pace with the march of improvements. Land that was sold as acreage four years ago is now traversed by graded streets and cement sidewalks, thickly bordered with elegant residences occupied by families of culture who have made here their permanent homes. When prices have advanced by reason of im-

FUN IN THE BREAKERS AT LONG BEACH.

Photo by Bacon

provements like these, they have usually advanced permanently. And that is largely the case with Long Beach.

The transition from a mere resort to a city of permanent homes cannot be better illustrated than by a glance at the churches and schools.

Long Beach has reason to be proud of her schools. A few years ago a single building sufficed. Then came the era of educational expansion. The High School was organized with an attendance of 20. It has now an enrollment of 150 and the use of a building costing with its equipment \$22,000. This building is recognized as the model of architectural beauty and stands second to none in Southern California in any respect, being a fitting monument to the culture of the city and the lavish attention of her people to any investment that will beautify the place or otherwise improve her advantages. Next the Atlantic Avenue school was built, costing \$15,000. Within a year this was found to be inadequate, and the West Side Grammar School was built at a cost of \$20,000. The city has just voted \$25,000 for the next new school in the suburbs of Alamitos, thus keeping up the record of building one every year. Many families have located in Long Beach for the purpose of enjoying the advantages of her schools.

SOME LONG BEACH CHURCHES.

Nine church organizations own property approximating \$90,000 in value, while several recently-formed congregations are as yet without a building. The Methodist Resort Association Tabernacle is the headquarters of the Chautauqua Assembly. Here for ten days in July may be heard orators and vocalists of continental fame. The vast audiences that gather for these occasions give their intellectual tone to the society of the town. The Tabernacle is also the recognized place for conferences and conventions of many churches and societies. The convention season commences in May and continues till late in the fall. The old Tabernacle, that has been the scene of many stirring occasions, is outgrown and plans for a new auditorium for convention purposes, to seat 5,000, have been accepted at this writing.

LONG BEACH HIGH SCHOOL.

Photo by Bacon

The moral sentiment of the town finds expression in the vigorous "No Saloon" policy which has recently been commended and adopted by the most progressive communities in Southern California.

If there be in California any community healthier—physically, morally or socially—or with greater promise of sound and lasting prosperity than Long Beach, the writer is not acquainted with it. No attempt has been made in this article to do more than suggest its points of advantage and attraction, but there is an energetic Board of Trade which will supply detailed and exact information to any enquirer.

LONG BEACH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Photo by Bacon

THE BATH HOUSE AT LONG BEACH.

UNDER CANVAS.

A Little Account of the "Tent City" on the Beach at
Coronado, California.

By EDWARD HILTON.

HERE lived a King long ago who fancied flowers. With his own regal hands he forced a bloom upon an unflowering plant.

"Thou didst not see it?" he asked of his prime-minister.

"Nay, Sire," was the abashed response.

"Then hast thou not lived?"

A little fable is bound to have a little (if but a little) merit.

This, gathered piece-meal from the wisdom-mongers of another age, bears in one particular upon this particular case—therein lies its virtue. It is applicable.

If one has not seen this city of tents, stretched chain-like, link upon link, upon the little peninsula separating the Pacific from San Diego Bay—its romping children, and more sedately romping grown-ups; if this same *one* (blessedly impersonal) has not caught the pleasing contagion of the "doings" thereof; well this befabled King speaks to him.

But this is not intended to be a panegyric; henceforth it will be descriptive.

Six miles long; six hundred feet wide; jutting from the mainland, the natural breakwater of San Diego Bay: this is the lay of Coronado Peninsula. Here is the Tent City, laid out much after the manner of a military camp, with the material differences of graded streets, electric lights, piped mineral water at every tent door, sanitary sewerage—and no embalmed beef.

Furthermore, the vanities and foibles (sometimes called comforts) of city life are carefully provided for—ladies' hairdressing parlors, barber shop, drug store, confectionery. Then the soider, necessary things of everyday life—groceries, telegraph, long distance phone, market of all edibles, street cars, twice-daily mails at every tent door, and papers of the same morning at your elbow upon the breakfast table. The "personally conducted" man sees to it that strangers are made friends, and he does not tell you, though he knows well enough, that the thermometer of the camp does not vary more than six degrees all season. He lets you find

THE PAVILION.

fun-places of American-folk. For boating, there again is the ocean, here again the bay. Yachts, steam and sail, row-boats and barges, lie moored at the floats or fleck the waters far and near. The annual regatta is not the least among the pleasant things supplied by the management.

Eastward, twelve miles, lie the Coronado Islands, as fine a spot for fishing as the sea provides. Mammoth tunas, all fight, pompano, blue smelt, yellow-tail, baracouda; more might be named with perfect accuracy, but for the fear of seeming "fishy." One thing is certain. The camera will not lie. Look, then, at the illustration on page 805, and believe.

There is a boat at the islands, glass-bottomed, wherefrom the curious fellow peers upon the mysteries of the sea, open-eyed, wondering.

Here are tennis courts and bowling alley, crochet grounds, sports of a hundred sundry sorts. And for the campers who rather prefer to let the other fellow do the sweating, are provided tally-hos and autos, offering facilities for long drives or short; and little excursions inland. For the more serious minded is the library, with its well-stocked reading room. Magazines lie scattered upon the tables, and arranged upon the shelves,

SUNSET ON SAN DIEGO BAY.

MAIN STREET, TENT CITY.

and on all sides are large windows looking upon the merry scenes around.

In the afternoon a band, well meriting the praise of everyone who hears it, gives a popular concert, and upon one occasion each week, renders a program of symphonies by men whose names stick in the throat. This band is made up of artists really above the average—soloists most of them. It is remarkable, the crowds that attend these concerts.

THE READING ROOM.

glide upon the bay. On the floating casino a thoroughly first-class vaudeville performance is in progress. The beach offers every facility for promenading.

Here, too, is a café, under the direction of the chef of Hotel del Coronado, and it is whispered (one does not usually speak in loud tones of his appetite, if he be sane)—it is whispered, forsooth, that a meal at this same café is worth traveling clear from the State-line for.

One word about the tents. They are complete little houses. The floors are boarded, and covered with rugs. Beds, tables, chairs, bureaus—all of the appointments are pretty much as you have them, wherever it is that you hang up your hat with the most satisfaction. They range in size for the accommodation of from one to eight people.

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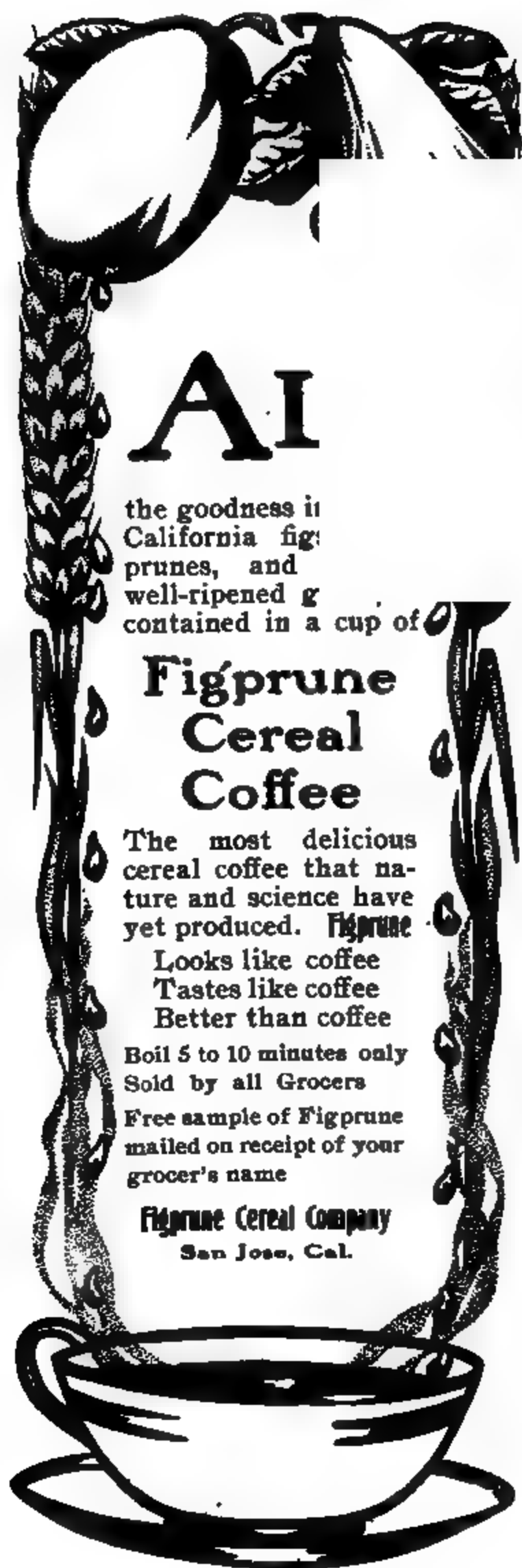
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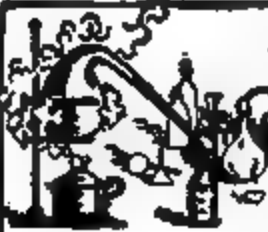
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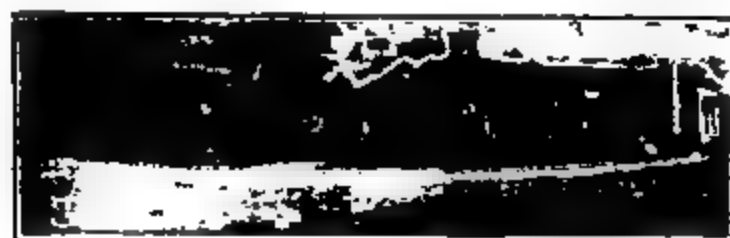
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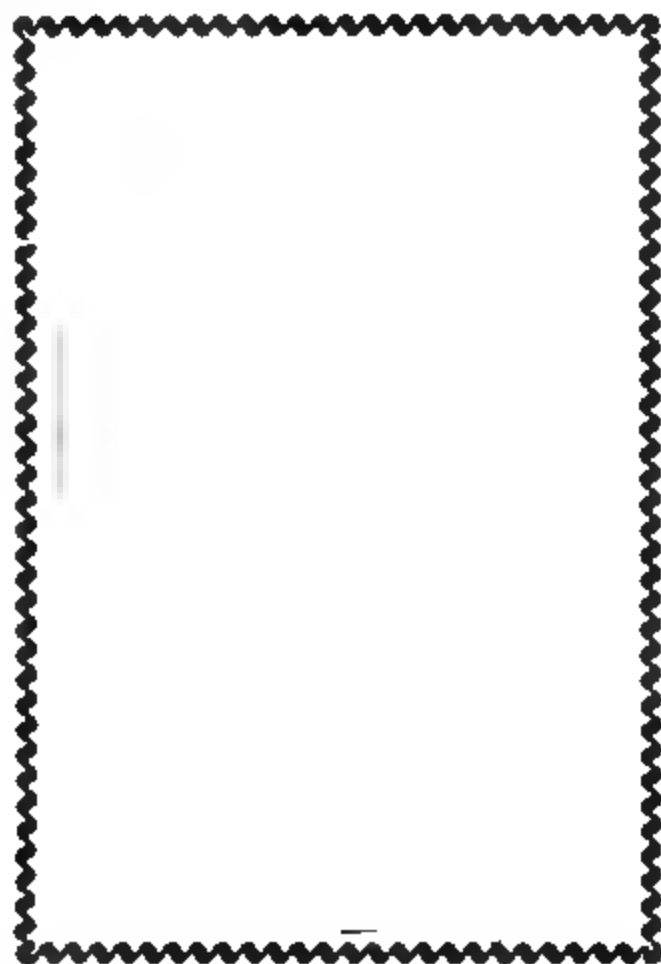
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Erkenbrecher Syndicate
(LIMITED)
Real Estate and Mines
Suite 301 Currier Building

Los Angeles, Cal. June 1, 1903

To Real Estate Investors:

The May number of "Out West" contained a statistical article from the pen of its able editor, Mr. Chas. F. Lummis, relative to the growth and development of Los Angeles—to which we desire to add a hearty "Amen"—and say, "Let the good work go on."

Los Angeles is, indeed, an extraordinary city—a phenomenon of American push and enterprise—rivaling IN REALITY the wildest impossibilities ever imagined by the author of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

Phoenix-like, Los Angeles has arisen from the ashes of the bursted boom of 1886–88, a veritable giant, distancing in development any other American city of its size—and showing a GREATER percentage of increase, in many lines, than any city, irrespective of size, in the entire world. For instance, in January, 1903, the number of building permits issued in Los Angeles was 50 per cent. greater than in any other city—being second in total valuation.

In 1902—Los Angeles showed the greatest percentage of increase in postal business of any city in the world. Increase in population from 1880 to 1890 was over 350 per cent. and over 103 per cent. from 1890 to 1900—while for the corresponding decades San Francisco increased only 27 per cent. and 14 per cent. respectively.

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Los Angeles, California

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OUT WEST is not only the leading magazine published in much the larger half of the United States, but is also distinctively different from any published elsewhere. It not merely happens to be published in the West; it is representative of it—the spirit of the West is vital all through it. It therefore has a distinct place in the attention of readers everywhere, and has closer attention from those in the field to which it is devoted than any publication of more general character. In fine, it offers greater standing and bona fide circulation at a less rate than any other Western literary magazine, and a greater effectiveness on the Pacific Coast than any magazine.

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The three Pacific Coast states are larger by 18,705 square miles than the combined area of Maryland, Illinois, Indiana, Delaware, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The Pacific Coast not only outranks these states in area, but also in percentage in growth of population, literacy, circulation of library books, college students, churches and newspapers. It exports more wheat, produces more lumber, precious metals, beans, celery, hops, wine, grapes, raisins, prunes, peaches, apricots, honey and sugar. Has a larger per cent of unencumbered homes, a larger per cent of house owners, more money in savings banks per capita, and exceeds them in assessed valuation per capita.

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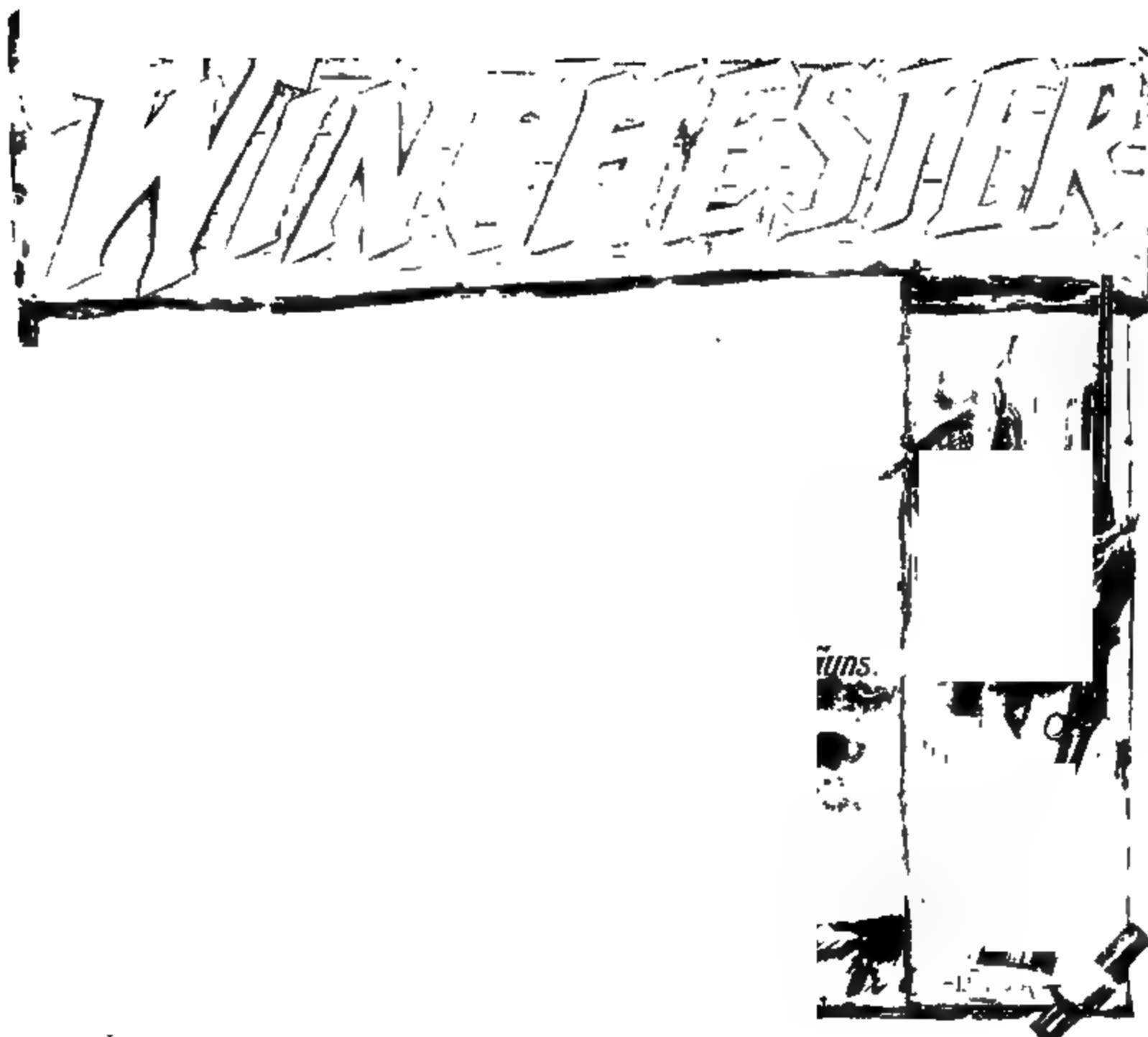
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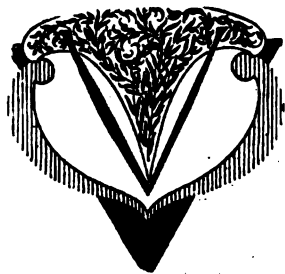
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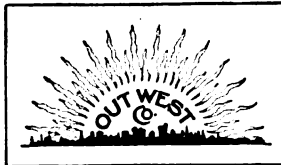
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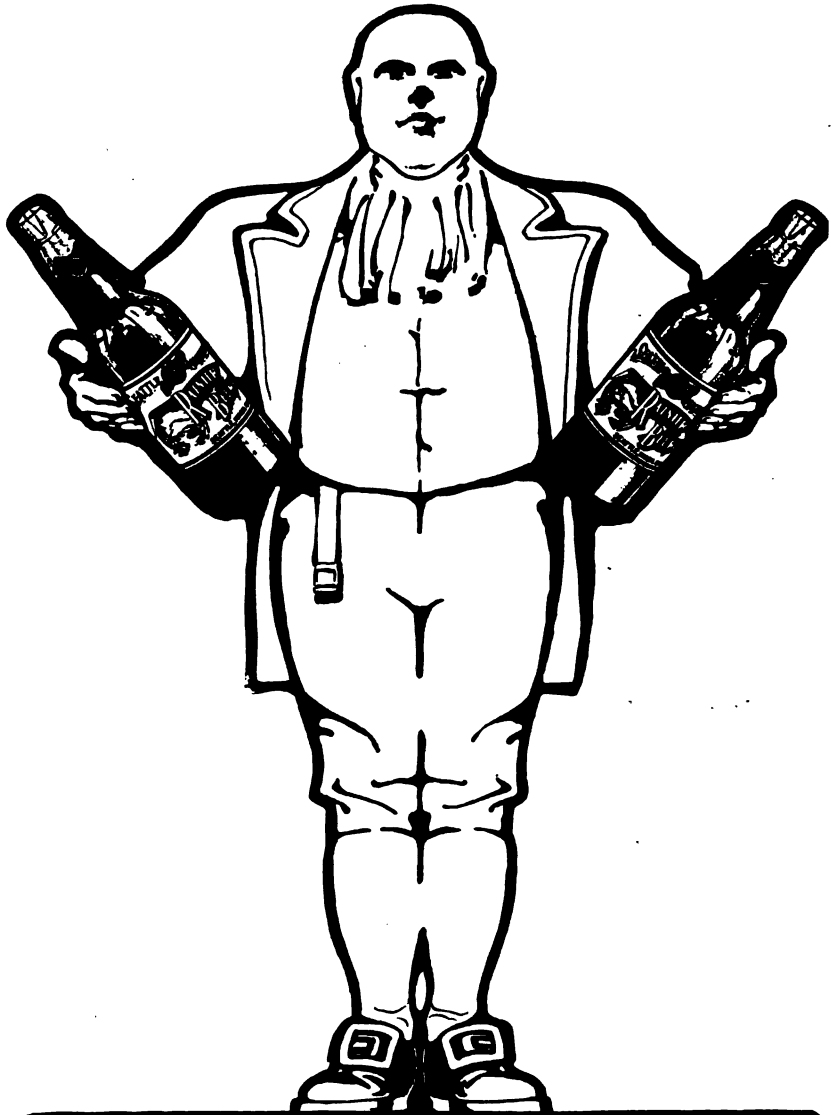
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